

PHOTOPLAY

20¢

AD THE TRUTH  
't Blame It  
On Marilyn

MYSTIFYING GREAT  
lon Brando

BBIE AND EDDIE  
VE THEIR  
OBLEMS TOO!

JANET  
LEIGH







# That Ivory Look

*Young America has it...*

*You can have it in 7 days!*

Babies have That Ivory Look . . . why shouldn't you? Mildness—that's the secret of Ivory's beauty care. Reassuring, reliable mildness. So gentle on a baby's skin—so right for yours. You know, more doctors advise Ivory for your complexion than any other soap!

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*99<sup>44</sup>% pure...it floats*



*More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap*



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A gigantic and joyous extravaganza in COLOR and CINEMASCOPE...spectacular in its sights, scenes and splendors...such as the famed rainbow-hued elephants...the underwater revels...the pagan dances... the love-story of the beauty and the barbarian !!!

M-G-M presents

## JUPITER'S DARLING

in COLOR and

**CINEMASCOPE**

starring ESTHER

**WILLIAMS**

HOWARD

**KEEL**

MARGE and GOWER

**CHAMPION**

GEORGE

**SANDERS**



WITH RICHARD HAYDN • WILLIAM DEMAREST • Screen Play by DOROTHY KINGSLEY • Based on the Play "Road to Rome" by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD • Songs: BURTON LANE and HAROLD ADAMSON  
Choreography by HERMES PAN • Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR • Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by GEORGE WELLS • An M-G-M Picture



# NEW! DOCTOR'S DEODORANT DISCOVERY\*

**SAFELY STOPS ODOR  
24 HOURS A DAY!**



Proved in underarm comparison tests made by a doctor. Deodorant *without* M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. New Mum *with* M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

**New Mum with M-3  
won't irritate normal skin  
or damage fabrics**

1. \*Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).
2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 *clings* to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. *Only* leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.
4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.
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**NEW MUM®**  
cream deodorant  
with long-  
lasting M-3  
(HEXACHLOROPHENE)



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

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will be on sale at your newsstand—  
JANUARY 6

# PHOTOPLAY

JANUARY, 1955 • FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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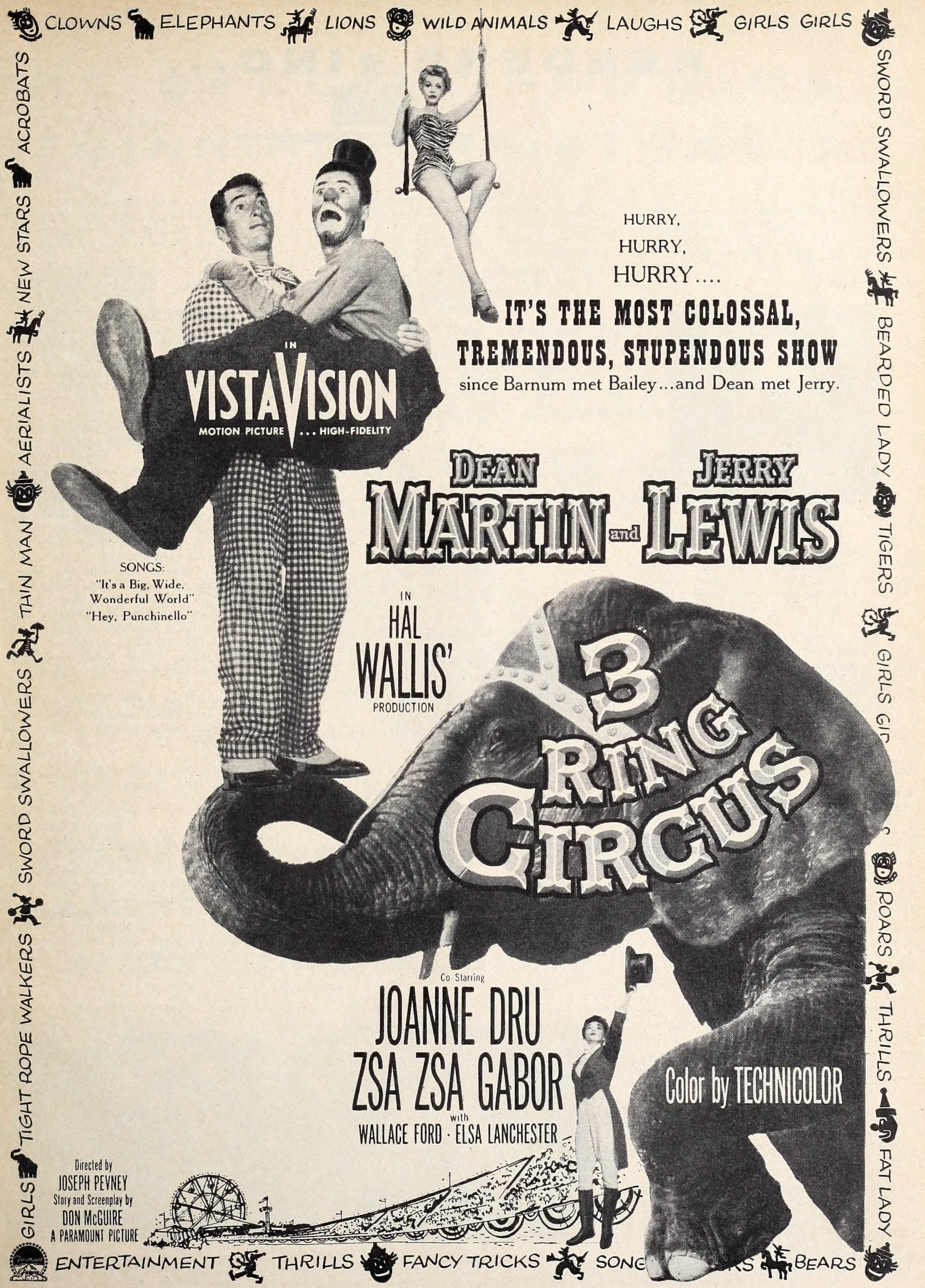
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CLOWNS ELEPHANTS LIONS WILD ANIMALS LAUGHS GIRLS GIRLS

ACROBATS  
NEW STARS  
AERIALISTS  
THIN MAN  
SWORD SWALLOWERS  
TIGHT ROPE WALKERS  
GIRLS

SWORD SWALLOWERS  
BEARDED LADY  
TIGERS  
GIRLS GIRLS  
ROARS  
THRILLS  
FAT LADY  
BEARS



HURRY,  
HURRY,  
HURRY....

IT'S THE MOST COLOSSAL,  
TREMENDOUS, STUPENDOUS SHOW  
since Barnum met Bailey...and Dean met Jerry.

IN  
**VISTA VISION**  
MOTION PICTURE ... HIGH-FIDELITY

DEAN  
**MARTIN** and **JERRY LEWIS**

SONGS:  
"It's a Big, Wide,  
Wonderful World"  
"Hey, Punchinello"

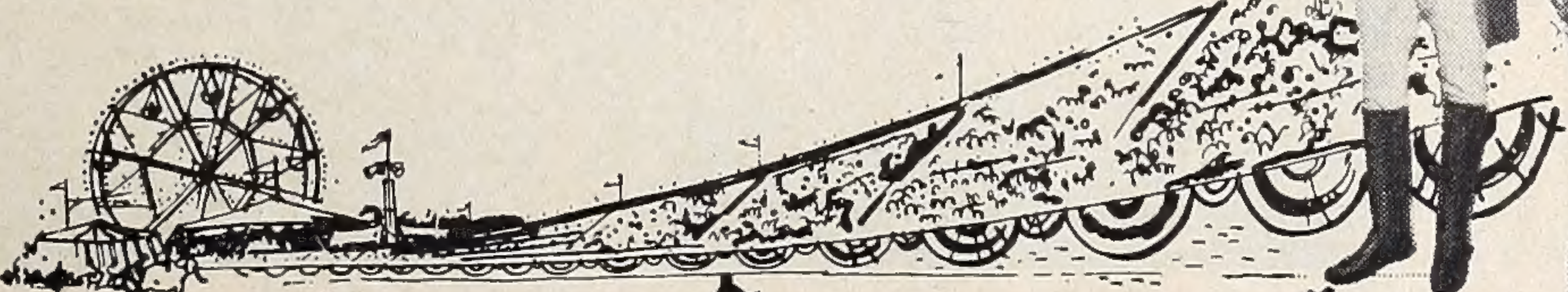
IN  
HAL  
**WALLIS'**  
PRODUCTION



Co-Starring  
**JOANNE DRU**  
**ZSA ZSA GABOR**  
with  
WALLACE FORD · ELSA LANCHESTER

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

Directed by  
**JOSEPH PEVNEY**  
Story and Screenplay by  
**DON MCGUIRE**  
A **PARAMOUNT** PICTURE



ENTERTAINMENT THRILLS FANCY TRICKS SONGS BEARS

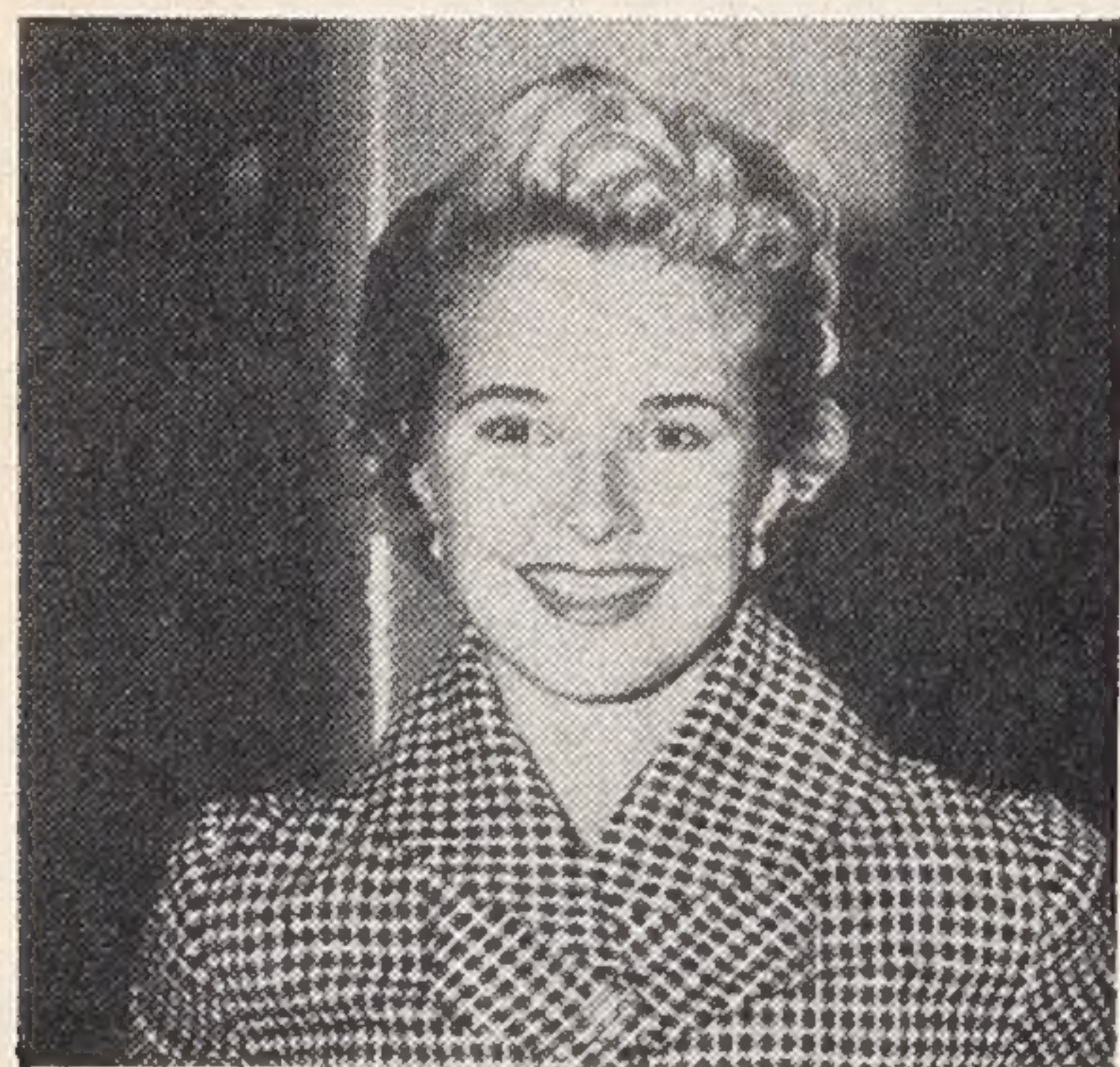


# READERS INC...



## SOAP BOX:

Recently I heard about a star who walked off the set after an argument with her director. She wanted to play the scene one way. He preferred another. So she decided she wouldn't play the scene at all unless she won her point.



Let the experts call the signals

I've made a number of pictures and I've reached a pretty definite conclusion on this particular score. Actors and actresses should act and leave the rest to the experts whom the studio has gone to great expense to employ.

When it comes to actual picturemaking, it's my theory that the director knows best. One person has to lead the production. He should call the signals. I'm not implying that his co-workers should sit silently if they have a suggestion to make. However the director should have the final say. After all, he's the fellow keeping the entire picture in mind: the story line, the camera angles, cutting, editing and many other factors.

The director alone knows what effects he wishes to achieve. It's the same with any business head. He thinks of the situation as a whole. The girl who can't understand this should buckle down and learn how to take orders.

MONA FREEMAN

I'm sure that many of your readers will agree with me that some people in Hollywood are really off-beat. Proof of that fact is what is happening to Montgomery Clift. A knowledge of acting isn't necessary to see that Clift is a real artist. Such artists are scarce in the world and scarcer in Hollywood... It seems to me that art is having to take a back seat to Hollywood's outmoded idea of how actors should behave themselves... It is a sad thing for Hollywood that some of the people who could better the industry and gain a lasting place in history are being trampled underfoot.

C. KENNADY  
Solano, New Mexico

Just came from seeing "Ring of Fear." It was good... Full of suspense. And hand a bouquet to Sean McClory, who should have had top billing... Hand Mickey Spillane a bouquet, too. Although his part was small... he was very natural. I always wondered why Hollywood didn't star him in his *Mike Hammer* series... Hollywood needs new faces. And speaking of

"New Faces," that show was a wonderful idea and a wonderful introduction to a lot of good talent. I hope it won't be the last we see of them. One particular new face, Robert Clary, I hope Hollywood keeps around. He fascinates me. So he's short. So I like short men. So shoot me alreddy! There's no dimension on appeal. He's cute and he can sing. Hollywood tries to keep men too much of one type. Tall, dark, handsome... Women like a variety of types. Here are three different types of men I truly believe Hollywood needs: Sean McClory, Mickey Spillane and Robert Clary. Let's see more of them.

EVELYN MAHONEY ELMS  
Kansas City, Missouri

I am fourteen years old and have just seen "Gone with the Wind." I think it is the best picture I've ever seen. I can't stop raving about it. How about releasing some more older films, Hollywood? Shirley Temple's pictures, the *Andy Hardy* series and others. I know today's teenagers would like to see them.

ANITA WILLIAMS  
Atlantic City, New Jersey

## CASTING:

My idea of a boxoffice movie treat would be "Ethan Frome," with Joan Crawford as *Zenobia*, Marlon Brando as *Ethan* and Grace Kelly as *Matty*, and to top it off, how about Elia Kazan as director? What a terrific movie that would make!

THOMAS DE SANTY  
North Adams, Massachusetts

I'd like to see Zane Grey's "The Border Legion" made into a movie... with Barbara Rush as *Joan Randle*; Bob Wagner as *Jim Cleve*; Richard Widmark as *Jack Kells*; Jack Palance as *Gulden*.

ELLEN BRAZELL  
Syracuse, New York

I think "The Frightened Stiff" by Kelley Roos would make a very good movie with Scott Brady as *Jeff Troy* and Cyd Charisse as his wife *Haila*. This story, although a good mystery, is very comical.

NANCY WEISS  
St. Petersburg, Florida

Having just read "Each Bright River," I would like to see it made into a movie. It is based on the settling of Oregon. Rock Hudson and Piper Laurie would be wonderful in it.

THEORA ANGUS  
Ft. Duchesne, Utah

## QUESTION BOX:

Would you please give me some information about the male players in "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers"? I enjoyed the movie so much that I would be very interested to know who played the main characters. I would also like to know where I would write to obtain a picture of them.

ROSE ELLEN SWEENEY  
Syracuse, New York

Could you please tell me who played the parts of the six brothers' brides?

GRETCHEN CAVERNO  
Jefferson City, Missouri

The Pontipee brothers and their brides are Adam—Howard Keel, Milly—Jane Powell; Benjamin—Jeff Richards, Dorcas—Julie Newmeyer; Gideon—Russ Tamblyn, Alice—Nancy Kilgas; Frank—Tommy Rall, Sarah—Betty Carr; Daniel—Marc Platt, Liza—Virginia Gibson; Caleb—Matt Mattox, Ruth—Rita Kilmonis; Ephraim—Jacques d'Amboise, Martha—Norma Doggett. Write M-G-M Studios, 10202 West Washington Blvd., Culver City, California.—ED.

Can you tell me if the six other girls, not including Jane Powell, sang their own parts? Yes, brides and grooms all did their own singing.—ED.

Could you please tell me where I can get the music from "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers"?

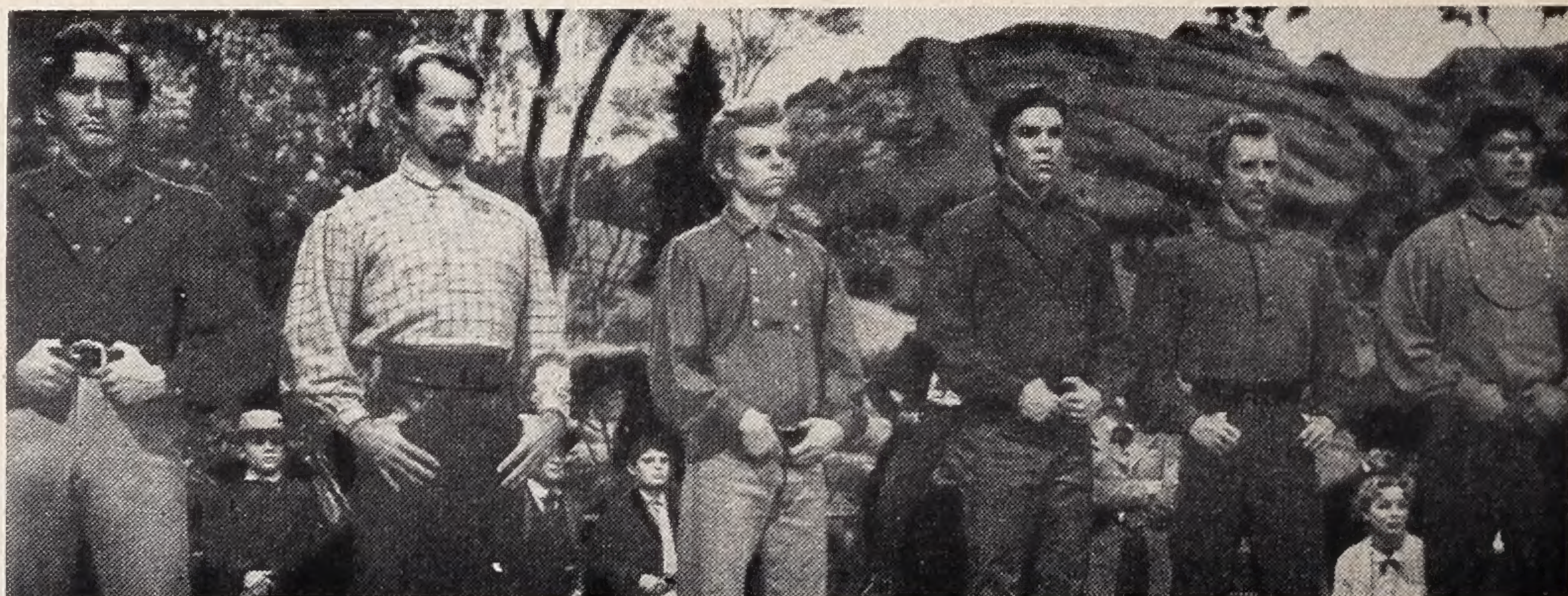
CAROLYN VAWTEE  
Bethany, Oklahoma

Look for the M-G-M album.—ED.

Could you please give me some information on Jeff Richards? His height, is he married? current pictures, etc.

DOROTHY MORRIS  
Brooklyn, New York

Ex-baseball player Jeff, 6'3", is wed to Shirley Sibre. Now in "Crest of the Wave," coming in "Many Rivers To Cross."



Howard Keel's six daring brothers go a-courtin' six merry brides in gentlemanly fashion

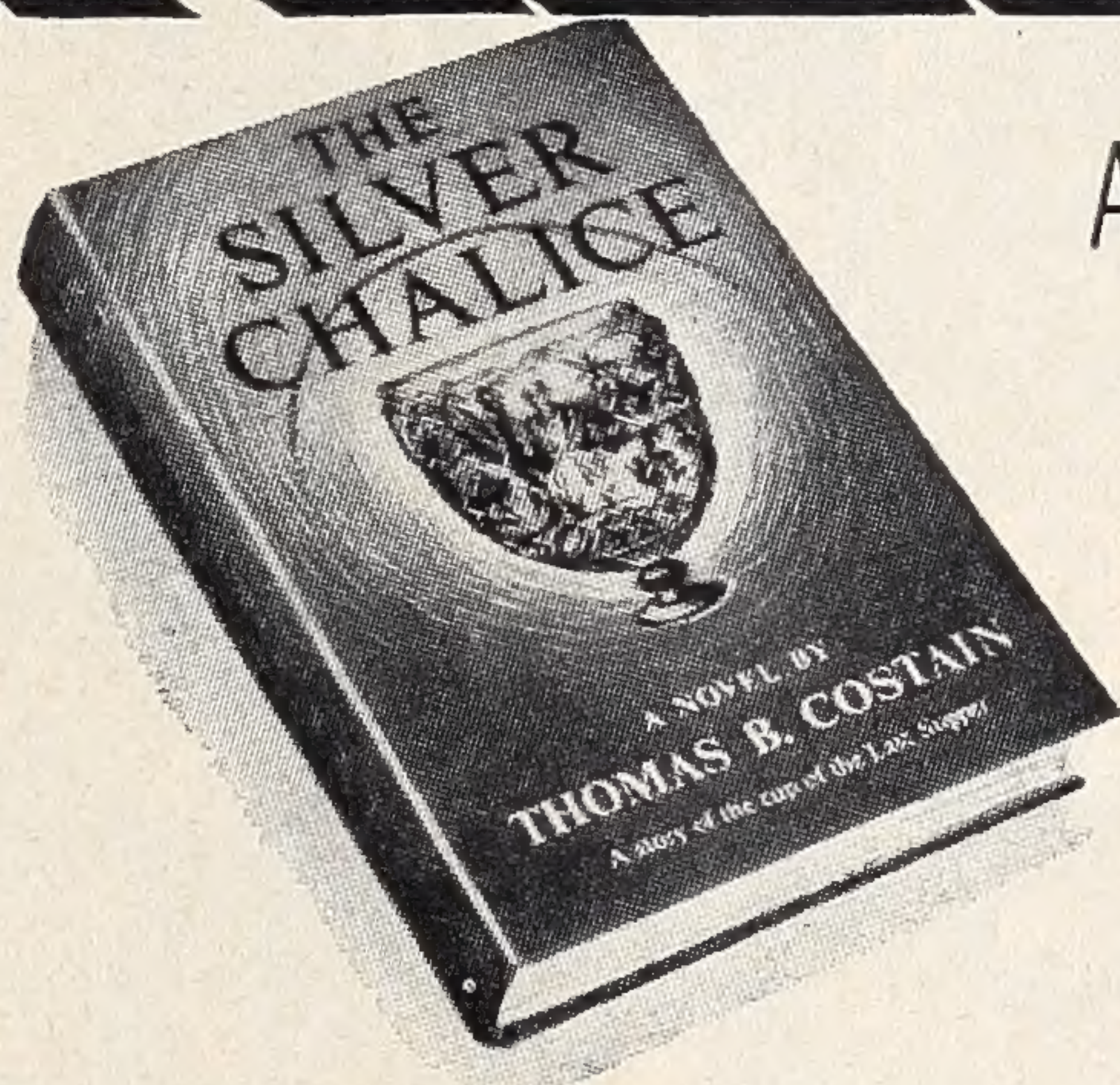


WARNER BROS. ANNOUNCE  
THE SPECIAL SHOWINGS  
BEGINNING CHRISTMAS OF



# THE SILVER CHALICE

FROM THE NOVEL BY  
THOMAS B. COSTAIN



A VICTOR SAVILLE  
PRODUCTION

A PRECEDENT-SETTING MOTION PICTURE,  
FROM THE RECORD-SETTING BEST-SELLER  
... THREE MILLION COPIES TO DATE! THE  
MIGHTIEST STORY OF TRUTH AND TEMPTATION  
EVER TOLD—EVER WRITTEN—EVER PRODUCED!

**CINEMASCOPE** WARNERCOLOR STEREOPHONIC SOUND   
AND INTRODUCING  
STARRING **VIRGINIA MAYO • PIER ANGELI • JACK PALANCE • PAUL NEWMAN**  
WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN BY WALTER HAMPDEN • LESSER SAMUELS, ASSOCIATE PRODUCER • VICTOR SAVILLE • PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.  
ORIGINAL MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN



The Wonderful Story of  
THREE SAILORS  
THREE GIRLS IN

ON LEAVE...  
LOVE...

and Five  
little  
Orphans  
in  
trouble!

# SO THIS IS PARIS

COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR**

STARRING

**TONY CURTIS**  
**GLORIA DE HAVEN**  
**GENE NELSON**  
**CORINNE CALVET**  
**PAUL GILBERT**

with **MARA CORDAY**

"MISS UNIVERSE OF 1954" "MISS U.S.A. OF 1954"  
**CHRISTIANE MARTEL • MYRNA HANSEN**

**9 Great New  
Hit Tunes!**

So This Is Paris • If You Were There  
A Dame's A Dame • Looking For Someone To Love  
Wait 'Til Paris Sees Us • It's Really Up To You  
The Two Of Us • Three Bon Vivants  
I Can't Do A Single (But I'll Try)



DIRECTED BY RICHARD QUINE • SCREENPLAY BY CHARLES HOFFMAN • PRODUCED BY ALBERT J. COHEN • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE



## ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS

In September PHOTOPLAY we invited you to "Win a Present from a Star." As the weeks went by your response to this contest reached the staggering figure of nearly 70,000 entries!

It was work, choosing the best last lines for our PHOTOPLAY—Universal-International limerrick—there were so many good ones! But the special staff appointed to judge this contest didn't let a line go by—everyone received individual attention. Every line was carefully considered before the judges finally decided on the fifty lucky people with the best last lines!

### THE WINNERS ARE:

1. Rose Marie Reid swimsuit from Jeanne Crain: Miss Sandra Hall, Sanford, Me.
2. Lane Cedar Chest from Suzan Ball: Nancy Kuhn, Spokane, Wash.
3. Original painting from Tony Curtis: Barbara June Fralick, Princeton, Ky.
4. Sylvania Clock Radio from Lex Barker: E. H. Mayer, Pittsburgh, Pa.
5. Year's supply Pond's "Ever-So-Red" lipstick with matching knit sweater-dress by Helen Whiting and Stroock fleece coat by Ronette from Rhonda Fleming: Miss E. O'Hara, Detroit, Mich.
6. Samsonite luggage from Susan Cabot: Mrs. Olin C. Gordon, Eufaula, Ala.
7. Year's supply Cutex "Cute Tomata" nail polish with matching jacket and tapered pants by Cole of California from Piper Laurie: Miss Irene Ann Fink, Wadena, Minn.
8. Kaywoodie pipe from Race Gentry: Robert L. Crump, Winterpock, Va.
9. Plaid sport shirt from Jeff Chandler: Arthur E. Miller, San Bernardino, Calif.
10. Irish shillelagh from Rock Hudson: Timothy Marquand, Cambridge, Mass.
11. Stetson hat from Audie Murphy: Lois Lane Robinson, Aberdeen, S. Dakota.
12. Ronay calf handbag from Mamie Van Doren: Mrs. Sidney Brody, Kew Garden Hills, N. Y.
13. Coro rhinestone brooch and earrings from Leslie Gaye: Helen M. Vail, Albuquerque, N. M.
14. Playtex foam pillows from Myrna Hansen: Miss Susanne Martin, Pawtucket, R. I.
15. Ronson Crown table lighter from Richard Long: Mrs. Ruth Turner, Fort Worth, Tex.
16. Honeydeb play shoes from Lori Nelson: Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Murphy, Grand Prairie, Tex.
17. "Call Me Madam" Decca album from Donald O'Connor: Eusebe Gaspard, Westwego, La.
18. One dozen pairs of Caméo stockings from Kathleen Hughes: Beverly Michaud, Laramie, Wyo.
19. Woman's Daniel wallet by Nash from Julia Adams: Patsy Sue Taylor, Holdenville, Okla.



Ronson Adonis pocket lighter from John Agar: Lillian Watkins, Bangor, Mich.

Ronson Pal lighter from Brett Halsey: Lillian Halsey, Chicago, Ill.

"Magnificent Obsession" Decca album from Barbara Rush: Mrs. Norma Hill, Blackfoot, Idaho.

Gift box of Breck hair treatment products from Barbara Corday: Maxine Dotson, Atlanta, Ga.

Decca album of Bing Crosby songs from Lou Lelero: Mrs. S. J. Sommer, Buffalo, N. Y.

Helen Neushaefer carry-all kit from Ruth Hamp: Helen Lancaster, Richmond, Va.

Coty compact from Dana Andrews: Mary Carter, Indianapolis, Ind.

Lucien Lelong's Sirocco perfume from Allison Jones: Molly Menashe, Portland, Ore.

Max Factor's "Gold Quartet" from Colleen Miller: Lorraine Kaufman, Seaside, Ore.

Bourjois "Evening in Paris" gift box from Rexson: Miss Tommie Pritchard, Asheville, N. C.

Cheramy's "April Showers" perfume from George Nader: Vivienne M. Poss, Gordonsville, Va.

Lentheric's "Adam's Rib" perfume from Dan Lyea: Kathryn Simpson, Garnett, Kansas.

Plaid overnight case containing Goody hair accessories from Lynn Bari: Mrs. Susan Keepers, Anderson, Ind.

Pacific Mills' "Harlequin" bath set from Bud Gott: E. E. Bangert, Sacramento, Calif.

Two Criterion belts from Gloria Grahame: Cecilia Schramm, West Orange, N. J.

Six silk scarves by Baar & Beards from Gene Lison: Sarah Spann, Cheyenne, Wyo.

Deltah pearl necklace from Ruth Roman: Mrs. L. Young, Kimball, Neb.

Three pairs of cotton shortie gloves by Dawn: from John Lund: Miss Elsie Rossman, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gray flannel suit by Faye Wagner from Janet Lough: Judy Householder, Fairview Park, Ohio.

DuBarry travel kit containing DuBarry beauty products from Sara Shane: Miss N. June Ramsey, Orlando, Fla.

Red orlon sweater set by Sidney Gould from Ann Calvet: Mrs. Edwin Leet, Muncy, Pa.

Coronet black suede handbag from Mari Blanton: Doris Williams, Hartford, Conn.

Shulton's "Escapade" perfume from John Tomfield: Shirley Ostrowski, Custer, Wis.

Two Criterion belts from Kathleen Case: Becky Smith, Decatur, Ala.

Three pairs of gloves by Dawnelle from Ludmilla Merina: Mrs. Emily Lollis, Wewoka, Okla.

Hatbox containing Campana beauty products from Karen Kadler: Virginia Lee Frush, Hagerstown, Md.

Gift kit of Helene Curtis hair products from Barbara Gam: Helen S. Williams, Temple, Pa.

Basket of Toni products from Mala Powers: Barbara Elkins, North Miami, Fla.

Pair of men's pigskin gloves by Alexette-Bacmo from Chill Wills: Otto Davis, Waynesboro, Miss.

Year's supply of Lady Esther face powder & talc from Gloria De Haven: Thelma L. Nesom, Clinton, La.

Three men's silk ties from Sterling Hayden: Sara Lewis, San Pedro, Calif.

# The "Inside" Story of Fabulous Playtex Girdles!

★ ★ ★ News from Playtex . . . world's largest-selling girdles ★ ★ ★



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This is the Magic-Controller\* with the non-roll top . . . one of the famous Playtex Girdles. It has magic fingers to gracefully control your figure for every whim of fashion!

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the names of the  
names of women who  
that way, Playtex offers  
you a full line of briefs  
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the outside and fabric on  
the inside.



The one and only Girdle with figure-molding latex outside... kitten-soft fabric inside... and not a single stitch, seam or bone anywhere!



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# LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

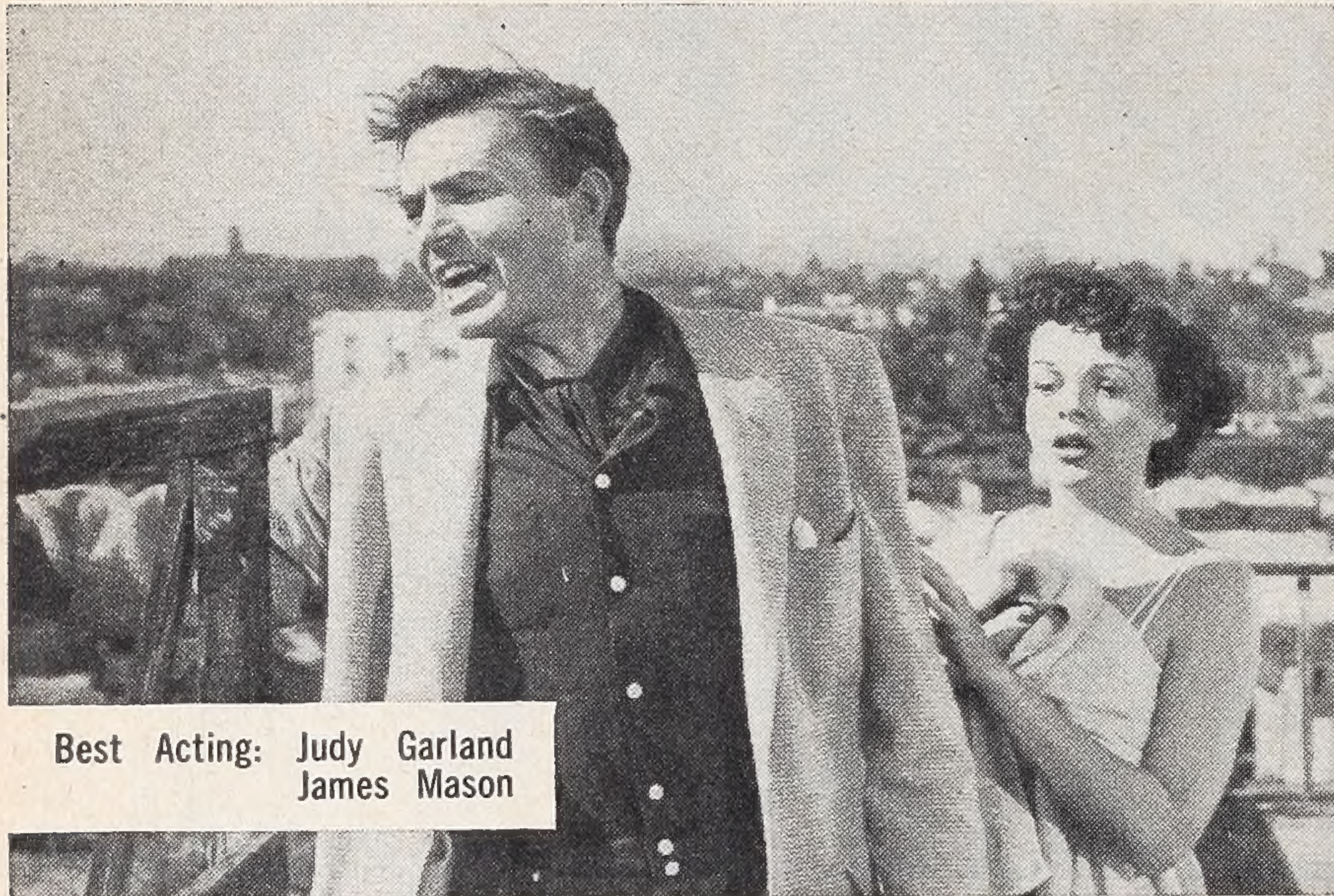
WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓ GOOD

✓ FAIR



Best Acting: Judy Garland  
James Mason

## *A Star Is Born*

WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Here's a movie straight from the heart of show business—and, most especially, of Hollywood. Judy Garland proves herself not only a supreme entertainer but a fine actress, as a minor band vocalist whose unique talents are discovered by a fading film idol. In this role, James Mason gives a performance perfectly complementing Judy's. When she becomes a great new star—and his wife—his career declines. Playing an egotistical drunkard, Mason draws sympathy, without glamorizing the character; so Judy's devotion never seems foolish. The film alternates between brilliant song numbers (the tops—"Born in a Trunk" and bitter or satirical glimpses of Hollywood life, with Jack Carson scoring as a poisonous publicity man, Charles Brannford as an understanding producer.

FAMOUS

*Amusing byplay interrupts James' roof-top talk with Judy*



## *Carmen Jones*

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ The vibrant melodies and famous people of Bizet's opera "Carmen" reach the screen in a startling new guise. They're transferred to America's South (later, to Chicago) with an all-Negro cast presenting a story of dramatic force and musical fascination. Slender, beautiful Dorothy Dandridge makes *Carmen* a flashy and tragic figure, a girl who wants to be free of any ties or obligations. A wartime factory worker, she induces Harry Belafonte, an earnest young soldier, to neglect his duty and finally to desert. Unlike the two stars (accomplished singers, but not of operatic calibre) Olga James does her own singing, as Harry's gentle countess sweetheart. So does Pearl Bailey, in rousing rhythm numbers. And "The Toreador Song" becomes "Stand Up and Fight," a ring champ's chant of triumph.

ADULT

*Dorothy Dandridge knows the way to Harry Belafonte's heart*



## *Phffft*

COLUMBIA

✓✓✓ Slight, light and smoothly done, this comedy of divorce features several ingratiating performers. Judy Holliday is deft as ever, playing a radio-serial writer who's inclined to dramatize her personal life. Teaming with her for the second time, Jack Lemmon stands out as a fresh, appealing type, both laughable and likable. He's Judy's lawyer husband who agrees heartily when she insists on heading for Reno. Legally parted, both make a grim attempt to lead a good single life. Jack's would-be partner is pert Kim Novak, even more effective here than in her movie debut. Judy's final target is Jack Carson, who clowns expertly as her ex-husband's best friend, an allegedly suave playboy. You can guess the outcome, but the route to it is hilarious. Location shots play up the New York atmosphere.

ADULT

*Divorced, Judy and Jack Lemmon quarrel over her income tax*





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\*T. M.  
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BY ERSKINE JOHNSON\*

## LAUGHING STOCK

During her night-club stand at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, Tallulah Bankhead flipped:

"My book has passed the million mark in sales. Now you know why the Kinsey report didn't sell too well."

Overheard at the Mocambo: "He's really a very important person—when he's sober."

Pat Crowley saw this sign in a San Antonio, Texas, bar window:  
"Yankee Spoken Here."

Old Hollywood Proverb: When a movie queen tells you she's found an ideal place for her marriage, she usually means the front page.

A conceited foreign profile king has a new sandwich named for him at the Famous Restaurant—the "French Drip."

Hastily scribbled sign in a Fairfax Ave. delicatessen window:  
"Jack Benny Is Eating Lunch in Here."

Overheard at Lucey's: "She's not exactly the white-collar-girl type. More the white-mink-collar-girl type."

Joan Fontaine said it about a foreign beauty with whom she recently worked:

"She can make herself understood in any language without opening her mouth."

A spoiled movie brat was about to celebrate his birthday and his tutor went to a toy store to buy him a present. "What kind of a toy would you like?" asked the salesman.

"Oh, just some little something that he can hurt himself on easily," was the reply.

"A Hollywood star," says Sammy Kaye, "is a guy with his footprints in cement and his wife in court."

Airline stewardess with a high sense of humor as her plane flew over Las Vegas:  
"Ladies and gentlemen, please fasten your money belts."

Jack Carson never gets the girls on the screen, but he can still joke about it. On his night-club tours, he introduces himself with:

"You probably know me as the guy who can't get the girl. Well, you'll be surprised to hear that a girl was pounding on my door at 4 A.M. this morning. And you know something—I wouldn't let her out."

Overheard at the Mocambo:

"He's such a suspicious type he makes his own shadow walk in front of him."

An indignant starlet rushed into fur designer Al Teitelbaum's Beverly Hills salon: "I'm checking on my boy friend," she said. "Tell me, is there any such thing as a bald mink?"

"Never heard of it," shrugged Al.

"I'll fix him," roared the starlet. "I'll throw that suede coat he gave me right back in his face."

\*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station



# MOVIES

CONTINUED

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓ GOOD

✓ FAIR

## Best of the Wave

M-G-M

✓ By turns amusing, affecting and almost unbearably serious, this is a first-rate picture of peacetime heroism in two guises, of cooperation and friction between Englishmen and Americans. The U. S. Navy sends officer-scientist Gene Kelly, two seamen Jeff Richards and Fredd Wayne, to a desolate British island where the British Navy is conducting dangerous experiments with a new underwater explosive. At once, antagonisms build up. Officer John Justin resents Kelly, who's replacing Justin's revered superior, killed while testing the new type of torpedo. And in the seamen's quarters there's a buckle-arousing brawl between cockney Sidney James and Jeff who married James' girl friend. The talk is all wonderfully real, making you feel that you actually know each of the men.

FAMILY

Fredd Wayne tries to pacify Sidney James and Jeff Richards



## Black Widow

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓ A whodunit, set against the glittering backgrounds of legendary New York City, show-cases several arresting personalities. The murder victim is Peggy Ann Garner, an apparently naive small-town girl who brings her writing ambitions to the big town. Chief suspect is Van Heflin, a stage producer who meets Peggy while his beloved wife (Gene Tierney) is out of town. An ardent meddler in the affair is Ginger Rogers, spectacularly costumed and sharp of tongue. An arrogant stage star with a meek husband (Reginald Kline). And the professional meddler is George Raft, a father-of-fact city detective. Dark-haired, deep-voiced Virna Leith makes a quick impression as the dead girl's courtship-mate. The story's material is often sordid, but handled tactfully, with crackling dialogue.

ADULT

Two deadly females meet: Ginger Rogers, Peggy Ann Garner



## The Country Girl

PARAMOUNT

✓ Intelligent acting and a strong theme give interest to a somewhat heavy-footed version of a Broadway hit. Bing Crosby has a role completely offbeat for him—a has-been musical comedy star, ruined by his addiction to the bottle. Bitten by self-pity, he has dragged his doggedly loyal wife into poverty with him. Grace Kelly also tries something utterly different with this part, discarding glamour and giving a performance that is well thought out but not always spontaneous. It's William Holden who comes off best, as a stage director who offers Bing a comeback chance. Misled by the alcoholic's cunning lies, Holden gets emotionally involved with the couple. Bing does an honest job on a tough assignment; but, with no clear picture of the man's former self, the character remains unlovable.

ADULT

Grace Kelly realizes that Bing is afraid to return to the stage







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## Beau Brummell

M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Two of Hollywood's handsomest stars, Stewart Granger and Elizabeth Taylor, are set like jewels in some of the most luxurious costumes and exquisite backgrounds ever seen in a movie. Granger, in dashing style, plays the famous English dandy of the early 19th Century. A nobody to start with, living precariously by his wits, he becomes the closest friend of the Prince of Wales and the age's chief arbiter of male fashion. On the romantic side, he's less successful; he can't induce the high-born Liz to give up security for love. Peter Ustinov (Nero in "Quo Vadis") is excellent as the monarch-to-be, fat, pompous, pathetic, but eventually a figure of dignity. Robert Morley also arouses sympathy in a brief scene as that old villain of American history, George III. The picture was filmed entirely in England.

FAMILY

## Drum Beat

WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓ Alan Ladd cuts his usual virile figure as an Indian-fighter of the old Oregon frontier, suddenly retired from business by presidential order. The ex-General Grant makes Alan a peace commissioner to subdue—without guns—the rebels among the Modoc tribe. As the fearsome Captain Jack, Charles Bronson is a colorful adversary. Naturally, Grant's orders prove difficult to carry out, and soon there's plenty of gunplay. Audrey Dalton as the winsome heroine has little to do with the action, but Marisa Pavan, a peace-loving Modoc maiden, does play a vital role in the final showdown. The vigorous battles and chases take place against wild, splendid scenery.

FAMILY

## Unchained

BARTLETT

✓✓✓ Imaginative casting, an earnest approach and authentic settings create a refreshing sort of prison movie. It was shot at Chino, California, where an honor prison for men makes an effort to rehabilitate convicts, instead of merely punishing them. In an overdue film comeback, Chester Morris is the humane but firm warden. Football star Elroy (Crazylegs) Hirsch does an admirable straight-acting job as a convict who instinctively resists authority, though he isn't a professional crook. Singers Todd Duncan and Johnny Johnston are equally effective as fellow convicts. A murderer, Duncan has learned at Chino a new approach to life. Johnston is an embittered ex-pianist, who turned to crime because of a crippled hand. This is primarily a man's picture, but Barbara Hale has some touching scenes as Elroy's wife. An escape plot builds up excitement toward the finish, though Chino has no high wall, no patrols of armed guards.

FAMILY

## The Bob Mathias Story

ALLIED ARTISTS

✓✓✓ Told in semi-documentary but warmly emotional style, this entertaining though unpretentious movie shows how a California boy twice won the Decathlon at the Olympics. Bob and Melba Mathias play themselves, and a thoroughly appealing

young couple they are, surprisingly at ease before the cameras. The course of their love runs rough and smooth as Bob trains for the varied, rigorous track event of the Decathlon. Ward Bond is gruff and likable as Bob's high-school coach. In the climaxes, newsreel shots are cleverly intercut with re-enacted scenes, to dramatic effect.

FAMILY

## The Beachcomber

RANK, U.A.; TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ A British-made comedy-melodrama set in gorgeous tropic locales, recalls the general outline of "The African Queen." Robert Newton does a robust, broad-stroked portrayal of the title character. Son of an aristocratic English family, he's the local drunk and trouble-maker on a British-owned island in the Indian Ocean. Glynis Johns, amusingly prim (though too alluring for the role), is a fearless lady missionary. To her, Newton is at first beyond the pale. But a quirk of circumstances suddenly convinces her that he can be reformed, and her campaign to this end is both funny and touching. A cholera outbreak and native treachery provide an exciting finish.

FAMILY

## Track of the Cat

WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓ Robert Mitchum's arresting performance is the chief attraction of a cloudy film with occasional flashes of quality. On a remote mountain ranch, Mitchum is the bully of the family, ridiculing his scholarly brother (William Hopper), old-maid sister (Teresa Wright) and timid kid brother (Tab Hunter). Father Philip Tonge is a rather hammy drunk, and mother Beulah Bondi is an old shrew. A change in family relationships comes about during the hunt for a mysteriously symbolic panther that is preying on the cattle. Diana Lynn is a piquant heroine, waiting for Tab to get up some spirit. Though there's significant camerawork, most of the scenes have a deadening, stage-like quality. The players seem to be posing on a set—not living on a mountain ranch.

FAMILY

## Three Ring Circus

WALLIS, PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ The big top proves an appropriate setting for the antics of Martin and Lewis, but the boys don't rouse quite their usual quota of laughs. Though nobody expects their pictures to be strong on plot, this one follows a puzzling course, wandering into various blind alleys, then blithely starting all over again. Dean and Jerry, ex-GI's, join a circus because Jerry wants to be a lion-tamer. One try, and he promptly decides he'd rather be a clown. Dean gets the short end of the plot, with a role that switches backward and forward between loyal pal and selfish heel. Feuding off and on with Joanne Dru, owner of the circus, Dean romances dazzling Zsa Zsa Gabor, conceited aerialist. Jerry's youthful fans should be delighted by the scene at the finish, with Jerry—now a triumphant clown—and a sad little girl (Sandy Descher) at a children's home.

FAMILY

Continued on page 15



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## HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE



Shelley's skirt stole the show at "Star" premiere



Terry Moore caused a stir when she preemed with Jacques Sernas

BY EDITH GWYNN

THE PREEM of "A Star Is Born" was an all-time glamour-great night. What a roar Judy Garland got from the crowd when she entered the Pantages Theatre on the arm of Sid Luft. Clark Gable got almost as loud a cheer as he arrived with Kay Spreckels. Amongst the mad doings in the lobby, I spotted Debbie Reynolds with Eddie's pal Joey Foreman; Marlene Dietrich in a stunning Dior; Kim Novak and Mamie Van Doren in slinky formals; Rosie Clooney and Jose Ferrer; Karen Sharpe with Joan Smith; Terry Moore and handsome French actor Jacques Sernas; the Gary Coopers, Alan Ladds, Jerry Lewises, Dean and Jean Martin; Doris Day and Marty Melcher; the Champions and so many more. Lowest cut dress was on Liz Taylor—a halter-necked fluffy pink gown trimmed with beading. The widest-skirted gown was Shelley Winters'. Shelley's gorgeous white gown was so full the skirt covered almost three seats when she took her place in the theatre (Yep, the skirt made room for two other customers!). Later, Jack Warner took over Cocoanut Grove, filled it with seven hundred famous guests in honor of Judy. Choking with sentiment, Judy said, "This is my happiest night."

The Hartford Theatre opening was a dilly—with hundreds of stars present to see Helen Hayes in the first play presented, "What Every Woman Knows." It's the only theatre in the U.S. that features a bar and restaurant. And a few days later Joan Crawford tossed a bang-up party for star Helen.

The only star of the delightful "Sabrina" who could be at the opening was Humphrey Bogart who arrived with Lauren Bacall and posed and posed for flash-bulbers. With Bill Holden away and Audrey Hepburn honeymooning in Europe, Paramount gave lovely Martha Hyer, Audrey's rival in the film, the full-glamour treatment. Martha had a cape stole fashioned of 1500 baby orchids flown especially from Honolulu—she was really a knockout.

Nicest party of the month was the gay Debbie Reynolds-Eddie Fisher engagement party given by Eddie Cantor for his protege Eddie. Over four hundred delighted well-wishers turned out to congratulate the happy pair and admire Debbie's 7 carat ring from Eddie. Included in the throng were much-in-love Pier Angeli and her Vic Damone.



# MOVIES

Continued from page 12

## ***This Is My Love***

RKO, PATHE COLOR

✓✓ Suspense is the chief aim of this story about tangled emotions, and it does achieve an ample measure. But its cast plays as unpleasant a group of people as you've met on the screen. Linda Darnell is a spinster whose coldness melts when she meets debonair Rick Jason. Then she finds that he and her gentler sister (Faith Domergue) have fallen in love. Their situation seems hopeless, since Faith is married to Dan Duryea, once a famed dancer but now a neurotic cripple. There's a hint of murder in this setup, and Linda plots a crime that she believes will return Rick to her side. The locale is Glendale, California; most scenes are set either in the unhappy home or in Duryea's restaurant, operated by the sisters. ADULT

## ***The Black Knight***

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Now it's Alan Ladd who returns to the bold old days of King Arthur, as a gallant commoner who dons black armor to play mysterious avenger. Arthur's realm is threatened by a secret alliance of Cornishmen and Saracens. In sudden raids, they burn castles, commit murder and mayhem. Among the victims is the mother of luscious Patricia Medina, Alan's ladylove, in whose household Alan served as armorer. The action has an old-fashioned abandon, except when it slows down for spectacle. But there are some noble castles and spacious countryside (shot in England and Spain). FAMILY

## ***Quest for the Lost City***

RKO, COLOR

✓✓ This modest, often fascinating travel-adventure film was shot by Dana and Ginger Lamb, a couple who carry the do-it-yourself motto to amazing lengths. Bound for the wilds of Yucatan, seeking ruins of the ancient Aztec civilization, they live entirely off the land, not only hunting and gathering their own food, but making soap and tanning leather. Their discovery of the lost city is a real thrill. FAMILY

## ***Twist of Fate***

U.A.

✓✓ A highly involved tale of intrigue gives Ginger Rogers a glamorous but dubious role. She's an ex-showgirl living in luxury on the Riviera (where the picture was made), as the fiancée of Stanley Baker. Supposedly a respectable businessman, he's actually a counterfeit king. When Ginger falls in love with a young artist (Jacques Bergerac, her off-screen husband), violence shadows the romance. The artist is broad-minded about Ginger's way of life, but Baker plays rough. ADULT

## ***Passion***

RKO, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Title to the contrary, this turns out to be a pleasant Western, laid in Spanish California. As a young rancher, Cornel Wilde is out to find and kill the men who murdered his bride (Yvonne DeCarlo). In his campaign of vengeance, he's aided by his tomboy sister-in-law (also played by Yvonne). Knives and bullets fly thick and fast, and there's plenty of cross-country galloping. FAMILY

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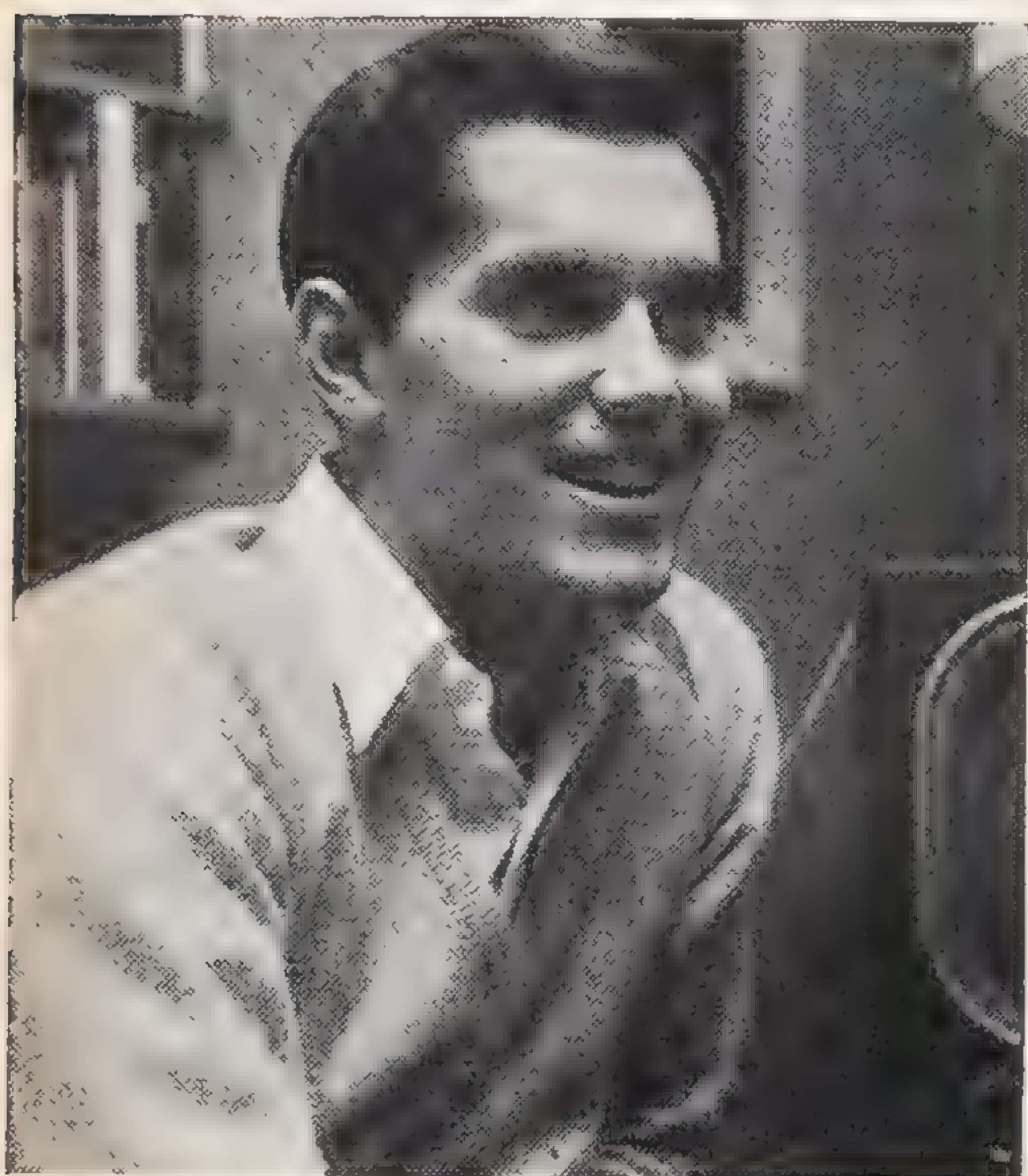
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No longer a lonesome cowboy is Guy Madison



BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Jeff Hunter wins the fans' complete approval



Charlotte Austin holds her breath for Sid



Anne Francis is a lady with a bright future

## THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

I DON'T THINK Marilyn Monroe's box-office will be hurt by anything but bad pictures. You'll notice I made it plural . . . In a popularity poll, Marlon Brando and Jeff Hunter pulled up even . . . Terry Moore is more dangerous when she's quiet. It's like waiting for a time bomb to explode . . . No matter what happens anywhere else, a new crop of starlets appear who look better than last season's . . . Elizabeth Taylor doesn't believe she is as beautiful as you think she is, Honest! . . . I'm in a hurry to see "Guys and Dolls" on the screen. More anxious about seeing this one than even "Oklahoma!" and "The King and I" . . . The movies are getting away from the idea that a pretty girl can be made unattractive by a pair of eyeglasses . . . I don't care what anyone says, I prefer Shelley Winters talking to silent. Then Shelley is natural, and she'll say: "The trouble with most of the eligible men is that they're married." . . . In Hollywood, claims Tom Jenk, even a man's best friend is his enemy.

Grace Kelly's beautiful, but I feel she's holding back and is seldom natural . . . Mamie Van Doren is sexiest when she peers at you over the rim of a wine glass . . . Each time I see "On the Waterfront" (three times to date), the more entranced I become with Eva Marie Saint.

I still prefer Katharine when it comes to a Hepburn, but I'll admit Audrey is growing on me . . . Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas are so romantic you wouldn't believe they're married . . . I'd think I was seeing things if I saw Jack Webb excited on the screen . . . Charlotte Austin tells me she takes a deep breath before going into a scene. "It helps," says Charlotte . . . I'm pleased with the recent success of Anne Francis. Been waiting for it for some years . . . John Wayne

never has a leading lady on-screen who even slightly resembles his off-screen leading lady . . . Can you remember all the way back (just a few years ago) when people were saying William Holden didn't have sex appeal? . . . No one was surprised by the Tyrone Power-Linda Christian separation announcement . . . Everyone was with the sudden Guy Madison-Sheila Connolly merger . . . I adore Judy Holliday, even when I don't like the movie she's in. This statement can be made about few performers . . . Groucho Marx says, "Half of Hollywood is trying to find out how the other half gets away with it."

There's not a light comic around who has the timing of Cary Grant. Jack Lemmon is the best and most promising of the new crop . . . If you believe the movies, all actresses look beautiful when they get out of bed in the morning. Being honest, I must tell you all actresses spend an hour in the make-up department before getting into bed to get up . . . Rock Hudson's comment about making a movie in Ireland: "It's like a Hollywood set where all the characters are played by Barry Fitzgerald."

Gina Lollobrigida doesn't look like an Italian actress when she's in the United States . . . My idea of a real heel is a guy who'd try to do Ann Blyth dirt—even in a movie . . . I don't believe Betty Hutton has retired from show business, although she read the line with sincerity . . . Charles Laugh-ton told me that an actor who can put over a subtle emotion with his derriere facing the camera knows his craft and is a credit to his profession . . . My favorite character Mike Curtiz told an interviewer: "Don't say anything against me, unless it's complimentary." And That's Hollywood for You.



## Casts of Current Pictures

**BEACHCOMBER, THE**—U.A. Directed by Muriel Box: *Martha*, Glynis Johns; *Ted*, Robert Newton; *Ewart Gray*, Donald Sinden; *Owen*, Paul Rogers.

**BEAU BRUMMELL**—M-G-M. Directed by Curtis Bernhardt: *Beau Brummell*, Stewart Granger; *Lady Patricia*, Elizabeth Taylor; *Prince of Wales*, Peter Ustinov; *King George III*, Robert Morley; *Lord Erwin Mercer*, James Donald; *Mortimer*, James Hayter; *Mrs. Fitzherbert*, Rosemary Harris; *William Pitt*, Paul Rogers; *Lord Byron*, Noel Willman.

**BLACK KNIGHT, THE**—Columbia. Directed by Tay Garnett: *John*, Alan Ladd; *Linnet*, Patricia Medina; *Sir Ontslake*, Andre Morell; *Earl of Yeovil*, Harry Andrews; *Sir Palamides*, Peter Cushing; *King Arthur*, Anthony Bushell; *Major Domo*, Laurence Naismith; *King Mark*, Patrick Throughton.

**BLACK WIDOW**—20th. Directed by Nunnally Johnson: *Lottie*, Ginger Rogers; *Peter*, Van Heflin; *Iris*, Gene Tierney; *Detective Bruce*, George Raft; *Nanny Ordway*, Peggy Ann Garner; *Brian*, Reginald Gardiner; *Claire Amberly*, Virginia Leith; *Ling*, Otto Kruger; *Lucia*, Cathleen Nesbitt; *John*, Skip Homeier.

**BOB MATHIAS STORY, THE**—A.A. Directed by Francis D. Lyon: *Bob Mathias*, Bob Mathias; *Melba Mathias*, Melba Mathias; *Coach Jackson*, Ward Bond; *Dr. Mathias*, Howard Petrie; *Mrs. Mathias*, Ann Doran; *Pat Mathias*, Diane Jergens.

**CARMEN JONES**—20th. Directed by Otto Preminger: *Carmen*, Dorothy Dandridge; *Joe*, Harry Belafonte; *Cindy Lou*, Olga James; *Frankie*, Pearl Bailey; *Myrt*, Diahann Carroll; *Rum*, Roy Glenn; *Dink*, Nick Stewart; *Husky*, Joe Adams; *Sgt. Brown*, Broc Peters. Voices: Le Verne Hutcherson, Marilyn Horne, Marvin Hayes.

**CREST OF THE WAVE**—M-G-M. Directed by John and Roy Boulting: *Lieutenant Bradville (U.S. Navy)*, Gene Kelly; *Lieutenant Wharton*, John Justin; *Lofty Turner*, Bernard Lee; *Butch Clelland (U.S. Navy)*, Jeff Richards; *Charlie Badger*, Sidney James; *P. O. Herbert*, Patric Doonan; *Sprog Sims*, Ray Jackson; *Shorty Karminsky (U.S. Navy)*, Fredd Wayne.

**DRUM BEAT**—Warners. Directed by Delmer Daves: *Johnny Mackay*, Alan Ladd; *Nancy Meek*, Audrey Dalton; *Toby*, Marisa Pavan; *Bill Satterwhite*, Robert Keith; *Captain Jack*, Charles Bronson; *General Canby*, Warner Anderson.

**PASSION**—RKO. Directed by Allan Dwan: *Juan Obregon*, Cornel Wilde; *Tanya Rosa*, Yvonne DeCarlo; *Rodriguez*, Raymond Burr; *Castro*, Lon Chaney.

**PHFFFT**—Columbia. Directed by Mark Robson: *Nina Tracy*, Judy Holliday; *Robert Tracy*, Jack Lemmon; *Charlie Nelson*, Jack Carson; *Janis*, Kim Novak; *Mrs. Chapman*, Luella Gear; *Dr. Van Kessel*, Donald Randolph; *Rick Vidal*, Donald Curtis.

**QUEST FOR THE LOST CITY**—RKO. Documentary, featuring Dana and Ginger Lamb.

**ROMEO AND JULIET**—U.A. Directed by Renato Castellani: *Romeo*, Laurence Harvey; *Juliet*, Susan Shentall; *The Nurse*, Flora Robson; *Friar Laurence*, Mervyn Johns; *Benvolio*, Bill Travers; *Tybal*, Enzo Fiermonte; *Mercutio*, Aldo Zollo; *Prince of Verona*, Giovanni Rota; *Capulet*, Sebastian Cabot; *Lady Capulet*, Lydia Sherwood; *Paris*, Norman Wooland; *Montague*, Giulio Garbinetti; *Chorus*, John Gielgud.

**STAR IS BORN, A**—Warners. Directed by George Cukor: *Esther Blodgett*, Judy Garland; *Norman Maine*, James Mason; *Libby*, Jack Carson; *Oliver Niles*, Charles Bickford; *Danny McGuire*, Tom Noonan; *Starlet*, Lucy Marlow; *Susan*, Amanda Blake.

**THIS IS MY LOVE**—RKO. Directed by Stuart Heisler: *Vida*, Linda Darnell; *Glenn*, Rick Jason; *Murray*, Dan Duryea; *Evelyn*, Faith Domergue; *Eddie*, Hal Baylor; *Connie Russell*, Connie Russell.

**THREE RING CIRCUS**—Paramount. Directed by Joseph Pevney: *Pete Nelson*, Dean Martin; *Jerry Hotchkiss*, Jerry Lewis; *Jill Brent*, Joanne Dru; *Saadia*, Zsa Zsa Gabor; *Sam Morley*, Wallace Ford; *Schletz*, Sig Ruman; *Puffo*, Gene Sheldon; *Timmy*, Nick Cravat; *Bearded Lady*, Elsa Lanchester.

**TRACK OF THE CAT**—Warners. Directed by William A. Wellman: *Curt*, Robert Mitchum; *Grace*, Teresa Wright; *Gwen*, Diana Lynn; *Harold*, Tab Hunter; *Ma Bridges*, Beulah Bondi; *Pa Bridges*, Philip Tonge; *Arthur*, William Hopper; *Joe Sam*, Carl Switzer.

**TWIST OF FATE**—U.A. Directed by David Miller: *Johnny Victor*, Ginger Rogers; *Emil Landosh*, Herbert Lom; *Louis Galt*, Stanley Baker; *Pierre Clement*, Jacques Bergerac; *Marie Galt*, Margaret Rawlings.

**UNCHAINED**—Bartlett. Directed by Hall Bartlett: *Steve Davitt*, Elroy Hirsch; *Mary Davitt*, Barbara Hale; *Kenyon J. Scudder*, Chester Morris; *Bill Howard*, Todd Duncan; *Eddie Garrity*, Johnny Johnston; *Elaine*, Peggy Knudsen; *Joe Ravens*, Jerry Paris; *Len Haskins*, John Qualen; *Sandern*, Bill Kennedy; *Jerry Hakara*, Henry Nakamura; *Sally Haskins*, Kathryn Grant; *Win Davitt*, Tim Considine; *Mrs. Scudder*, Rita Johnson.

# What good is a pretty hat...



## if you don't have pretty hair?

Everyone knows lanolin brings to dull, drab hair the glow of youth . . . and Helene Curtis brings you up to 10 times more absorbable lanolin!

Now it's as easy to have gorgeous hair as it is to buy a hat.

For Helene Curtis has discovered what others have tried and failed . . . a way to give you 100% absorbable lanolin. It's LANOLIN DISCOVERY, a hair conditioner and beautifier that's more effective (up to 10 times more effective!) because it contains up to 10 times more absorbable lanolin.

And there are no "filler" oils to grease your hair or make you lose your wave. Just spray. Brush. Then watch. A before-and-after picture happens in your mirror!

And we'll bet you get more compliments on your hair than you do on your hats.

Regular size \$1.25 New large economy size \$1.89  
both prices plus tax

# Helene Curtis lanolin discovery\*

the breath of life for lifeless looking Hair!

\*TRADEMARK







*Shirley listens. An unexpected visit—and the show went on*

# THE HOLLYWOOD STORY

BY SHIRLEY THOMAS

*NBC's Hollywood Correspondent*

"THE SHOW must go on." This is a fine sentiment, a noble tradition. Newcomers to the entertainment world learn the words quickly, repeat them glibly. But there comes a time when the show must really go on, and then they discover that the magic phrase isn't enough. The words are meaningless unless you have the courage or faith to bring them to life.

The beautiful young girl sitting in her dressing room realized this as she repeated the five famous words over and over, hoping they would work a miracle. Without one, she was finished. She couldn't do it. She knew if she asked for a postponement, a cancellation, the people on the set would hire someone else for the role. She couldn't blame them. They couldn't hold up a big production even if her grandfather had died.

Fresh tears came to her eyes as she thought of him. Her grandfather had been friend, relative and counselor to their tight-knit family group. His favorite grandchild, she had been at his bedside during those last few hours, and when he had passed away at midnight, she had broken down.

Overtired, emotionally drained, she could not sleep, and cried for hours. When the alarm clock rang at 6:30, she had managed to get less than an hour's sleep. What was to have been

the bright new morning of her big day now promised to be one of failure.

Until now the girl had had a measure of success in juvenile roles and, at last, she had won a test opposite Victor Mature for the lead in his next picture. This was opportunity in capital letters. When she had arrived on the set, everyone had been most helpful. She had managed to get through the first rehearsal, but then the director started changing lines and bits of business. Her mind was too fuzzy to adjust rapidly and she made numerous awkward, embarrassing blunders. She saw the director and actors exchange looks that indicated their disappointment. Finally after more rehearsing, the director said he guessed they were as ready as they would ever be. While the crew lit the set, she had returned to her dressing room with the strong feeling she was going to fail. Her brain was confused by old lines, new lines—most of all by the sickening thought that she was going to slip on the first step of the ladder of fame.

The girl could not help asking herself if her steady climb to this morning's opportunity was to prove futile in a single screen test! Although her first film effort had been left on the cutting room floor, she had been only eleven then. The years that followed had seen

measured improvement in her acting ability, rapid progress upward. She had successfully played radio and stage roles, but she felt motion pictures to be her special favorite. Usually the young actress was alert and easily able to memorize a script in only a few hours of study. Today, however, the real events of her own life seemed too powerful to free her for the dramatic role before the camera.

Then it happened. A young actress and star who was playing in one of the big important movies on the lot visited the set. The star was a long-time friend of the girl who was to be tested; she knew what nervous tension exists at a moment like this, but she had faith in her friend. She was so confident that her friend was going to make good, she had brought the head of the studio on the set with her to watch the test.

The frightened girl, suddenly buoyed up by the unquestioning, unwavering faith of her friend, snapped out of her doldrums. Responding to the confidence of her friend, she stepped before the camera with the poise and assurance of a true professional. She went through the test, through the new lines without a flaw. She got the job, which was the steppingstone to a series of top star parts. This is why Terry Moore will never forget the day Janet Leigh came a-calling.





These are Beth Anderson's hands. She soaked them in detergents. Only the right hand was given Jergens Lotion care — and look at the difference. *This photograph is unretouched.*

## Proved: There's a sure way to stop "Detergent Hands"

**"Jergens Lotion proves more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping 'detergent damage'," states a national research laboratory.\***

Recently, 447 women volunteered for a grueling experiment. They wanted to find a way to combat "detergent hands."

Under supervision, they soaked both hands three times a day, in detergents. After every soaking, Jergens Lotion was smoothed on their right hands. Their left hands were untreated.

The results astounded everybody. In

3 or 4 days, left hands were roughened and reddened. The hands given Jergens Lotion care were soft and white.

Many other lotions were tested the same way. Not *one* proved as effective as Jergens Lotion for stopping detergent damage.

The famous Jergens Lotion formula has been steadily perfected for 50 years. It *positively stops detergent damage*, and ends roughness and chapping from other causes. It keeps your hands soft and lovely and is *never* sticky or greasy.

Today you'll find Jergens a heavier, creamier lotion, with a delightful new fragrance. Still only 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.

**Jergens Lotion** *positively stops "Detergent Hands"*



**\*NOTICE to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.**



No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

THERE'S

**COLD**

**CREAM**

NOW IN

**CAMAY**



"Such wonderfully  
luxurious complexion care!"

Lovely Camay Bride, Mrs. Charles T. Jackson, Jr., says, "I changed to Camay with cold cream the minute I heard about it. Now, after using it for months and months, I can say it's the most wonderful beauty soap I've ever used!"



**WOMEN EVERYWHERE** love Camay with cold cream—extra luxury at no extra cost! And Camay is the *only* leading beauty soap that contains this precious ingredient.

**TRY IT YOURSELF!** Whether your skin is dry *or* oily, Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling exquisitely cleansed and refreshed. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, you'll enjoy Camay's famous skin-pampering mildness, satin-soft lather, and delicate fragrance. There's no finer beauty soap made!

**NOW MORE THAN EVER . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**



A NEW  
ROMEO AND JULIET

All

For

Love



*As the world's most famous lovers, Susan Shentall and Laurence Harvey are radiant with youth*

● Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" is a story of *young* love, yet the roles have usually been played by long-established stars. Now two youthful newcomers bring the classic romance to heart-catching life. Laurence Harvey (twenty-six, seen in "King Richard and the Crusaders") is the gay blade sobered by his first serious love affair. And Susan Shentall (nineteen, a secretary when she was cast in the film) is a captivating *Juliet*, turning the well-known balcony scene into something utterly fresh and delightful. Shot in Italy for U.A. release, the drama of lovers betrayed by their families' bitter feud is a Technicolor treat to the eyes as well as the emotions, with rich costumes and mellow, authentic settings.



# NEW YEAR



Liz is in "The Last Time I Saw Paris"

*There'll be standing room only if the furniture Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding ordered for their new home doesn't arrive in time for their New Year's party!*



Linda Christian is in "Athena"

*It's the end of the line for exotic Linda Christian and Ty Power, who rang out the old year with the announcement that their five-year marriage is ended*

## INSIDE STUFF

**New Year Eves:** "Camping out" in their beautiful new house didn't prevent the Michael Wildings from planning a gay and gala party to greet the new year. They finally sold their old homestead, completely furnished, "Because," says Liz, "everything was made to order and wouldn't fit in any other house." Until their new stuff is installed, they're getting by beautifully with a bed, icebox and stove! . . . And Elaine Stewart is house-happy too!

Tired of apartment life, the brooding brunette spends spare time searching for a "perfect" house to buy. Necessary requisite: spare room to be converted to library for medicine-minded beauty's research work. . . . Career trouble, it seems, has separated the Tyrone Powers. But Hollywood can't help remembering that Ty had always encouraged Linda Christian in her desire to continue as an actress—had even planned to produce a picture in which

he and Linda would be the co-stars. . . . Back in Hollywood, following unfortunate eviction from Brazilian hotel, Ava Gardner's Nevada divorce papers are still ready and waiting, but the luscious looker shrugs an indifferent answer to the sixty-four-dollar question. . . . Piper Laurie's New Year's present makes a mighty pretty package. Her singing tests for "Third Girl from the Right" are so sex-sational, U-I gave her permission to make commercial recordings!





Piper is next in "Smoke Signal"

*It's a happy New Year for Piper Laurie. As a result of those surprise tests for her forthcoming film, Piper will be making records in '55—as a singer*

## CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

**Behind the Scenes:** Here's an untold story about Bing Crosby that reveals his other side. For his highly dramatic role in "The Country Girl," there's a scene where he confesses how he mistreated his wife. The line read, "I lied to her, oh, how I lied!" But in each "take" Bing cried out "I lied to her, oh God how I lied!" Director Seaton gently explained censorship prevented using the Lord's name, but Bing got too (Continued on page 77)

Ava's currently in  
"The Barefoot Contessa"



Elaine was last in "Brigadoon"

*It's a hobby—not a hubby—that has Elaine Stewart looking for a house—with extra room for her library work!*

*Still a lady of mystery, Ava Gardner, back in Hollywood, just shrugs shoulders when asked about divorce from Frankie*





# THE DEVIL IS A GENTLEMAN



Whatever other things Brando may be, he's always interesting. Even when he's driving his friends crazy with his tricks

*Reformed? A changed man? Not on your life! According to these character references, Brando hasn't changed a bit—underneath*

BY JANE CORWIN



Brando has a way with kids. Joe Conepo, Jr., is son of a stevedore who worked in "gang" in New Jersey where "Waterfront" was filmed. Lately, Marlon's surprising Hollywood with his conservative grooming. But his actions still prove clothes don't make this man!

● Marlon Brando spoke into the telephone with intensity, but hardly above a whisper.

"But I know something is wrong with the line," he said earnestly. The grin spreading over his face he did not let reflect in his voice. "Operator, please check again."

On the other end of the line Charlotte Austin, pretty little 20th Century-Fox actress, picked up the telephone and heard the operator saying, "It seems all right to me."

"What," demanded Charlotte, "is going on here?"

"Just checking the line," the operator said, and there was a click as she went off the line.

Then Charlotte heard Marlon's voice, deep and resonant, saying, "Charlotte? Just called to see if you are (Continued on page 67)

To studio cop, people who work with him on the set, Brando is a "regular guy." Co-star Jean Simmons calls him, "the most exciting actor there is today"



Marlon Brando is in "Desiree"









Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher. She's in "Athena"

## A WONDERFUL THING HAPPENED TODAY

*"We just kept grinning  
at each other like two idiots." What a way  
to start a romance. And what  
a romance it turned out to be!*





*Deb's friends scented a romance when she shed date line, began appearing with friend of Eddie's in his absence*

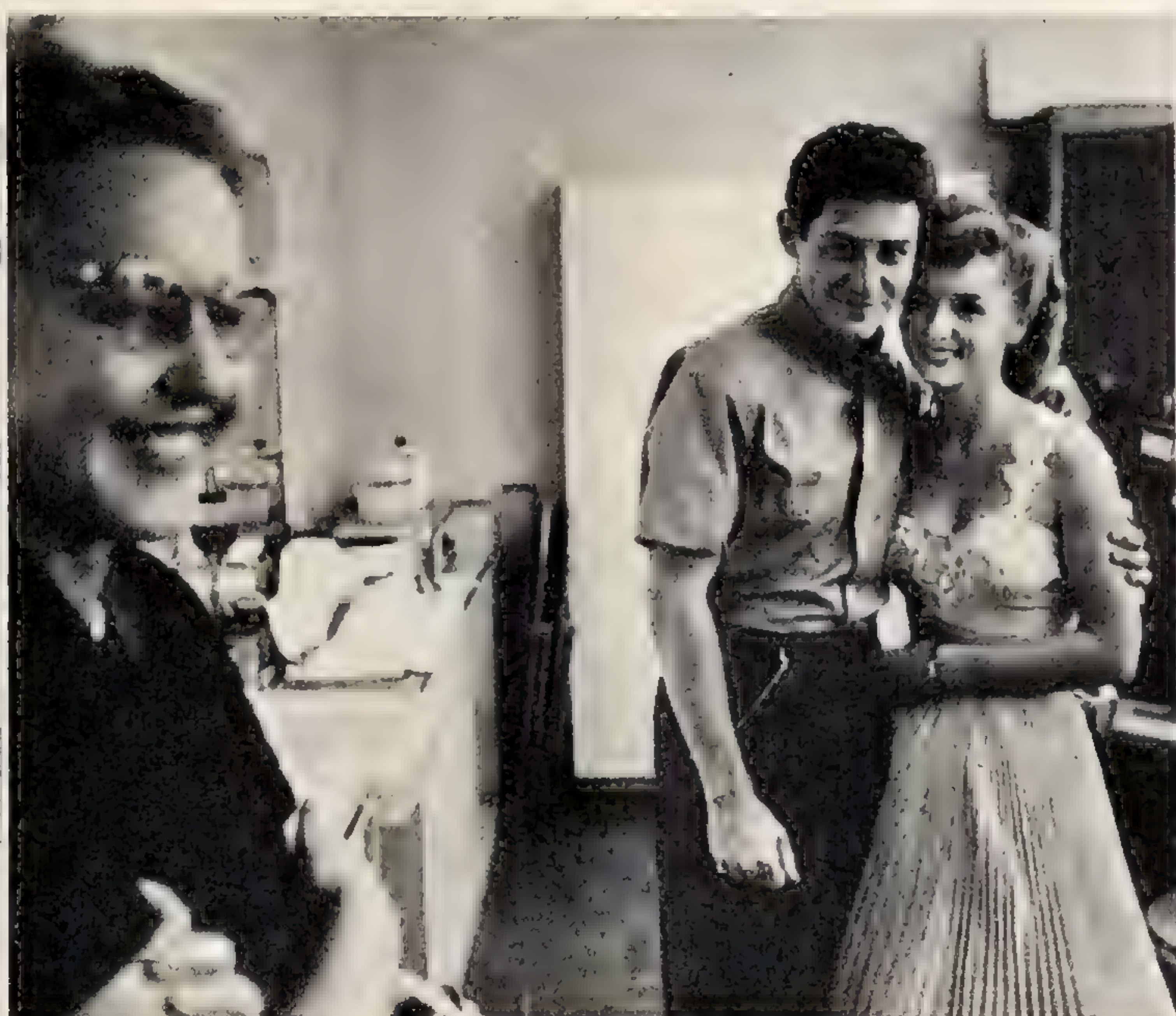
*Those who saw her meeting with Eddie in N. Y. knew that what they felt for each other was serious, important*

*Their romance was slow getting started. It took them three years to get together after their first meeting*

*"We were seeing a lot of each other," admits Deb. "You sort of get the habit, and suddenly, you like it real well"*

*With her mother. Deb knows what she wants out of life—and one thing is a marriage as solid as her parents'*

*Deb and Eddie, here at TV rehearsal with Danny Kaye, will settle any career problems before wedding date*



**BY PHILLIP CHAPMAN**

● Debbie Reynolds heard the shrill ring of the old alarm clock on the small night table next to her bed. She opened one eye slightly, reached over and pushed down the alarm stop, then turned over in her bed, promising herself, "Only one more minute, old girl, then you gotta get up."

Which is just about the way every morning began for Debbie, until Mom came up and vocally shoved her out of bed. And as far as she knew, today was going to be like any other day. After breakfast, she'd drive her salmon and cream Pontiac to the studio, take a dancing lesson until noon, eat a light lunch and work all afternoon on a routine for "Athena." Supper would be shared as usual with Mom and Pop, and since she had the evening free, maybe Mom would hem her red ballerina skirt. All in all, a nice

pleasant day, but nothing out of the ordinary. . . .

What Debbie didn't know, or she might have flown out of bed that lovely May morning, was that today was to be a very special day—perhaps the most important day in her whole life. For today she was destined to make a date with love. That sunny morning as she drove to the studio, she had not even an inkling of his name. Six weeks later, a love-starved world was to thrill over her new-found happiness and her love story was to be called "the sweetest young romance of the year."

It might be said that Debbie's and Eddie's romance began three years ago at the Walter Reed Army Hospital in Washington, D. C., where they both did a show and where they first met. It might also be said that their romance was (Continued on page 71)





Doris is in "Young at Heart"

*A rundown trailer camp is still a vivid reminder of the days when life was at its darkest for Doris Day*



Tab's next is "Battle Cry"

*Life might have been very different for Tab Hunter if his mother had accepted the doctor's verdict*

*In a hospital ward in Korea, a blind GI opened Terry Moore's eyes to the things she'd overlooked*

# COUNT

A blind boy's courage,  
a welcome from a stranger,  
a mother's faith and determination  
these are the stars' reasons  
for being grateful for what  
they have. What are yours?





BY JERRY ASHER

# YOUR BLESSINGS

● It was only a routine trip with Doris Day, who's on a gardening kick, having her picture taken at Paul J. Howard's Flowerland. As the studio's long, black limousine headed south on Sepulveda Boulevard toward the nursery, Doris chatted away in her usual, gay fashion. Her cornflower-blue eyes registered excitement as the street scenes outside flew by and vanished. Suddenly Doris leaned forward and pressed her face against the glass. In a split second, her mood changed and she was a serious, somber, reflective person. Doris' hairdresser

sitting at her side maintained a discreet silence until Doris spoke.

"Did you see that rundown trailer camp back there?" inquired Doris. "The one with those two weatherbeaten totem poles guarding the entrance?"

Rather than disturb Doris' trend of thought the hairdresser nodded. The trailer camp had escaped Doris' companion completely.

"I lived there once," Doris said seriously. "It was a long time ago when I was first married and life wasn't exactly—shall (Continued on page 70)



Ginny's next is "The Silver Chalice."

*A smile from a stranger—and the course of Ginny Mayo's life was changed. Above, with Mike O'Shea*

*Susan Hayward's big problem turned into a blessing in disguise when she followed her sons' suggestion*

Susan is in "The Conqueror"







*For the first time in his life, Edmund Purdom is asking himself, "Can I do it?"*

BY  
HYATT DOWNING

*Today, Edmund Purdom is learning that there is another side to fame and fortune—one that threatens the balance of the man who leaped to success overnight. But he is a very determined man. And the odds are even*

# PURDOM-

## MAN ON A TIGHTROPE

*The closeness he and Tita shared in poverty is, he feels, being threatened by the demands of success*



● Excitement and tension were high—not only with the fans who watched from outside Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, but to the hundreds of famous "fans" who waited expectantly in the lobby and inside the theatre. The premiere of "The Egyptian" was a big one—even by Hollywood standards. It was a big picture and an important one. And if those pre-premiere rumors were correct, it was going to produce a big new star. For Edmund Purdom, tonight should see the fulfillment of all his dreams.

A long black limousine drove up slowly and carefully stopped at the curb in front of the theatre. As the door opened, an excited throng of fans pushed nervously forward, inching their way just a little closer, eagerly hoping to get a glimpse of the picture's star. A low moan was heard as they disappointedly discovered it was not Edmund Purdom.

Five minutes before the CinemaScope spectacle was scheduled to flash upon the large screen, every seat in the tremendous theatre was filled, except for two center seats reserved for the star and (Continued on page 65)

*Edmund Purdom is in "Athena"*







**T**he Alan Ladds' marriage is like their home—constructed with love



*Four Ladds: Alan, Sue, David and Alana. Alan's in "Drum Beat" and "The Black Knight"*



*and care, built solidly on faith and happiness*

# WHEN THE ROOTS RUN DEEP

● The blond young man wandered restlessly away from the real-estate agent. He sauntered toward a knoll on the other side of the street. With feet planted firmly on the top of the hill, he gazed out at the hills around. He was standing on a spot that by its natural contours could never be crowded by other houses.

"Nobody," he said thoughtfully, "will ever hurt us here."

"Nobody," agreed his wife, who had followed him. "It's lovely."

"This is the place to build. I want this lot." The young man turned to the agent. The bid he offered was a low one and yet the owner accepted it. The young man never knew why. It seemed like fate.

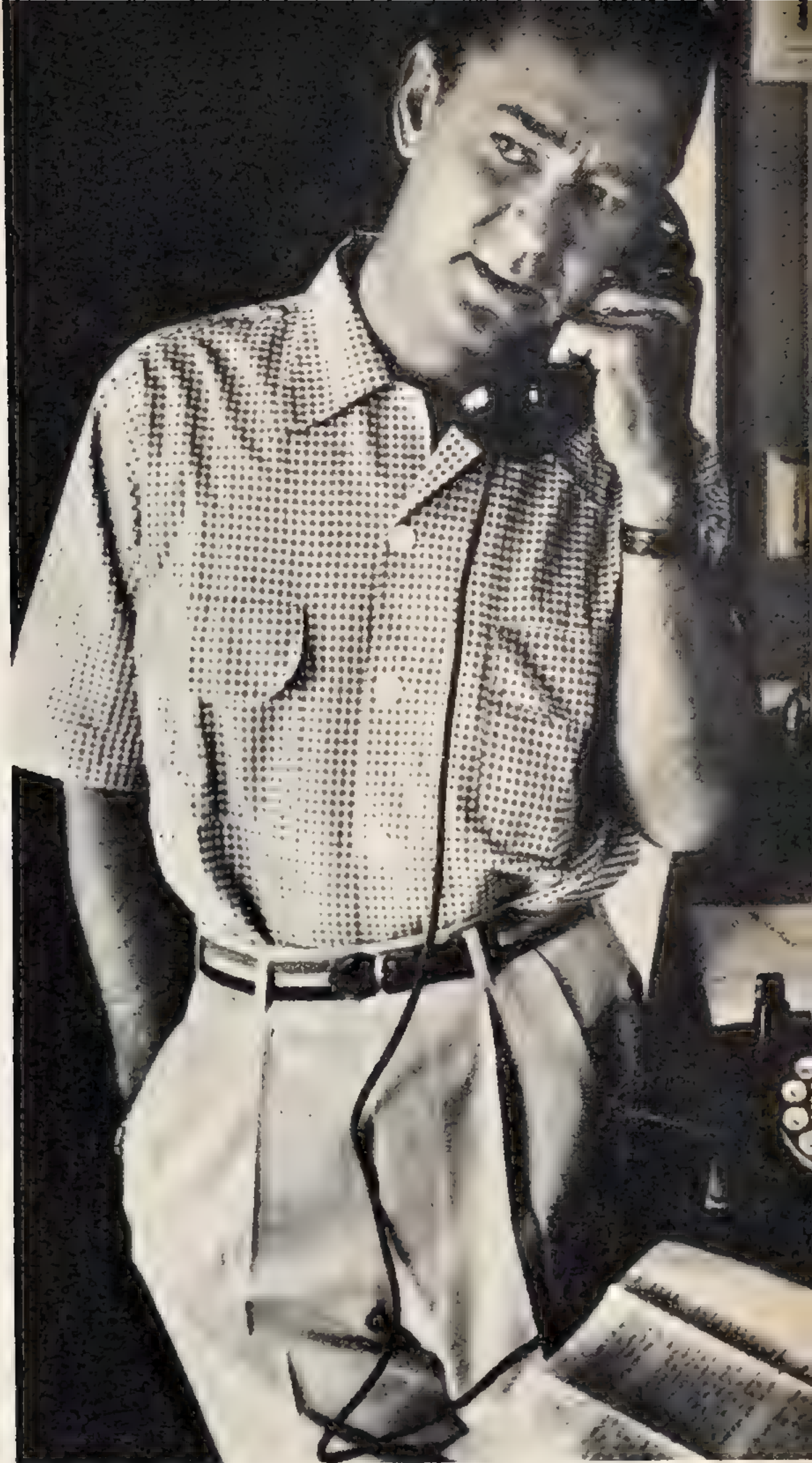
When the bulldozer started leveling part of the knoll for a homesite, it was the tangible realization of a dream many years old. A dream talked over at many a late-at-night session. The planners were Alan and Sue Ladd. But they could have been any young

couple. For love of home we all understand. The castle in the air where the closets will be exactly right, where windows will be large, numerous and conveniently located. Where every need of that particular family will be met.

When such a goal is ahead, saving more and doing without unnecessary things becomes a stimulant instead of a stumbling block. The dream castle slowly progresses from scribbled notes to architect's plans. Finally, the ground is broken. A family is putting down roots.

For Alan and Sue, the day building started on their home was a confirmation of their own love for each other. Different as they are in temperament, these two have learned to merge their weaknesses and strengths and have made together a strong single entity which neither could have created alone.

"The most important thing in marriage to us is the (Continued on page 78)



*"Most important to Sue and me is the togetherness in everything," says Alan*

BY DEE PHILLIPS



SWEET





# SITUATION

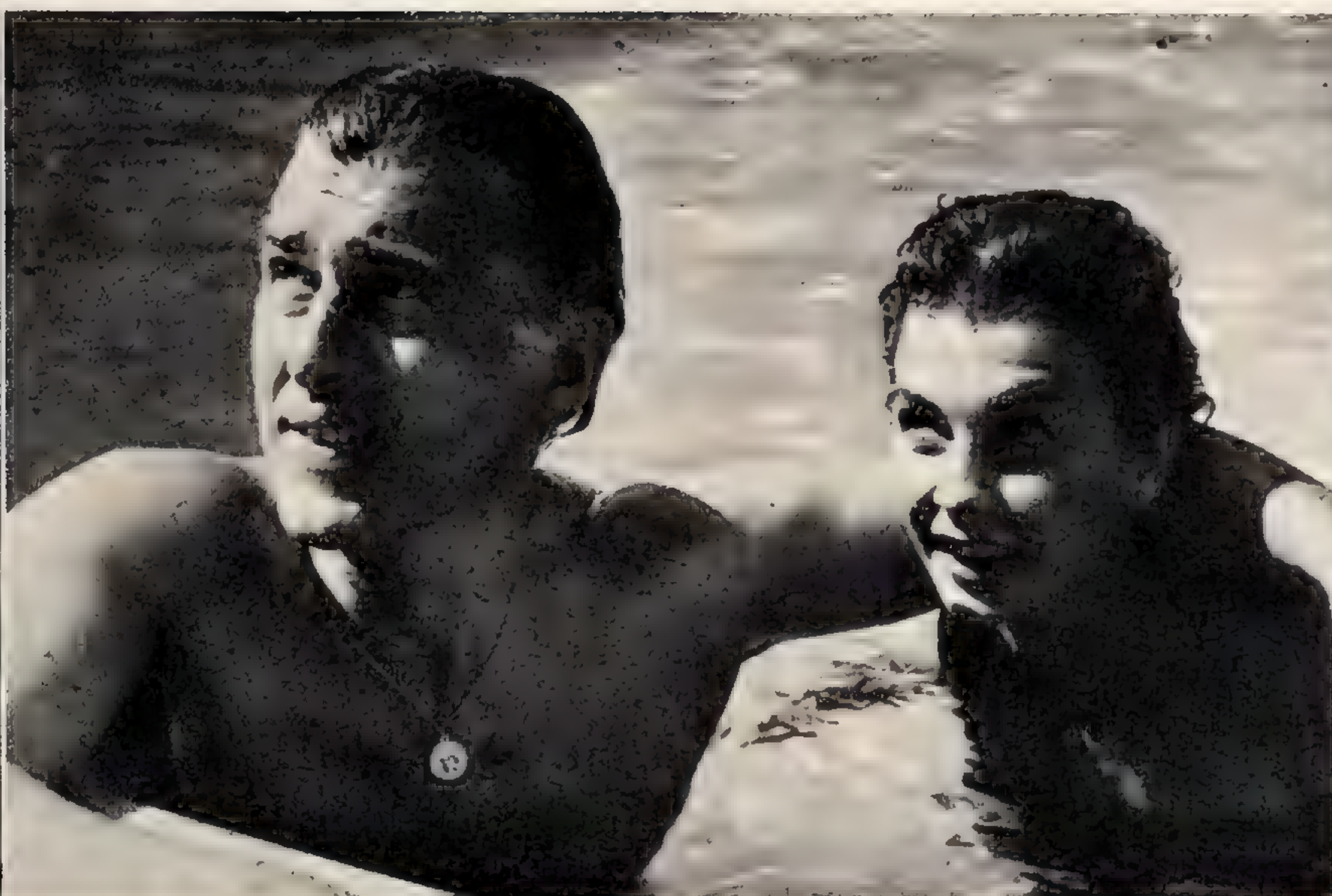
*Dig this crazy Jean Simmons!*

*Tell her she's sweet and she calls herself  
a cat, a giggler, a moody mouse.*

*But confidentially—  
she's the most!*



*"Things seem to fall in my lap"*



*"Jimmy's" judgment, Jean's humor, make a match*



*On "Desiree" set, a sweet award*

● The California Beet Growers' Association not long ago awarded Jean Simmons a plaque naming her the sweetest actress of the year. The presentation, made on the set of "Desiree" without fanfare or advance notice, took Miss Simmons by surprise. She didn't know what it was all about until she unrolled the accompanying scroll and started reading the citation: . . . to Jean Simmons, the sweetest actress of the year . . . "Oh, fudge!" she burst out. "That's me?"

The remark shows that the slight and elfin-looking Miss Simmons is down to earth, has a sense of humor and doesn't take herself too seriously. She'll concede that she was pleased with the award, but she won't lightly admit her qualifications for it.

"Let's not overdo that sweetness and light business," she said. "I get to feeling kind of sticky just thinking about it. I'm really a—" and here she stopped, groping for the proper word—"I'm really a cat. Really, I am. (Continued on page 79)

BY

ERNST JACOBI





Mitzi Gaynor is a lady who loves shoes. "You'll wreck our budget," says her man, Jack Bean. Then Mitzi found these shoes at Catalano, with different leather lacings to match different dresses. "Utterly mad," said Mr. Bean, "but practical—too!"

Cyd Charisse is right out of this mad world in her fox-trimmed caracul cape, dyed a brilliant red. Just goes to show how fur fashions will go! But we must admit Mr. Teitelbaum's spectacular fur piece makes a very dramatic foil for Cyd's dark charm!



Cyd is currently in  
"Brigadoon"

Mitzi is in  
"There's No Business  
Like Show Business"



Pier is next in  
"The Silver Chalice"

Pier Angeli not only likes rings on her fingers, but one on her toe, too. Here's a tip for the girls who don't know what to do with odd earrings. Pier has them made into toe rings! You'll need a wisp of a shoe for this foot fad—Pier's are by Catalano

Rosemary Clooney is a sparkle-plenty girl, with or without those eye-catching accessories. Playing up accessories to dramatize a costume is a familiar theme—but Rosie goes one better. She wears jewelry and gloves trimmed to match the gown she wears



Rosemary is in  
"White Christmas"



...from Hollywood  
where fads  
become fashion

In father's day, stars lined their  
pools with mink and rode in jewelled  
cars. Today, it's items like these  
that add spice to the movie scene



Barbara appeared in  
"Susan Slept Here"

Barbara Darrow looks at the world through fur-trimmed glasses! A dazzling idea for girls who yearn for ermine or mink. A little glue, a couple of ermine or mink tails—and you're in the luxury class. Barbara got her lens-look from "The 400" shop

Diana Lynn received this one in the mail from a friend. "You figure it out," read the card. It took quite a while, but Diana finally did. Now she's creating a sensation when she steps out in what designer William J. calls the "Enchanting Bird Cage"

Diana's last is  
"Track of the Cat"



Shelley Winters wanted a purse with lots of room inside. Now she totes one of Hollywood's maddest fads—a Honeymoon Cottage bag from "The 400" shop. Oh well, if she ever needs a bag with still more room, she can build an extension on this one!

Shelley is next in  
"The Night  
of the Hunter"









BY  
JUNE ALLYSON



*From gentle Pam, a fine lesson in tolerance*



*Through Ricky and his sister, June has found inner contentment and happiness—the ability to relax*

# Mother's Little Dividends



*They stump her with questions, bewilder her with baby talk, disarm her with angelic guile. But would she go back to life BC (before children)? Not June!*

● When I consider what we actually have done for our two children—gentle, determined, thoughtful Pamela, now six, and laughing, life-of-the-party Ricky, nearly four—I'm filled with wonder at how little it really is. Just a warm, clean room, a place to sleep, food and music, cuddling and love, acceptance. We give them clothes and toys for play. We try to answer their never-ceasing questions about the strange world surrounding them. We teach them about God and His infinite goodness. A nurse looks after them while I'm away at work. A doctor visits them when they need medical care. But what does this really add up to?—so very little in contrast to what they give back to Dick and me.

Even as tiny, helpless babies who just looked at me and smiled, they have enriched me with faith and tolerance and patience and a growing maturity. They gave me the most precious gift of motherhood—and with it fulfillment and completion as a woman. They have strengthened an already good marriage. They have given me inner contentment and happiness and the boon of relaxation. They've opened my eyes to a new realization of the meaning of Christmas and birthdays. They gladden my heart daily. No queen ever had a more loving entourage.

I confess freely that I'm an incurable sentimentalist where children are concerned: the kind of mother who even (Continued on page 89)









Europe was wonderful but, "We don't know how lucky we are in this country"



"Remember those crazy taxi drivers?"  
Friend Betty Abbott met Rock in Paris



Good to be away, but it's good to be back  
—to laugh and work again, among friends

He admired the beauties of Ireland, Italy and France but none of them could compete with the girl he'd left behind him

# Rock Hudson's Love Affair With the



● The big ship was slowly steaming up toward Staten Island. In the distance beyond, New York was rising out of the sea, the towers and spires of Manhattan rearing into the blue sky like a fairy city, its million windows sparkling in the sun. At the left, another island came into sight, then slowly drifted by—Bedloe's Island, the Statue of Liberty greeting another Queen—the "Queen Elizabeth."

"What's the matter, Rock?" one of the passengers who were clustered at the rail asked the young giant standing there with a dreamy, faraway look in his eyes. "Aren't you glad to be home? Why so quiet?"

Rock smiled. Sure, it was good to be home, awfully good. But why was he so quiet? What could he answer? With the thoughts and memories whirling in his head, emotions tugging at his heartstrings, he had a tough time keeping the tears out of his eyes. He couldn't speak.

Rock had forgotten. He'd been away four months and he'd forgotten. Forgotten how much all this meant to him, forgotten how lucky he was that he was an American who could come back to this country and call it his own; a country where a lad from the wrong side of the tracks could afford to dream, dream anything he cared—to become a movie star in his case—and have a chance to make the dream come true.

It was silly, wasn't it, how he could have lost consciousness of it for even a minute? But he had. Only the sight of the Lady with the torch, the girl he'd left behind him, had brought it flooding back to him.

For Rock had enjoyed himself; let there be no mistake about it. "I've had a terrific time. Europe was wonderful. I can't believe it's over so soon," (Continued on page 73)

BY  
RAY MANNING







# Don't Blame Yourself, MARILYN



**Editor's Note:**

*Nanette Kutner is a writer who has known the circumstances surrounding Joe DiMaggio's first marriage. PHOTOPLAY publishes her open letter to Marilyn Monroe as one person's interesting viewpoint on what happened to the other woman who also thought she was the right person to be his wife*

## AN OPEN LETTER TO MARILYN MONROE:

You are coming out of the anesthesia of shock, Marilyn. Like every newly separated or divorced wife you have been on an emotional binge. The Christmas holidays are around the corner; they may well make matters worse. Remembering other holidays when you had a man for whom you could buy presents, you look around at a home echoing emptiness.

You have already discovered that if you don't make a date ahead of time you will be stuck, just when you feel like going places. Sure, there are nights when you are exhausted and want to stay put, but those other nights when you're pepped up and alone—they're not so good. Due to the exigencies of studio work you never can tell how you may feel; it is frustrating to sit at home when you need the shot-in-the-arm of going out, or to go out when you are aching to sit (*Continued on page 62*)



# The girl you know as Marilyn . . .

*This is the story of the now famous trip for Marilyn and Joe which ended tragically in a divorce suit*

BY LILLA ANDERSON

● Delighted youths, many of them high-school students, surged against barriers held by hard-shouldered cops and chanted in happy, demanding cadence, "We want Marilyn!"

Focus of the commotion was a trim, freshly painted town house on Manhattan's East 61st Street. Traffic had been blocked off. In theory, the cleared space was reserved for 20th Century-Fox director Billy Wilder's crew to film a sequence in "The Seven Year Itch." However, half a hundred news photographers invaded the motion-picture camera area.

All lenses, as well as the eyes of the crowd, were aimed at a second-floor window where Marilyn Monroe, clad only in a revealing lace-yoked satin slip, fluffed her platinum tresses and called down to her entranced leading man, Tom Ewell, "I just washed my hair."

Certainly it was far from the year's most brilliant line of dialogue, but Marilyn held her audience. When the director called for silence the crowd hushed. Then, as Marilyn finished the sentence and vanished from their sight, there was a sigh and the boys again raised their chant, "We want Marilyn!"

Little did the fans making up that crowd realize that Marilyn was acting out the third act of a drama in which they were unconsciously playing a part. These were the moments that Marilyn had once visualized in a dream—the dream was a reality but the enchantment had somehow escaped. For Marilyn knew that tears would soon replace the impish grin which even then held a trace of tiredness, a trace of strain.

When you look back at Marilyn's life across the years, a personal drama as well-defined and tense as any master-playwright's best effort was being played that day.

Act I of that drama was the longest, nearly twenty years in shaping. In its troubled prologue, Marilyn's mother and father found (*Continued on page 62*)

*As she appears in "Seven Year Itch"*







*Actor Roddy McDowall, who lives nearby, was envy of crowd when he greeted Marilyn*

*From balcony of house on Sixty-first Street, New York, Marilyn talks to a high-school friend, now with NBC*

*New Yorkers turned up in crowds, and early for shooting, blocked all traffic, chanted, "We want Marilyn"*

*Her reception was a heart-warming experience for the girl who even then was keeping heartbreak to herself*



*Marilyn Monroe is next in "There's No Business Like Show Business"*





# Where there's a Will— there's a Resolution

Arlene is in "Bengal Brigade"



Arlene Dahl has no trouble with her New Year resolutions. What she can't do today she puts off—on the next year's list!

Tab's next in "Track of the Cat"



Tab Hunter's scheme for living up to his good intentions should work—as long as he doesn't forget to wind that watch!

Dale's in "White Feather"



Dale Robertson's a man of few words, but if he sticks to his resolution—and that typewriter—this guy will say volumes!

**Star resolutions are  
just like yours and mine.  
Some of them are  
kept and some of them  
just get lost!**

**BY  
SHEILAH GRAHAM**

● When the clock strikes twelve on January 1, 1955, amid the merry-making, Hollywood stars will be hauling out special lists, some long, some short, headed by: New Year's Resolutions. Some will be made in fun, others will be serious self-promises. But like you and me, the stars, too, feel January 1st is a good time to wipe the slate clean and start afresh.

Arlene Dahl is serious about her career, her marriage and her resolutions. One way to keep a resolution, she insists, is to make out a list, scratch off those you keep and transfer the unresolved resolutions to your new list. "This year," Arlene says, "Fernando and I are resolving to have a baby." With Arlene's and Fernando's looks (*Continued on page 64*)





If Marge and Gower Champion break that New Year resolution, it won't be the only thing broken by this dancing pair



When it's puppy love, you can't blame a girl like Piper Laurie if she doesn't live up to one of her 1955 resolutions



Dean isn't fooling about this one—and the Martin and Lewis pledge for 1955 should have their fans jumping with joy

The Champions are in "Three for the Show;" Piper Laurie, in "Smoke Signal," Martin and Lewis, in "Three Ring Circus," Mitzi Gaynor, in "No Business Like Show Business"

This little piggy's going to market some day—for a very special reason, if Jack Bean's Mitzi Gaynor gets New Year wish



Whatever your problem, you will be heartened by Kim Novak's sto



Kim, age 9, a thin, sensitive child, sure her height made her look "funny"



At 14, Kim tried to join in the fun, but the old fears wouldn't get lost

# Don't Be a Teenage Misfit

BY LOLA PARMETER

• It took Kim Novak thirty minutes to walk from her dressing room to the set of "Pushover" the first morning the film was scheduled for shooting—a distance of no more than 200 yards. To Kim, the distance was not the problem. What bothered her was an entirely different matter.

"There I was," says Kim now. "I couldn't move. I just sat in my dressing room glued by fear. Every time I whipped up enough courage to step outside the door, I almost died when I saw all those people on the set."

This hardly sounds like the glamorous blond with the sexy voice who caused a minor sensation in "Pushover." "The statuesque blond with the

graceful carriage," as one column referred to her. Or as a talent expert concluded: "The girl who has everything." The girl movieland prophets are vowing will be one of the screen's most popular personalities.

"As I sat there," Kim says, "I wasn't Kim Novak, movie star. I was plain Marilyn Novak and all my old fears and inferiority complex hounded me. It's a shame inferiority complexes can't be outlawed."

Kim Novak was born in Chicago—without any complexes as far as she knows. However, it's lucky that Kim wasn't born superstitious! She arrived on February 13, 1933 at 3:13 in the morning and her mother had room 313.

The Novaks were unable to agree upon a name for their new daughter, and so they decided that each member of the family could write his or her suggestion on a piece of paper and they'd draw for a name. The slips went into a hat and Kim's mother had the honor of drawing. The paper she choose was marked Marilyn. And the baby was called Marilyn until Columbia changed her name twenty years later to Kim.

When Kim began to grow, her family was convinced she would never stop. She was thin and always tall for her age. "And gawky," she now adds. She had braids that reached to her waist and wore clothes that her grand-



of her "lost" teens



With school plays, modeling, Kim, 19, began to gain confidence in herself

Kim Novak, today.  
She's in "Phffft"

mother made for her. "Plain little outfits, and I so wanted curls and frilly dresses like other little girls."

"There's nothing wrong with your appearance," her mother would tell her. But all Kim had to do was look into the mirror.

"I remember how the boys would make up games and let the girls play, too," says Kim. "But even when I gathered up enough courage to try entering into things, they'd always tell me to go away. They didn't seem to want to play with little girls who didn't have pretty curls."

Kim's low throaty voice provided her with another problem. On Tallulah (Continued on page 76)





# TOUGH



No man for nightclubs, Vic works off excess energy running his TV store and other business interests

Vic and Dorothy, in happier days. "Loving him," she said, "is like being hit by a benign whirlwind"



*"I can lick anything,"*

*says Victor Mature. And though he seems to have been defeated in his search for happiness, he's not the man to cry quits*

● Recently Dorothy Mature filed suit for divorce. After a lengthy absence from the headlines, Victor Mature was again making the front page. This time he wasn't trying. He had hoped that the matter could be settled quietly behind the closed doors of their lawyers' offices. He refused to make a statement to the press. Dorothy was equally firm in refusing to discuss what finally broke their six-year marriage.

Talk said, "It's all his fault."

"Her fault," corrected the other side.

The party who came closest to the truth said, "There are two sides to every story. I guess there have always been two sides to Victor's story."

Victor's reticence to speak of the divorce—or very much these days—is quite unlike the Mature of the old days. Only a few years ago his voluntary withdrawal from the lime-light would have been considered impossible. He was the man with the knack for making the front pages. In doing so, he became one of the most controversial figures in Hollywood. He still is.

Vic is a man who is many things to many people. He's been called a publicity hound. He's been called a recluse. He's been dubbed one of the most complex individuals in film-land. Yet his philosophy of life is a simple one.

Financially speaking, it's been said that he can make a Scotsman resemble a spendthrift. "Sure he's tight with a dollar," says a friend. "But he's loose with a hundred dollars."

He can make a mistake like any other member of the (Continued on page 86)





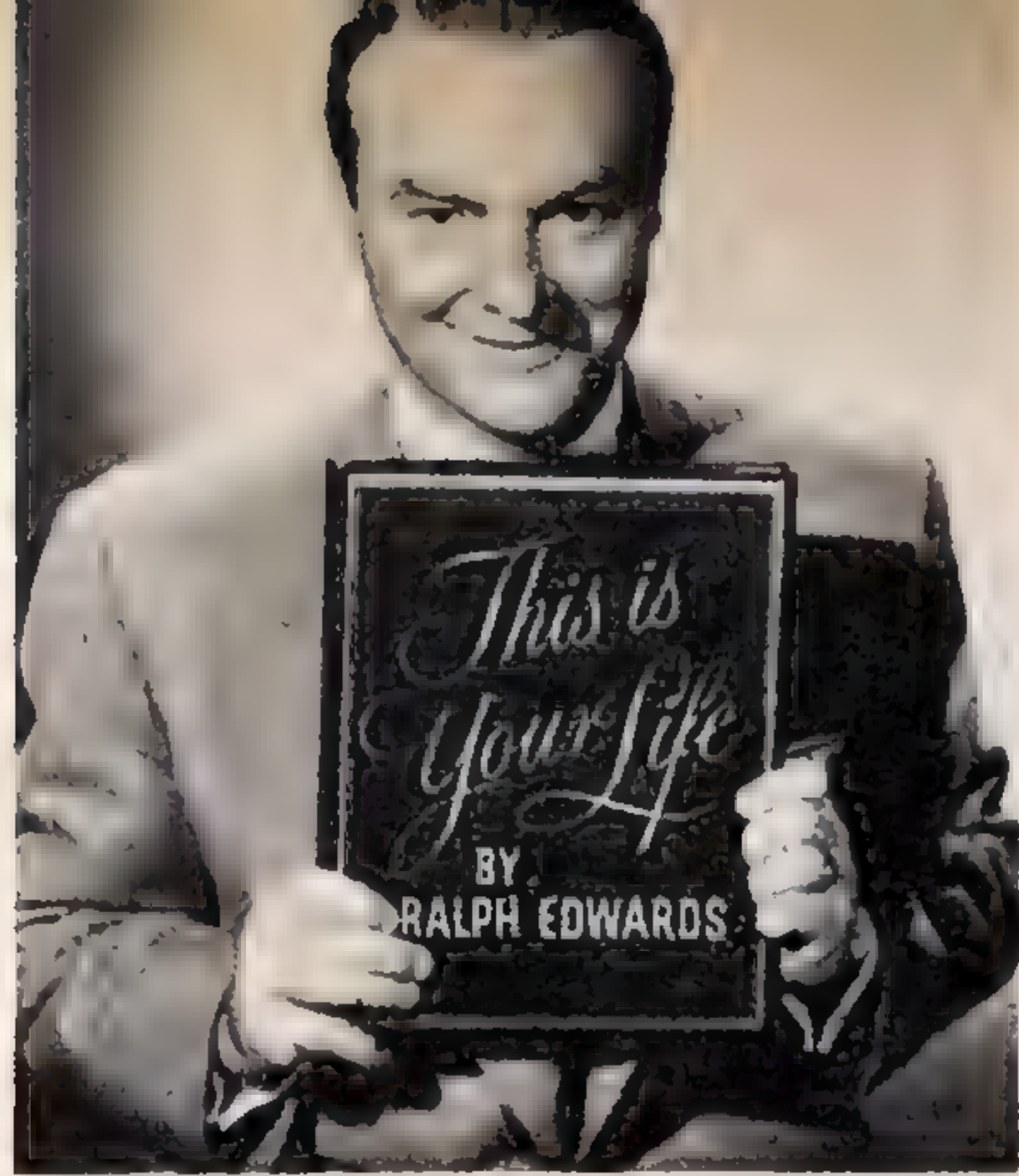
BY BEVERLY OTT

# SOFTIE



*Victor Mature will next be seen in "Chief Crazy Horse"*





Ralph Edwards emcees "This Is Your Life" on NBC-TV, Wed. 10 P. M. EST, for Hazel Bishop Lipstick, Nail Polish and Complexion Glow

# Hey there, you with the stars in your eyes

*Where did you get that  
glass slipper? How did you  
get on that magic  
road that's brought you  
so close to heaven?*

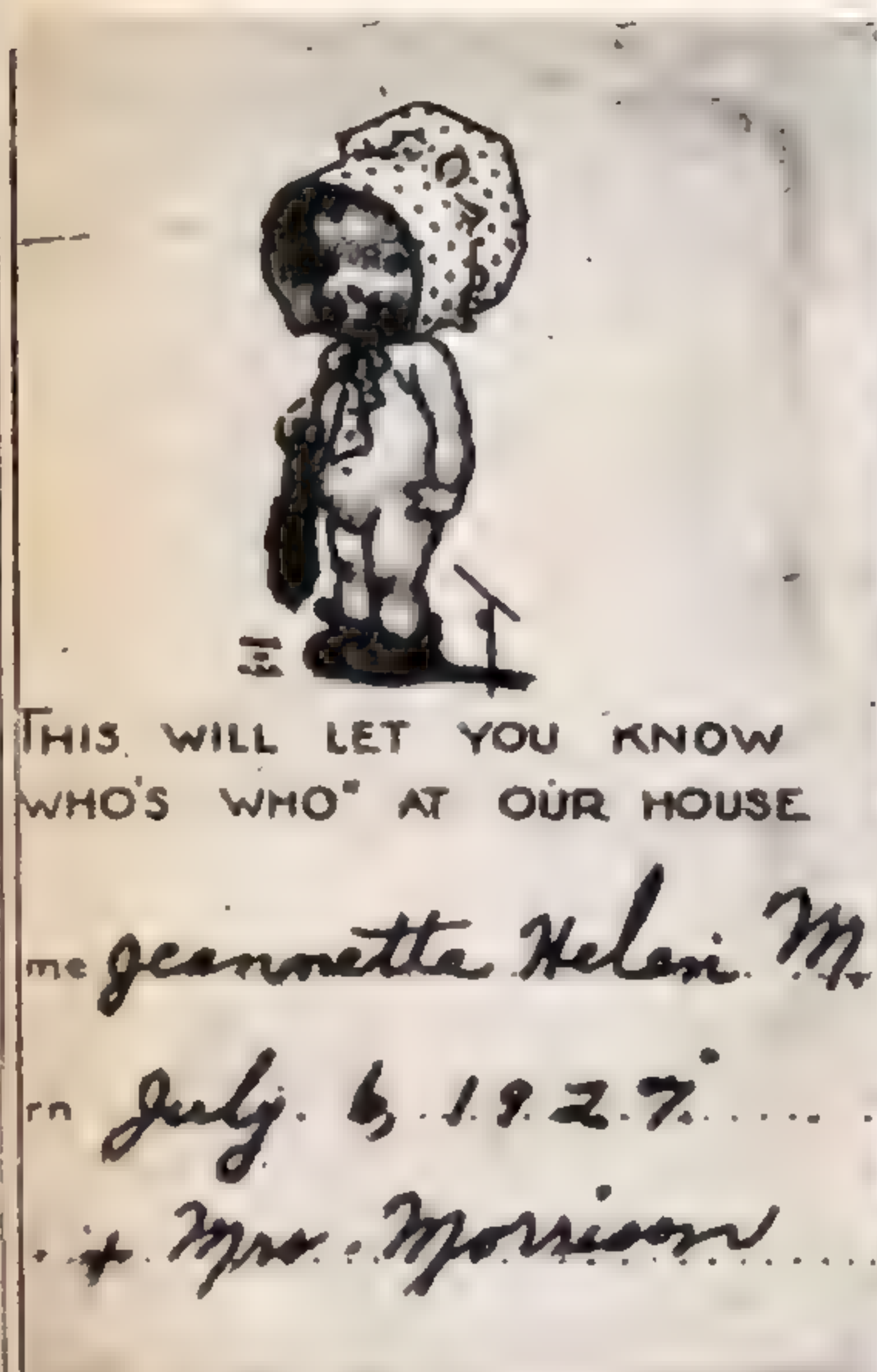
## ● You are Destiny's darling.

You're the inspiration for every small-town girl who dreams of making good in Hollywood . . . and of being in your own magic shoes. You're the Cinderella Girl of all time. And yours is the Cinderella story nobody would ever believe on film. Today all across America other young feminine hopefuls wish upon your star and dream of being exactly where you are. For you're the girl who shines bright in starlet town and captured a Prince Charming as well.

A picture, they say, is worth ten thousand words. And yours has been worth infinitely more. But this, JANET LEIGH, is your life—and your destiny. . . .

Like any true Cinderella story, yours begins once upon a time. That time is 3:30 P.M. on July 6, 1927, in the small town of Merced in northern California. And according to your proud father, Fred Morrison, it's Christmas in July. . . .

*Continued*



Janet Leigh's birth announcement. Says her Dad, "She looked like a doll"

Glamour girl of Merced, Cal., 9 months, poses for first official photograph

1930: A budding Pavlova. Money was scarce, but Janet charmed the grocer!

1935: Twirling baton for fraternal lodge won her loving cup—and blisters!

On first real date with Dick Doane her parents went along for the ride!





Janet Leigh is in "My Sister Eileen"



1946: At Ski Lodge with parents, friend. It was here that Norma Shearer saw Janet's photograph



With her grandparents. Her grandmother, blind for years, never saw her adored granddaughter



Because of her parents' training, Janet's sense of values did not desert her when she became a star



June 4, 1951: Janet marries her Prince Charming, Tony Curtis (above, with the Jerry Lewises)





1951: a trip to England and another thrill for this small-town girl. In London, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis meet British royalty

An inspiration to all young lovers, Janet and Tony, here in "The Black Shield of Falworth," have proved marriage, career, do mix



## hey there, you with the stars in your eyes *continued*



"Jeanette was the most perfectly formed little baby I've ever seen—and I'm not just saying that because I'm her father either. To tell the truth, I was a little afraid to look at her when she was first born. I'd heard a lot about little babies being so red and funny-looking, and I was relieved to find she wasn't like that. She looked like a little doll from the hour she was born. She weighed in at six and one-half pounds, with big blue eyes and a lot of light auburn hair."

Yes—you're the glamour girl of the Merced Hospital. No doubt about that. And according to your mother, Helen Morrison, your proud pop "stole" a ride and broke all records getting there for the preview. . . .

"Fred had taken me to the hospital the night before. When the doctor told him the baby wouldn't be born until late the next day, he went on to work. They promised to call him in time. But at 3:15 when he called the hospital and asked, 'How's my wife?' they told him I was in the delivery room. We didn't have a car, but when Fred dashed wildly out the door of the ice company where he worked, he saw a truck standing there with the motor running, and he jumped in and took off. He had a time explaining later. The fellow thought sure somebody had stolen his car. We both wanted a girl. And I was glad she had her father's snub nose—I've always hated mine. We didn't have a name for her, and somehow every name we thought of wasn't good enough for her. Finally we decided on Jeanette. . . ."

When you're nine months old, you pose for your first official portrait, wearing baby-blue organdy, a fluted blue organdy bonnet and your first pair of black patent-leather slippers. But not even your own proud parents could know how much of your life is to be spent looking into the lens of a camera. You walk on your first birthday. And you're not too good in that "how-now-brown-cow" department for quite some time. Ice cream is "buda buda." And the best you can do with your Aunt Pearl's name is "Popo." Years later when she is your secretary in Hollywood, Auntie Popo will still be her name. . . .

When you're two years old your parents move to Stockton, California, and your father looks for work there. These are tough times, as your mother now recalls:

"We stayed with my folks at first. Seven of us in a small two-bedroom place in a court. Fred got a temporary job helping out on an ice wagon, and for a while there we lived on a quarter a day! In those days you could buy a nickel's worth of hamburger and get a soupbone on the side. And for another five cents I'd get a couple of turnips, a carrot and perhaps a piece of cabbage for soup. Jeanette was a big girl before she knew anybody ever bought more than three eggs at one time. We moved—well—just about every time the rent came around."

In 1929 you're two years old (*Continued on page 82*)





PHOTOPLAY STAR

# FASHIONS

Above, thrilling new line in sports cars—the beautiful Kaiser-Darrin

Photographs by Richard Litwin

## NEW LINES IN THE FASHION SPOTLIGHT

The shape's the thing in exciting new clothes you'll wear now through spring

There's a new you waiting in the world of fashion. Its new concept of line and design has been adapted in young, delightful clothes ready for you to buy. Gone are exaggerated bosoms, tiny waists, voluminous stand-out skirts. The hour glass figure has run out. In its place comes a new shape, a flattering (but never *flat*) look that sleeks and straightens the figure to a smoother, molded silhouette. Graceful, soft and feminine, it gives you all at once a taller, slimmer look. You'll wear and love the new glamour lines shown on these pages.

Photoplay's Star Fashion Award this month goes to Jackie Nimble's two exciting new-look dresses. Lovely Anne Francis, M-G-M star, wears the flattering, quieter curves of the long torso line in a smooth orgazine taffeta marked by a cuffed, dropped waistline and bejeweled sash bow, with skirt fullness below. Red, green, toast, black. Sizes 7-15. Under \$30. The white glamour sheath bursting in a tulip flare, modeled by sparkling star, Sarita Montiel, is bewitching cotton lace over taffeta. Also red, beige, black. 5-15. About \$25



Complementing new lines in fashion are the sleek, breathtaking lines of new sports car designs we've featured on these pages

For Where to Buy turn to page 69



Continued

Right, Anne Francis, starring in M-G-M's "Bad Day at Black Rock," loves her go-everywhere coat, worn smoothly wrapped in sports-car jaunts. Smart new sailor collar is exciting feature. It's cashmere-like 100% Orlon, Milium-lined, and completely sudsable. Red, navy, camel, 7-15. By Lassie Jr. About \$65

Far right, the important, less defined and lowered waist in a coat dress worn by Peggy Ann Garner. Rayon linen smoothed to a snug hip where the long torso releases a flourish of unpressed pleats. Pumpkin, pecan, shocking pink, seafoam. 7-15. By Junior Accent. Under \$40. Peggy's now in 20th's "Black Widow"

Below, the blouse look interpreted in a wonderfully wearable rayon linen suit. Longer waisted contoured band is placed low in back, buckling at the front. Arrow darts trim shoulder and pocket of slim skirt. Navy, teal, moss green, other colors. 8-18. By Lampl. \$14.95. Worn by Sarita Montiel of U.A.'s "Vera Cruz"

Below right, the glorified shirt that will give you one straight, elongated line, shoulder to hem. Elaine Stewart, star of 20th's popular "Hajji Baba," shows you the casual elegance of a relaxed silhouette. Fashion excitement in its back belt. Aqua or pink tweed. 8-16. By Jeanne Campbell for Sportwhirl. \$25

## THE SHAPE'S THE THING...

Hats by Betmar

Gloves by Dawnelle

Pearl jewelry by Deltah







*A triumph in design, the smart Sunbeam-Talbot Sky-Top*

*Small, smart and powerful, the beloved MG convertible*



*Hillman Minx convertible, bedecked for fun with a fringe on top*

*America's sports car jewel, Chevrolet's deluxe Corvette*



For  
Where to Buy  
turn to  
page 69



*Continued*

## THE SHAPE'S THE THING . . .



*Hillman Minx convertible—Britain's smooth new line in sports cars*

The current mode raises and rounds the bosom and so does this dress. It's shaped with assurance down to the hips where the lovely gored skirt starts a graceful flare. But the real news—a rhinestone-buttoned stand-away collar in white linen, with Paris-inspired real man's tie in a bright flash of red. This was one famous designer's trademark. New line in fabrics—heavy wrinkle-resistant all year cotton poplin. Black, blue, navy. Sizes 7-15. By Bobbie Brooks, \$17.95. It's divine on Anne Francis. Look for her soon in M-G-M's exciting new film, "The Blackboard Jungle"

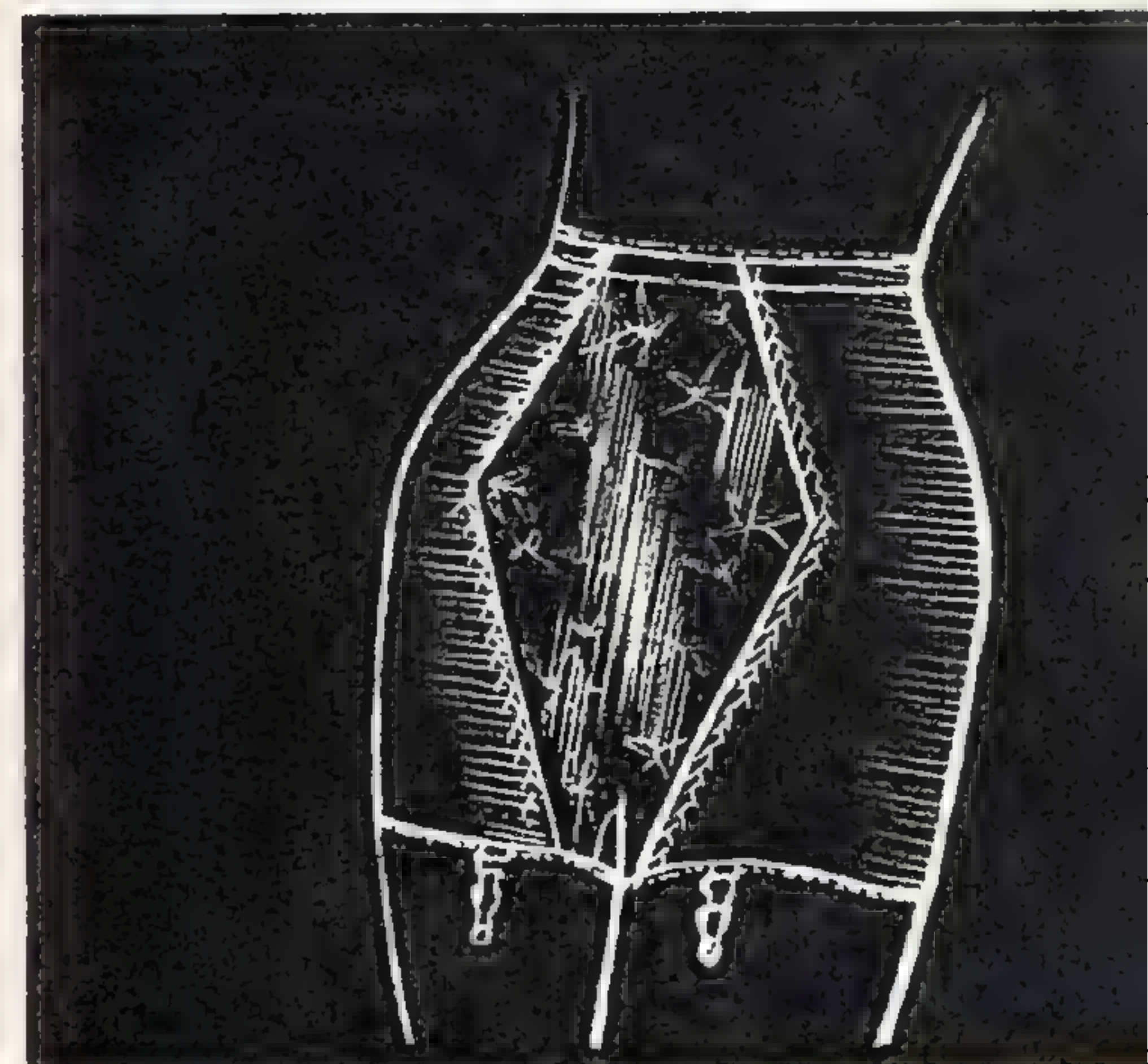
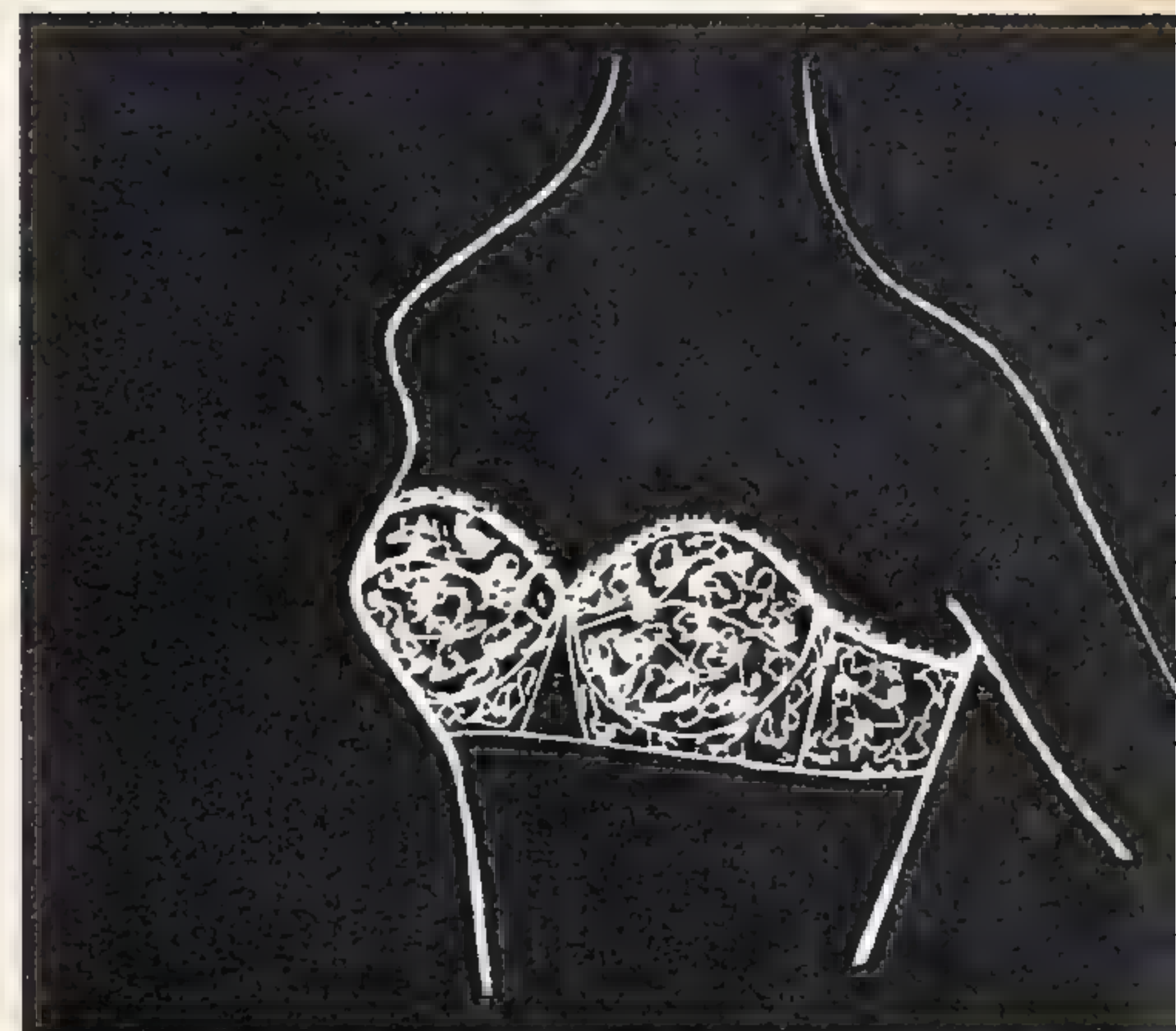




The glamour chassis—Chevrolet's magnificently sleek Corvette

For where to Buy turn to page 69

Drawings by Mary Suzuki



Can you find a smarter look? Soft wool jersey in an unbelted, unbroken soft curved line, top to bottom, with sleekly tapered sleeves for added emphasis. The slimness of the long-line sheath is enhanced by the bright sparkle of white-as-snow silk faille filling in the scooped neck. Exclamation point—the rhinestone buckle trim, straight from Paris and blazing a new fashion trail. You'll find it on everything—tweeds to satins. This sheath in black or navy jersey. Sizes 7-15. By J. L. F. Originals. About \$45. It's worn by M-G-M star Elaine Stewart.

## WHAT TO WEAR TO SHAPE THE NEW FIGURE LINE

Fit your figure to the fashion with a new strapless shape-maker in nylon lace, for the higher, newly rounded look. It's flattering, never flattening. White only. Sizes 32-38, A, B, C cups. *Pre-lude* bra by Maidenform. \$3.50

White nylon power net pantie girdle that sustains a natural waistline, its non-cross-stretch sides paring the hips to a straighter line. Flowered satin panels front and back. Sizes S, M, L. By Formfit. \$7.50. (Open girdle style, \$6.50)

New focus on the rounded bosom with a strapless bra that smooths to the waist. Lace-edged nylon with booster uplift. Sizes 32-38, A, B, C cups. *Hollywood-Maxwell*. \$7.50. Shaping the new silhouette, stiffened net pettiskirt bells from a nylon tricot long torso sheath. S, M, L. *Luxite*. \$7.95





## PHOTOPLAY

★  
STAR

## FASHIONS

continued

The car? Dashing new Corvette convertible

### THE SHAPE'S THE THING...

This is the look, the suit that slopes in an easy, supple longer body line, punctuated only by the snug-fitting belted hipline. It's a suit with a thousand lives, no longer sharply defined, but always casual, new, important. Elaine Stewart's versatile ensemble in soft-as-down Orlon and sheer wool checked plaid, features a molded sheath dress piped in the same pink Irish linen of the jacket collar. Boxy jacket's sleek to the newly popular hip-low belt. Navy and pink plaid only. In sizes 10-16. By Nathan & Strong. Under \$50

For Where to Buy turn to page 69



# In these 3-hour danger periods YOUR SKIN *"DIES"* A LITTLE

There are 1- to 3-hour periods each day, doctors say, when your skin is open to serious trouble: stretched pores . . . coarsened texture . . . cracking and "shriveling." These danger periods of skin "un-balance" are right

after you wash your face. In washing away the dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Nature takes from 1 to 3 hours to restore these vital protectors. In the meantime, your skin "dies" a little . . .

*Read how great beauties  
of the social world prevent the  
damaging effects of skin "un-balance"*

*After each washing—  
"re-balance" your skin*

You can notice these little warnings of skin "un-balance" right after washing—

- flakiness . . . a blotchy look
- a "burning," stretched tight feel

Should you *stop* washing your face? "Not at all," skin specialists say—"but after each washing, 're-balance' your skin instantly . . ."

## 60 times faster than Nature

Light, swift-acting—Pond's Cold Cream "re-balances" your skin in one minute—at least 60 times faster than Nature does. It combats dryness, shriveling. Keeps pore-openings clear. Keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

## A deep clearing at bedtime

Besides "re-balancing" after washing, your skin needs a thorough clearing at night. A deep Pond's Cold Creaming dislodges water-resistant dirt from the pores. Keeps your skin looking fresh, *vibrant*.

Start this complete beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll be astonished at how quickly you have a *noticeably lovelier complexion!*



**The world's most famous beauty formula**—never duplicated, never equaled. Get a large jar today. *More women use and love Pond's Cold Cream than any face cream ever made.*



*Romaine, Marchioness of Milford Haven*

The lovely Marchioness, photographed in her charming Park Avenue apartment, is noted for her exquisite complexion. About her skin care, she says, "It's now second nature to me to reach for Pond's Cold Cream after each washing. And I *never* miss a good, *deep* Pond's cleansing at bedtime."



(Continued from page 43)

home. Not having to make a date ahead is part of the fun of having a husband. I doubt if you experienced much of that fun. From what I hear, Joe took you out little, if at all.

Ever since you were bandied from foster home to foster home you have taken the knocks by yourself. It is sharing the nice events that you probably missed the most, the talking them over with Joe, although the conversation may have been kind of one-sided.

Let us face it. There is no substitute for being loved. You have discovered absorbing work is not sufficient. In your desperation you are apt to forget the dozens of unpleasantries which brought on the split. As you are an honest soul, I am fairly certain you have begun to wonder where *you* failed, how much was actually your fault, perhaps this, perhaps that. You go over it again and again: maybe if you hadn't had the career, maybe if there had been a baby coming, maybe. . . .

Well, Marilyn, it was not your fault and it had nothing to do with your career. I think the separation would have occurred anyway. You see, I saw how your Joe acted during his previous marriage to Dorothy Arnold. I am an observing reporter, Marilyn. Of course a person can change, but only a great one. Joe was a superb ballplayer. Still, is he a great person? I doubt if he will change. It is impossible for me to believe you or any other bright, alive, cooperative, well-meaning woman—career bent or no—could have liked a marriage, like the one Dorothy had, for long.

But, knowing your own heart, you will be guided by what happened to Joe's marriage before. You will be wiser.

Marilyn, it was several years ago when I was assigned by a top national magazine

to write a piece about Dorothy DiMaggio, her husband Joe and their baby.

Joe, Dorothy and the baby were living in a furnished sublet penthouse in New York City. The living room was a dignified oak paneled room, with book-lined shelves. "Some days I take those books down, every one," said Dorothy DiMaggio. "They're hard to dust. But it helps pass the time."

Marilyn, Dorothy DiMaggio was—and is—a glamorous blonde. And at the time of her marriage to Joe she gave up *her* movie career for him. And she had a baby. She did all the things you didn't do.

She showed me her mink coat. "Joe gave it to me. I don't get a chance to wear it much. When he's not too tired we go to a movie. He likes action pictures; I like love. We go to action."

"When we don't go to the movies we stay home and play gin rummy."

She tried to explain Joe. "Men are screwy when it comes to their worship of ballplayers. They set ballplayers apart. Joe's been playing professional baseball since he was very young. No one ever says No to him."

"I go to the game every day. When I don't go Joe likes me to listen." She tuned in the radio (this was before TV). "I'm always afraid he'll get hurt," she confessed.

Little Joe was about ten months old then. "Joe wants him to grow up to be a ballplayer. So the whole time I was pregnant I never missed a game."

There was a wife, Marilyn. And don't you forget it. She did all the things you may be kicking yourself for not doing and look what happened to her. Before my story about their marriage could be published, Dorothy telephoned me. It was a nice gesture. For she did not want me to be embarrassed by its publication. "You'd

better kill the story," she told me, "because I'm leaving. I'm taking the baby. To Nevada. Yes, I know what I'm doing. I can't rot away."

The mystery to people is why you didn't know. You went with Joe for two years. Console yourself, Marilyn. Many couples whose marriages flopped have gone together for long pre-marital periods. During the courting, somehow, both parties let smoke get in their eyes. They kid themselves. They think matrimony will erase faults. It doesn't. Matrimony is nothing more, nothing less, than two people with plenty of faults learning to live together harmoniously. For happiness, both have got to give.

Sometimes, Marilyn, it seems difficult to give—as you and Joe discovered. But, then, sometimes with separation, with loneliness, the giving seems almost insignificant. Both you and Joe have learned this, too. The lonely evenings you spent alone in your studio dressing room because again, you had no place that was home. The pleasant warmth of sharing young Joe's birthday dinner with him and his dad, big Joe—even though you were separated. You gave a little then. And Joe has given, too. When he drove you to the hospital and paced the floor until he heard your operation was a success. Understanding and sharing form the foundation of marriage, Marilyn. Often it takes real unhappiness to know them. But sometimes, from heartbreak comes a more lasting, more complete happiness.

You had a nasty jolt, Marilyn. There is no use rehashing, blaming yourself. I know you feel badly, but how else do you expect to feel? Grieving is no disgrace. But know that you are not alone in your grief. There are some who understand.

THE END

## The Girl You Know as Marilyn . . .

(Continued from page 44)

themselves unable to cope with the despair of the depression. In consequence—and in a manner reminiscent of classic fairy tales—their tiny daughter, the future golden princess was reared by strangers.

No shining knight came to her rescue. Instead, with a determined vision of the future, she worked to earn her own kingdom. Her ambition put her first on magazine covers and calendars, then into movies. There were many discouragements. Two studios signed her, then dropped her, and the experiences hurt.

But through it all she had faith in her own destiny, and the camera lens was always her ally. The first goal was won when it brought her photos to those who were even lonelier than she—the GI's drawn into service by the Korean war. As a curvaceous blonde starlet in a bathing suit, she brightened barracks walls in Seoul, Istanbul and Berlin.

Thus the emerging star acquired that first asset of a reigning queen—a host of loyal men-at-arms. Again the motion-picture cameras took notice of her.

Act II brought fame, love and a second curtain crisis better cast and more dramatic than that of a stage play.

It opened with Marilyn Monroe strolling through brief bits to decorate the dreary scenes of a succession of even drearier pictures. One of them served her well, for because of it she got her first glimpse of the wondrous towers of Manhattan. Brought into New York at the rate of a hundred dollars a week to exploit a picture called "Love Happy," she was, for an

afternoon while she met exhibitors, installed in a magnificent hotel suite. But in the evening, after they had departed, she was moved to a tiny room. She made up for it by ordering caviar for breakfast and charging it to the film company.

The still photographers—the men back of the Speed Graphics and the Rollics—gave her more consistent billing, for she had both the mien and manner to delight them. One veteran photographer remarked, "Marilyn opens her eyes a second before you snap, then blossoms like a rose." Photo editors, too, became her fans. A national picture magazine termed her "a serious blonde who can act...the effortless mistress of the slow, calculated walk...the brightest star since Lana Turner."

Then Marilyn was accused of appearing coyly in the altogether on a highly popular calendar. Marilyn proved she could pitch a curve as well as pose in one. Freely she admitted she was It. She also admitted another thing considered by some to be very bad etiquette—that she had posed because she was broke and needed the money. Asked what she had on during the shooting, she replied, "The radio—but it was all right. The photographer's wife stayed in the room."

It won her newspaper space but not the approval of her feminine colleagues.

Asked why she hadn't skinned alive a certain female columnist, she answered, "Because it was more cruel to leave her skin as it was." Rubbing salt in the wound, she candidly stated she preferred men to women interviewers. "Men and I have a mutual appreciation of being male

and female." She remarked, too, "I don't mind being in a man's world so long as I'm a woman in it."

In like mood was her condemnation of too much sun tanning, the famous, "I like to feel blonde all over."

At the same time she was kidding her critics, Marilyn Monroe was earnestly pursuing a sounder campaign for answering them. To broaden her knowledge and to equip herself for the stardom she was determined to achieve, she enrolled in university classes to study philosophy and literature ("I want to know not only what people write but what makes them write it"). She also studied drama and eventually found a coach who suited her, Natasha Lytess.

When she was ready to call attention to this phase of her interest, she did so with a characteristic Monroe gesture. The collection of playscripts in which hand-written notes had been inscribed by the famed director, Max Reinhardt, was to be offered at auction. Expecting no competition, representatives of two universities conferred, it is said, and quietly decided what each would bid on and at what price. They reckoned without Miss Monroe. She went into the auction and bought up the entire collection. Later, when much turmoil arose because they had fallen into the hands of a private individual, she permitted Reinhardt's son, Gottfried, to buy them back.

As the dust settled after that incident, certain writers, still refusing to believe that the sexy beauty could have a serious desire to own or study the playscripts,



credited the idea to Marilyn's drama coach Miss Lytess and called her a "Svengali."

Whatever her role in the matter, Miss Lytess aided Marilyn. Marilyn found in her coach not only a teacher but also a woman friend who believed she was more than a pinup girl and said so. Later, as Marilyn's growing skill in handling roles drew surprised praise, Miss Lytess disclaimed credit, saying, "All I taught her was to open up and let go of her voice and body and not telegraph her emotions ahead of time."

One emotion which Marilyn never ceased telegraphing was her driving desire for good parts. Learning, in 1951, that "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," was to be made into a picture, she set her heart on the lead and gambled more than she could afford to go to New York to study the stage play.

The trip was far from a red-carpet tour. Although she had already appeared in a string of pictures as long as your arm, she passed unnoticed on the streets. No one asked for her autograph, she ate in a cafeteria and, as she recently confessed, she was a long time paying her hotel bill.

Worrisome though the trip was, it proved to be—in both her professional and private life—a turning point. She got the role. When "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" was released by 20th Century-Fox, it grossed \$5,100,000. Her performance, together with her role in "How to Marry a Millionaire," put her at the end of 1953 on a new kind of pinup list—sixth best boxoffice draw.

The private life importance of that New York trip before she was cast in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" centered around Joe DiMaggio. Marilyn had met the Yankee Clipper in Hollywood and, since business had taken him to Manhattan, they met again and Marilyn went home feeling sure he was the most fascinating man she had ever known.

Her feeling about Joe, however, was an emotion she well knew how to keep to herself. After two years, Marilyn, again in a surprise dramatic move, married Joe. And with a winning gesture, chose, on her honeymoon tour, to visit her first staunch admirers—those devoted men-at-arms still stationed in Korea.

Act III finds Marilyn still on stage—but this time it is as a bewildered, hurt young woman. Her smile flashed in answer to the admiration of the fans in Manhattan but that smile masked an inner uncertainty about herself as a wife. Against elegant backdrops of El Morocco and the Stork Club, Marilyn appeared with Joe. Marilyn admitted freely she'd never realized how popular Joe was until the day when she opened the trunks holding his vast collection of loving cups, medals, rings and cuff links, all prizes which had been awarded him. Marilyn had a chance to show off her mink coat, the first she ever owned. When someone protested that it was too warm for her to wear it she replied, "Joe gave it to me. You can just tell people I don't know any better."

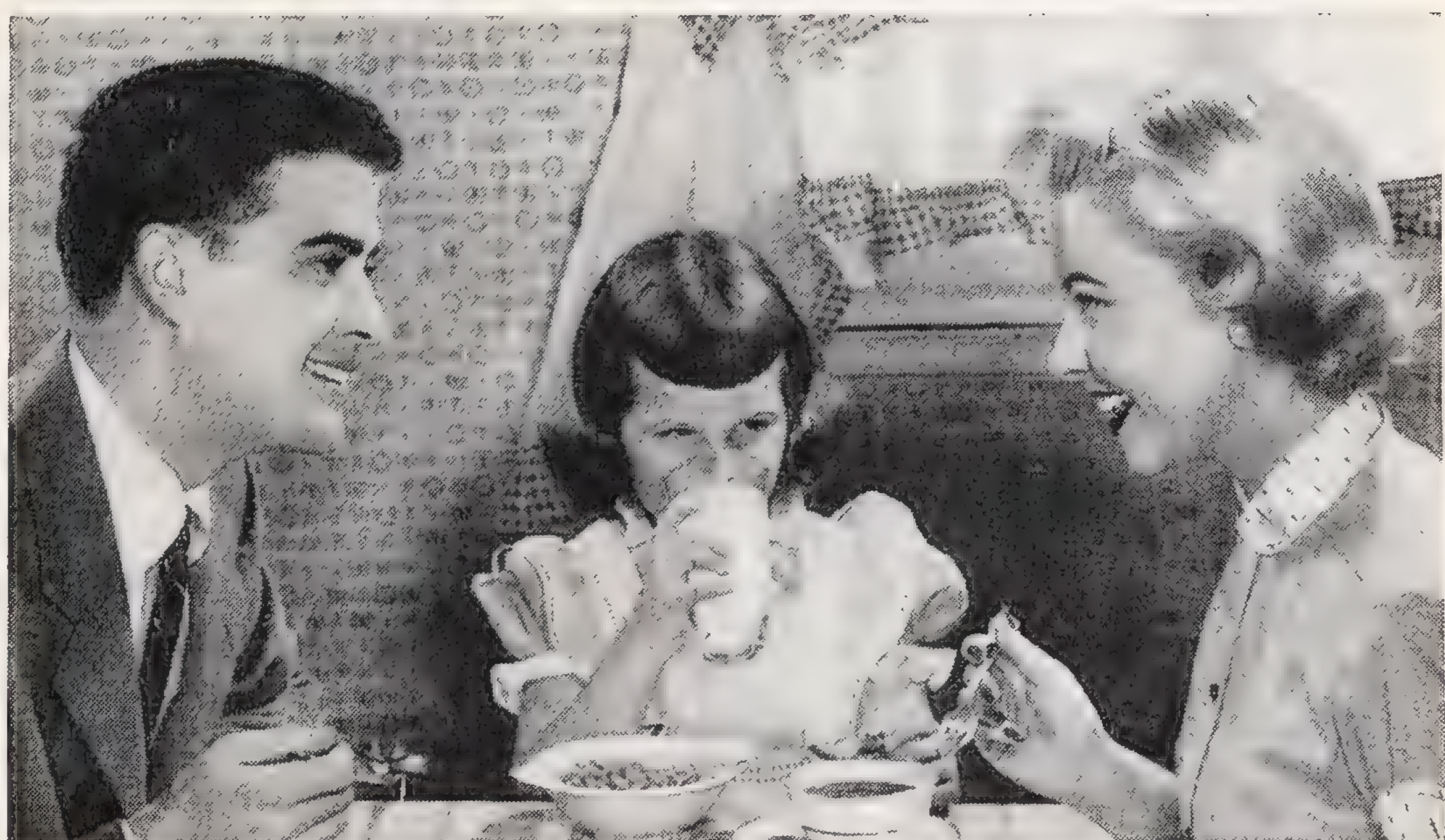
Marilyn was every inch the movie star on this visit to New York, and unfortunately, that every inch held heartbreak which was to blaze forth the minute she returned to Hollywood. She played the final dramatic scene in her marriage, not before her fans, but before some five-hundred newspaper photographers and reporters, on the front lawn of the house where she and Joe had been able, always before, to shut out the world of Hollywood, baseball and the fans that idolized them both. Now, the world knows the sorrow that this house contained. A house in which the girl you know as Marilyn awaits whatever action is handed her in the script of life which she is yet to see.

THE END

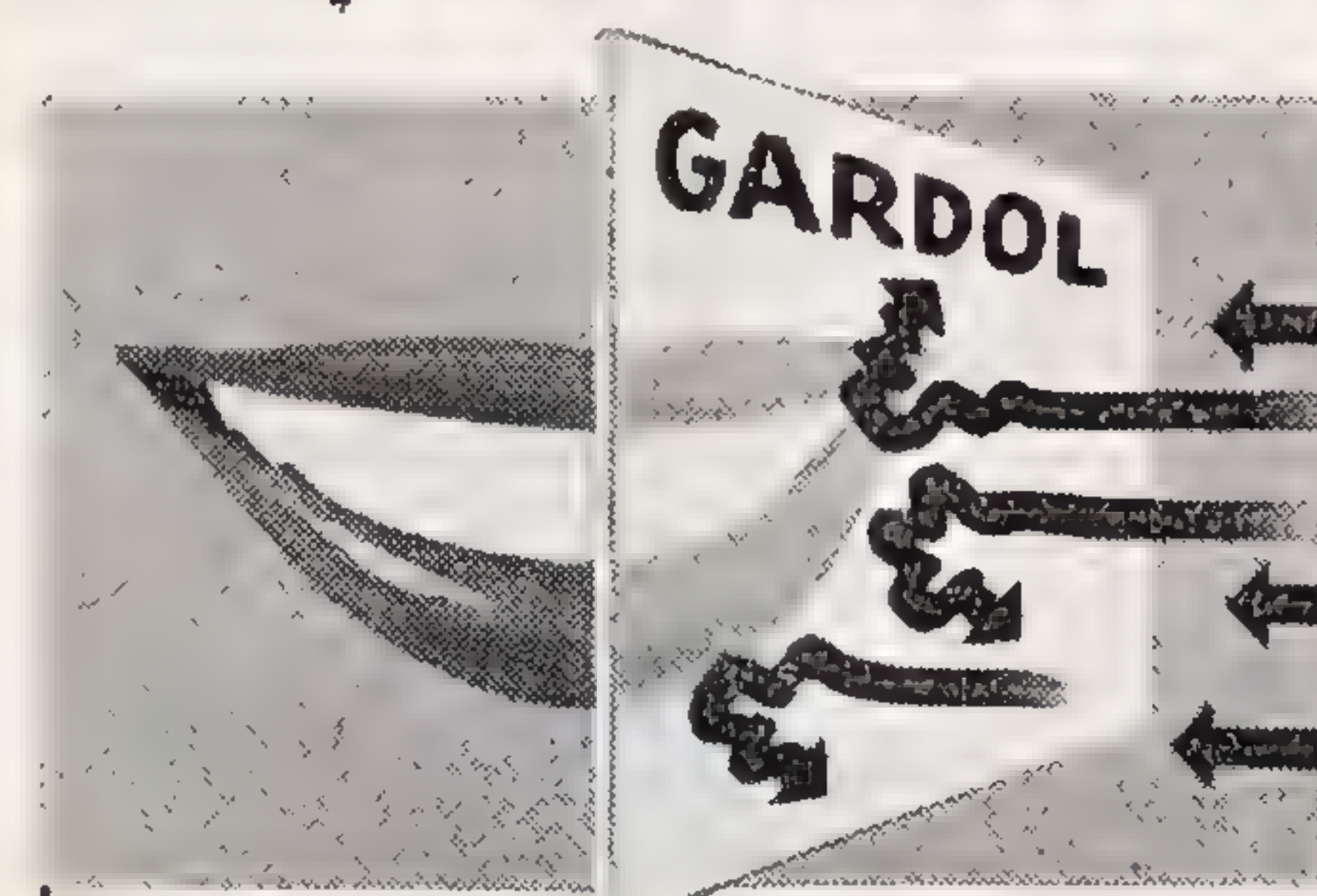


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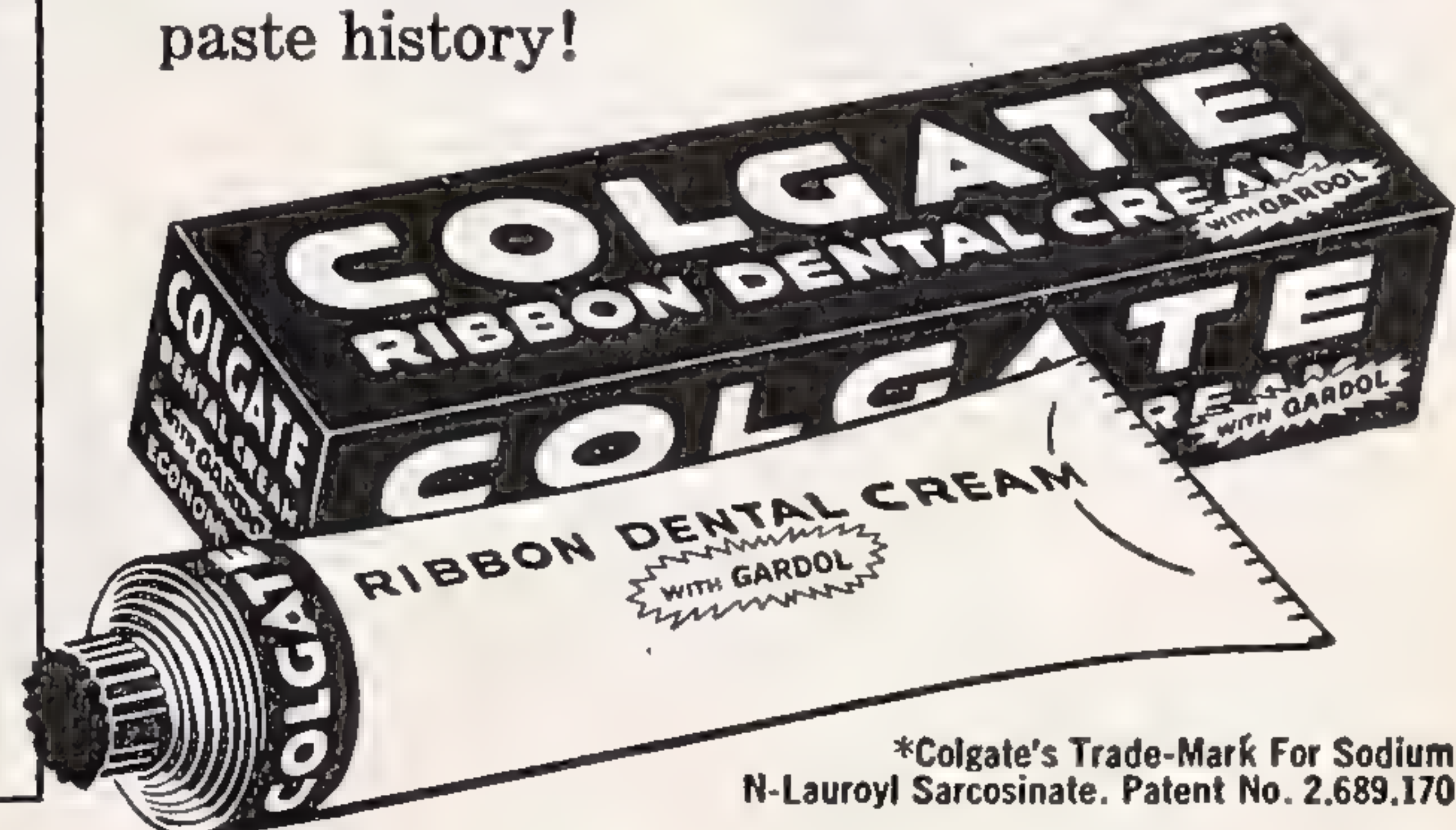


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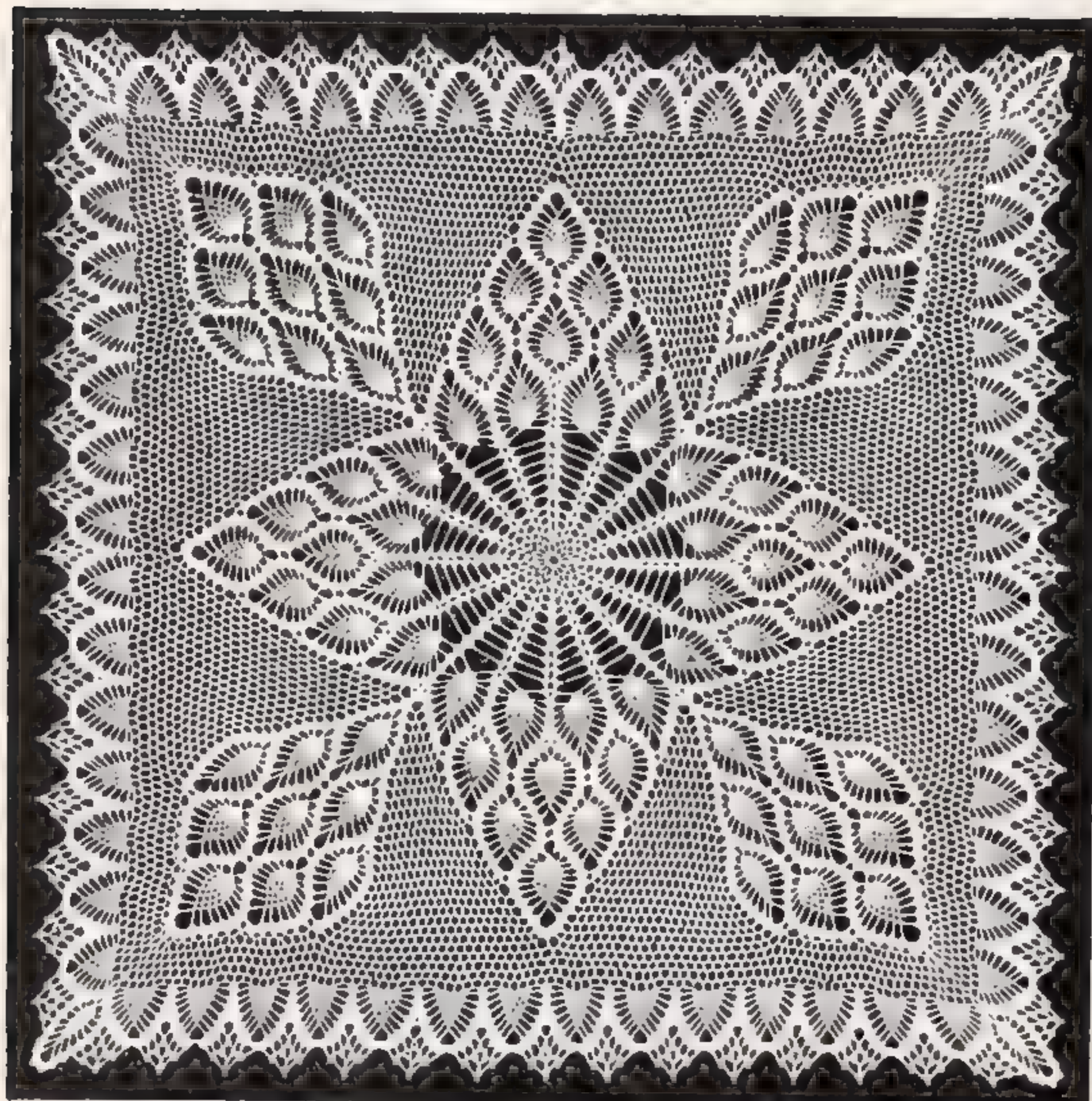




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(Continued from page 46)  
and brains this baby should be a beautiful genius!

Jerry Lewis is very serious about his resolution and all of his fans are sure hoping he keeps it. Jerry has promised, honestly: "To take care of my health. I was nearly gone," Jerry admits after his collapse with virus pneumonia followed by jaundice. "And it scared me into deciding to relax. You don't know how precious it is to be well until you're not feeling good."

And from partner Dean Martin, who gave up his beloved golf to haunt Jerry's bedside: "In 1955 I'll avoid doing anything that will give anybody reason to think that Jerry and I are busting up as a team."

Everyone's counting on Piper Laurie to break her resolution. They don't think she can keep it this year or any other year. Piper can't pass up a lost dog. Her home is more like a kennel, so she's promised in 1955, "Not to bring any more lost dogs home." Her second resolution may be easier to keep: "I resolve never to change the color of my hair." With Piper's lovely red hair, this should be a cinch to carry out. I'd also like to see Piper put marriage on her list. It can be as satisfying as a career—even more! So take a tip, Piper.

One guy who won't be too unhappy to see 1954 pass is Dale Robertson. It's been an unhappy year for Dale. He lost his wife, he fought his studio and he completely neglected his deep ambition: to write. "I'd rather be an author than an actor," Dale confided to me in one of his rare all-barriers-down moods. "And I resolve that in 1955 I'll glue myself to that typewriter and write!"

Marge and Gower Champion, in my opinion, are one of the best dance teams of our generation. But they have their problems. They go into a dance routine at the drop of a breath. At home, this can be disastrous to surrounding furniture. In the middle of a meal, while sitting in the living room, if a mood hits, they start dancing. "So," Marge says, "from now on we're resolving to confine our dancing to rehearsal halls." And the stage, of course.

For Tab Hunter, 1955 will be a terrific year for him if he'll be able to overcome his big fault: He can never be on time. If he's supposed to be at the studio at eight, something happens and he just can't seem to make it before nine. If he has a date for lunch at one, chances are he'll arrive, with a forgive-me box of chocolates at one forty-five. Tab promises, and he has his fingers crossed, to keep tabs on appointments and buy a wristwatch with an alarm on it. Then he'll have to make a new resolution to wind it!

I stopped by to see Mitzi Gaynor, and her resolution includes a piggy bank called "It." "It is my resolution for 1955," she explained. "I just have to stop spending money on clothes in order to save for a family."

Cleo Moore's a good actress, kissing or not kissing, but she resolved to clinch a good solid acting role in 1955 and to reach stardom within five years, or else she'll cancel her resolution entirely and fall back on resolution number two: "To enter politics in my native Louisiana." Cleo's a blonde with plenty of brains—and she uses them, too.

Chances are, some of these good resolutions will be broken and will reappear on next year's list but, after all, that's the sport in making them.

THE END

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# Man on a Tightrope

(Continued from page 30)

his wife. Heads jerked back and forth, watching the entrance, anticipating their arrival. Five minutes later, the picture went on; the seats remained vacant. The Purdoms never arrived.

Why did Edmund Purdom fail to attend his own premiere?

Rumor the next day blamed his absence on a tiff with his wife, which left the young Englishman sulking alone in his room. Others said he was ill. Still others blamed it on "first-night" jitters. Before accepting unsubstantiated explanations, it is wise to remember that even before "The Egyptian" was finished, Edmund Purdom had already become a part of the Hollywood legend. His own personal story is fantastic enough to make any rumor sound plausible. However, those close to Edmund and his lovely wife Tita do admit that success has changed him.

Little more than a year ago, reject studio files classified him as a tall, serious young man, with dark wavy hair, brown intense eyes, an olive skin and a frightfully British accent. If files were less personal they might have added, current status: unemployed, poverty-stricken.

Today, Edmund Purdom is Hollywood's fastest-rising young star. Two studios have already invested \$15,000,000 in him, and after pinch-hitting for two important actors, Mario Lanza in "Student Prince" and Marlon Brando in "The Egyptian," Edmund found himself famous before the public even saw him on the screen.

But even a guy with the drive, stamina and talent of Edmund has a hard time keeping up with the sudden change of pace. It is said that he is nervous, temperamental, frequently upset, frequently ill. No doubt, these temperamental differences were responsible for Tita's divorce suit. Suddenly, with success, with the attainment of everything he and Tita had hoped for when they barely struggled to keep going, Edmund Purdom has discovered his whole life has changed. Every personal conviction has been challenged; every moment of his time monopolized; his privacy completely shattered and his independence restricted.

He loves to be with his family—Lilan Ellery, two, and Marina Ann, six months—he loves to just sit and listen to music, he loves to tinker with anything mechanical. Today with his new demands he has no time. He's a voracious eater, but when he's working, he can't eat because he's too nervous—and these days he's working constantly. He detests unnecessary noise, can't stand being tied down by a clock, yet his entire existence is regulated by the clock and constantly surrounded by the unnerving noises of the movie set. A natural athlete who once played rugby, cricket, hockey, who swam, rode and played tennis for relaxation, he now finds he is too tired after a long day at the studio to enjoy physical activity. While before his wife and his home were the only, and the most important, things in the world to him, today he is surrounded by so many demands, so many people, his leftover hours were not enough to hold his family together.

Edmund's overnight emergence as a star also places upon him the added burden of proving himself good enough to stay at the top. He's now appeared in five pictures, having the lead in three. His next is "The Prodigal." But to date, Edmund hasn't seen any of them. "I did get a sneak look at some of the rushes of 'The Egyptian,'" he said. "The experience frightened me. If I'd been the executive I'd never have hired me. . . ."

Aware of the gigantic bet which the motion-picture industry is making on him,



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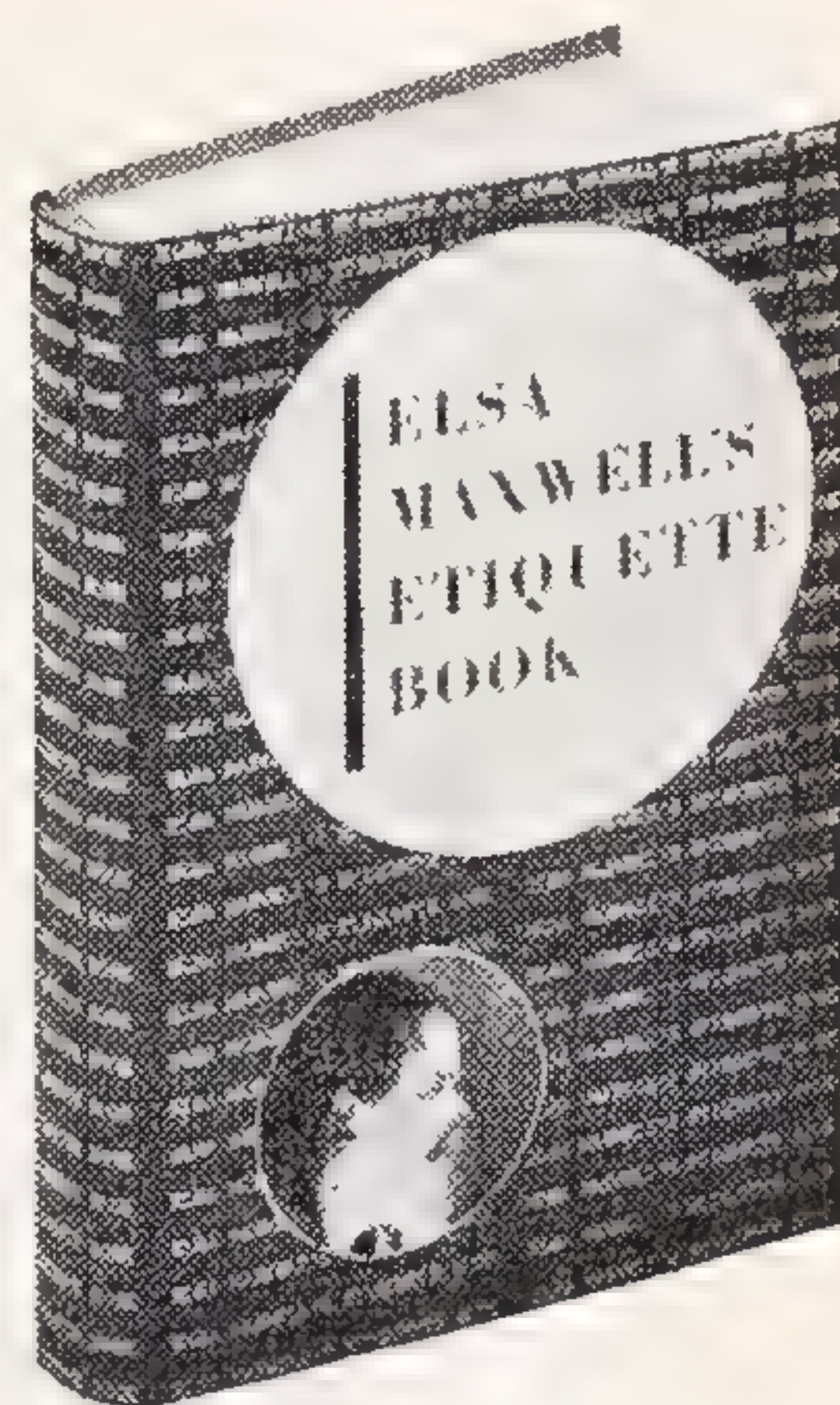
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Edmund is often attacked by a violent case of the jitters. He wouldn't be a bit surprised, he said recently, if in a year or so the M-G-M executives come around, tap him on the shoulder and say: "Sorry, old boy, but we guessed wrong. You're through." For the first time in his twenty-eight years, Edmund Purdom is asking himself, "Can I do it?"

Co-workers, studio executives, friends and acquaintances of Edmund Purdom who know his story say there isn't a possibility that he won't make it. The boy's got too much talent, too much drive, too much sensitivity and willingness-to-learn to flop out of the game. Says his dad about his recent success: "I'm not at all surprised. Edmund always was a determined boy."

He was born, prematurely, Edmund Anthony Cutlar Purdom in Welwyn Garden City on December 19, 1926, determined, his family says, to arrive on time to share the Christmas festivities. He attended private schools and came home on vacations just frequently enough to dismantle all the clocks, locks or whatever mechanical gadgets were around. At this time, he was determined to be an engineer. Later in school he specialized in electronics, math and science. It was while sitting over a math examination that it suddenly occurred to him that he wanted to act. He put down his pencil, got up and left the room. From that day forward, he was determined to be an actor. He approached the director of the Northampton Repertory Company and asked for a job. Extraordinary as it seems, he was hired at once without any experience. At twenty-one he got his first role, as that of a "forty-year-old detective who never stopped talking" in an Edgar Wallace play. In six short months he appeared in four plays before joining the Army for six months. Following his discharge late in 1947, he returned to repertory and did five plays, then went to London where he won the lead in a musical called "Golden City." It was while appearing in this musical that he spotted, wooed and won a beautiful blond dancer known professionally as Tita Phillips. They married on January 5, 1951 with nothing more substantial to bank on than Edmund's determination that he could, somehow, support her. An introduction to Laurence Olivier got him, without an audition, a small part in "Caesar and Cleopatra," which brought him over to America.

The next period in young Edmund's life is called by him, "My Near-starvation Period."

When Edmund made his decision to leave the part he had in Laurence Olivier's and Vivien Leigh's "Caesar and Cleopatra," then appearing in New York, and accept Warners' \$600 advance and ticket to Hollywood, the future looked rosy. Practically every studio in Hollywood had offered him a screen test. If the Warners test flopped, he always had a chance at another studio. So he sent for Tita, who had remained in England.

Things didn't work out at Warners and his option was dropped. A few other leads turned up and he tested for them but other actors were signed. Nothing was happening. A long talk with Tita one evening led to a unanimous agreement: They'd stick it out until their visas ran out. Little did they know how long and to what lengths they would have to go in order to live up to their promise to one another. For things didn't happen quickly for Edmund here. This was hard on the nerves, not to mention their slim purse.

By this time, he and Tita were expecting their first child. Groceries were hard to come by because they were not permitted by the immigration authorities to accept work other than acting. Moreover their time limit for residence in this country

was rapidly running out. Friends and casual acquaintances came forward with small loans. "I was literally a stranger and they fed me," he says. "Greater kindness than people here showed exists in no other place on earth." With the small amount that he could borrow, he and Tita were able to pay the rent on the thirty-dollar-a-month garage on Berendo Street which they called home. They had no refrigeration, only cold water, and they furnished it with a bed and two chairs. Tita lived in one dress and Edmund had one shirt which Tita washed out every night. Often eating depended upon an invitation from an American friend or pawning Tita's wedding and engagement rings and her father's watch. The tragedy of it all was that both Tita's and Edmund's parents were eager to help but weren't permitted to send money into a dollar country.

When it became apparent that there was to be no money for doctor's bills or the hospital, Edmund, frantic with worry, asked their great friend, Millie Gusse, Panoramic casting director, if she could suggest a charity hospital where Tita might go. Appalled, Millie arranged to have her brother-in-law, Dr. James Winsberg, take care of Tita. He supplied her with pills and vitamins and offered to deliver the baby as a "professional courtesy," since Tita's father and brother were both doctors (Tita's father had been attending physician to the Sultan of Jahore).

Just a few days before Tita was to enter the hospital, M-G-M sent for Edmund to audition for a role in "Julius Caesar." Hardly believing his ears, he put on his only shirt and hitched a ride as far as the Fox studio on Pico Boulevard. After waiting some time for another lift, he resorted to hiking the rest of the way—a matter of five hot miles. He finally arrived, tired, dirty and hungry, but he won the two-line, two-day part as the dutiful servant who helped fatally stab James Mason. With the \$150 advance he borrowed from his agent Paul Small, he went over to the Culver City Hospital and arranged for Tita's entrance. Lilan Ellery, nicknamed Mrs. Doody, was born a day later, October 11, 1952. The \$150 permitted Tita to stay in the hospital three short days, then she went back to her one-burner stove and uninsulated garage.

The Purdoms' troubles were not over. They were still hungry. "There were times during those dark days when we were living in the garage," Edmund remembers now, "that the sight of people sitting up at a counter in one of your marvelous drive-ins, eating a big fat hamburger, would send me stark, staring mad." They still faced deportation. "No contract, no extension of your visa," the Immigration Service warned them. The difficulty was they didn't even have the money to return to England. American taxpayers were saved the expense of deporting the Purdoms when 20th stepped in and awarded him the role of Brian Aherne's first officer in "Titanic" at \$300 a week.

"You've heard the remark the great director, Bill Wellman, made about hungry actors being the best actors? Well, maybe. I do know that when they tested me for 'Titanic' I pulled out all the stops. And it was a good thing nobody left his lunch

around. I'd have snapped at it like a wolf." Meanwhile, Metro, who had taken a thirty-day option for a long-term contract, learned that Zanuck wanted to sign him. At the last hour, a few days before his visa was to expire, they offered Edmund a test. "You can imagine the strain I was under when I made that test," says Edmund. The result was a contract, inked and delivered the day on which the Purdoms' visa died. The date is firmly fixed in Edmund's mind: December 20th, the day after his birthday.

With his new contract, Edmund's salary was fixed at the tremendous sum of \$350 a week and he and Tita and Mrs. Doody moved, with bed and chairs, to a little apartment above the Sunset Strip.

Edmund was scheduled to play Greer Garson's brother in "Interrupted Melody" when Greer quit the studio. Just about the same time, another artist walked out on another film, after making the song recordings. The star was Mario Lanza and the picture "The Student Prince." What happened next is part of film history. For the next three months, Edmund's world consisted of dancing and fencing lessons, rehearsing dialogue and learning to "sync" to Lanza's voice. The only time Tita saw him was when she lunched at the studio commissary. But he won the role. The next two months were spent preparing for the picture. When they finally started shooting it took only twenty-three days to complete. By the time it was finished, Edmund Purdom was famous. He was offered a test for Marlon Brando's role in "The Egyptian."

So certain that he wasn't going to be given the role, Edmund took a brief vacation in Mexico with Tyrone Power. "But I was waiting and desperately hoping," he says. "We were in a village about 100 miles outside of Acapulco when a call came through from my agent. 'Hurry up and get back here,' Paul Small yelled over the wire, 'You're all set for 'The Egyptian.' I nearly fell dead. Fate was literally showering me with favors."

Fate has continued to be kind to Edmund's career. He has already finished "The Prodigal" and "Athena"; his salary is excellent. But, in turn, his personal life has been shattered by Tita's request for a divorce. For the first time in their marriage Edmund and Tita had financial security. But it is equally true that for the first time they faced an intangible problem. It was not a problem that could be solved by working hard, skimping on food or walking to work. The problem was personal and one of adjustment. It called for a reshuffling of goals, a new approach to living, a rescheduling of tomorrow. It almost called for a restatement of what Edmund wanted. Since Tita filed for divorce, Edmund Purdom is asking himself what does he want, what is success, can he regain personal happiness?

When recently discussing his rapid rise, he said, "If I've had success I think it's only made me a little cynical. There is such a thin line between success and failure. I know there are better actors than I (and right now a lot hungrier ones) walking the streets of Hollywood. Do I think the pattern of one's life is set in the beginning? No. If you want something desperately, you'll eventually get it."

And, in his own way, Edmund has answered his own question: "Can I make it?" For the memories of the insecure months that have recently passed will be dimmed and the confusion of recent success will be smoothed out, if he sticks to his belief: "Never be complacent about yourself, even if you've been fairly successful. And keep your head up always." Edmund may be walking a tightrope today, but chances are he'll make it.

THE END

## THE MEN TALK

### In February Photoplay

Tony Curtis says, "Get Going, Kids"  
"Vaguely Wonderful"—the intimate  
story of

Mike Wilding and Liz Taylor

Don't miss this issue—on sale January 6th



# The Devil Is a Gentleman

(Continued from page 24)

ready. Can I come over to see you now?" "I'm ready," Charlotte assured him, glancing at her watch with more than a little irritation—Marlon was already ten minutes late. "Hang on a minute," Marlon said. "It's noisy in here. I want to shut the door."

Charlotte waited impatiently, holding the telephone in her hand. Suddenly, she felt as if someone else were in the room, a sort of eerie, skin-creeping sensation came over her, and she could feel her mouth go a little dry. She hesitated to turn around, but with the phone in her hand, she gathered her courage. She swung around rapidly and screamed . . . a rousing scream which people only let out when they are scared out of their wits. There stood a man. But as suddenly as Charlotte started screaming, she stopped and went into gales of laughter. The man was Marlon Brando. A sheepish, grinning Marlon.

Marlon had entered Charlotte's house through the open kitchen door, and spotting the extension telephone in the kitchen, had picked up the phone and asked the operator to ring it to check it. In the living room, Charlotte heard it ring and answered it as Marlon had anticipated. This just illustrates one of a hundred playful, human, interesting, sometimes touching, sometimes whacky things that can happen when Marlon Brando is your friend.

This same predilection for doing the unexpected showed up dramatically when Brando announced his engagement to Josiane Berenger. He had met the pretty young French model six months before in New York and is reported to have asked her to marry him within hours after their meeting. She subsequently visited California during the shooting of "Desiree" but was carefully shielded from reporters and photographers by Brando. She therefore remained a mystery figure in the actor's life—noted by the alert columnists but without detail of their relationship.

It was not until late October that the news of Brando's official engagement burst like a bombshell on the small Riviera town of Bandol, France, where the engaged pair filed official notice of their intention to wed. At the appearance of a battery of newspapermen and photographers, Brando showed every sign of panic—rushed his girl off on a sailboat ride to escape the mob. Later he yielded to demands for an interview, and said, "She is the only girl I ever wanted to marry." With their hopes for peace and quiet shattered by the press furor, Brando left the Berenger home and headed for Rome. His fiancée fled in the opposite direction, heading for Paris, then New York by air, with the understanding that the two would meet in New York. Arranging her U. S. visa in Paris, Josiane exclaimed, "I don't want to be a Hollywood housewife. I want to study dramatics in New York."

As in the romance of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, no wedding date has been announced as we go to press. In both cases, the motive is privacy. But for such charming and colorful young people as these, such a course is difficult in the extreme—as those who know Brando well can easily testify.

His friends, some new, some dating back to his early days in dramatic school, weave word pictures, ever-varying, ever-colorful of the man who has become one of the motion pictures' finest actors. For instance, there is the Saturday that Johnnie Ray was feeling low and lonely. It was one of those times when the California sunshine was an irritant, draining a man of energy instead of invigorating him. Johnnie headed for Ocean Park, the Los

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Angeles equivalent of Coney Island, where he could buy a ticket on the roller coaster and at least feel the wind in his face. Blind to everything but his own woes, Johnnie climbed into his seat. Then, behind him he heard a shout, "Hi, man, what gives?"

Johnnie looked around into the impish dark eyes of Brando. Johnnie had to answer the grin on Brando's face. One ride on the roller coaster, then Johnnie joined Brando and Sam and the rest of the gang for a go at everything from pitching baseballs at cardboard milk bottles to feeding lighted cigarettes to the fire-eating man.

But you don't have to be a famous singer like Johnnie Ray to enjoy Brando's company. You can be a stevedore like Joseph Conepo who worked in the "gang" in New Jersey where "On the Waterfront" was filmed.

"Have you ever seen how good Brando is with kids? Like all the other youngsters, my boy Joe, Jr., came down so we could take a picture of him with Brando. Then Joe got bashful. Marlon understood, but more than that he knew how to handle Joe. He let Joe stand around for a while till he got used to everything, and then walked over to him and asked if Joe wouldn't have his picture taken with him. Little Joe had a whale of a fine time."

While making "On the Waterfront," the stevedores picture him as being a "regular guy" and in Hollywood, on the set of "Desiree," there was the same feeling. Between takes, he played chess or kicked around a football with his stand-in, Darren Dublin, another pal from Dramatic Workshop days. And he was downright frisky with Dublin's five-year-old daughter, Heidi. One day Heidi came on the set with her toy sword, and Marlon picked up a coat hanger and teased her through a mock duel which he climaxed by clutching his side and pretending to fall down dead. Dignity, cast and clothes be hanged!

His lack of concern with "what will the neighbors think?" is an attitude which stems from way back when. . . . Harry Belafonte and Brando knew one another during this period. Eight years and two success stories later, they're still close friends. They met at the Workshop where Marlon was an advanced student, already appearing on Broadway in "Truckline Cafe." Harry was a beginner.

"I was one of the very few Negro students in the school," Harry says. "And Marlon was one of the first students to befriend me."

"Most of us had little money in those days," Harry continues. "Sometimes the theatres helped out by giving the girls usherette jobs, letting the guys work the concessions. One way we were able to take in everything playing on Broadway was to pool our money and buy one theatre ticket. Maybe I'd see the first half of the play and then Marlon would take over after intermission. Sometimes it was the other way around. Afterwards we'd go to the local cafe where they'd let us sit over a nickel cup of coffee (we could usually afford a cup apiece) and compare notes, each of us catching up with the action the other had missed."

Marlon and Harry also dreamed up a bit of mischief together. In school there was an actor who was having great visions of success. He liked to give the impression, both in school and out, that his dreams had already come true . . . he belonged to the theatah and, this being the case, the theatah was extremely fortunate.

As in almost every drama school, the workshop classes rotated in assignments, one week Marlon and Harry might be supporting players, another week star performers, another week the fellows who cleaned up the stage. For this particular

week, Marlon and Harry were appointed members of the backstage crew and the "theatah fellow" was the star of the show. Sir Thespian busied himself thinking up unexciting and rather unnecessary chores and assigning them to the pair.

The day arrived when the workshop group was staging "Twelfth Night," and Sir Thespian was required to wear a padded stomach for the role. In the belief that all work and no play makes for very dull boys, Brando and Belafonte got hold of some itching powder and lined the padding with it.

So on this warm summer evening, underneath the hot stage lights, Sir Thespian made his entrance. Immediately he became a pretty miserable man. Unable to scratch through the thickness of the padding, he managed to squirm through his role and come off roaring.

Next day a conference was held to find the culprits. However, to the delight of the entire student body, they were never discovered—until now.

School days over with, Marlon went on the road with the Katherine Cornell show and Harry went into night clubs. They kept track of each other haphazardly, with Marlon dropping into the club where Belafonte might be singing or Harry going back stage if he happened to be in the same town when Marlon was on the road. Belafonte tried pop singing and found it unrewarding and turned to folk singing. With a writer and another actor, he opened a restaurant in Greenwich Village. Marlon was a frequent visitor—and Harry was always delighted to see his old friend and not just for friendship's sake.

"He'd always head for the kitchen so we could have a talk," Harry says. "To my delight, while we talked, he'd start doing the dishes and if I could keep him talking long enough, my kitchen would be clean by the time we finished."

There were frequent reunions when Harry and Wally Cox were appearing at the Blue Angel. Wally and Marlon were going through their motorcycle stage—both thought motorcycles were the greatest, but not Harry! Harry didn't like to think about them at all. After repeated urgings, Harry succumbed to a couple of rides. "I finally came to the conclusion that if we were ever to dissolve our friendship, this was the time."

Brando's and Belafonte's professional paths have crossed numerous times. When Harry came to Hollywood to appear in "Bright Road" for M-G-M, Marlon was at the studio making "Julius Caesar." "He was the only person I knew in Hollywood," says Belafonte. "And it was as it had been when I was a newcomer in school. He looked me up on my first day on the lot and it was like old home week." Harry was booked into the Mocambo while Marlon was in Hollywood shooting "The Wild One," and they met again when Harry returned to California to appear in "Carmen Jones." Marlon was making "Desiree" at the time.

It was during this last period that Harry and Marlon stopped by a jazz club one Saturday night and spent the entire evening listening to the music. Since they wouldn't be working the next day, when the club closed, they asked some of the musicians if they happened to know of a jam session where the local bandsmen might be gathering for an after-hours musical spree. The musicians gave Marlon the name of a place, and Brando and Belafonte arrived to discover that there would be no music that night. The musicians were heading home.

"No point in waiting around," said Marlon. "Let's go."

As they reached the door, however, a man in a blue business suit appeared and stretched his arm across the exit. "You

don't really want to leave now, do you?" he asked pleasantly enough.

The place was being raided.

However, when the police discovered no liquor was being sold, they departed quietly, leaving Brando and Belafonte breathing a sigh of relief. Brando especially didn't need any more crazy publicity. Incidentally, in spite of Brando's interest in jazz and bongo drums which he plays exceedingly well, Marlon neither smokes nor drinks. On his really "wild nights," he might indulge in a ginger ale—but then not more than one glass.

Much has been made of Brando's sensitivity to the publicity he received when he first came to Hollywood and his insistence that he be pictured only as the serious artist he is on stage or screen. The fact remains that in Hollywood or outside it, standing on one's head in a commissary (as Brando once did), answering a newspaper person's questions in French (as Brando once did) is real gone behavior. Belafonte claims that Brando is a tremendously sensitive guy and that his unconventional behavior is no deliberate disorder designed to make him a colorful motion picture star. Take Russell, the raccoon. Reams of stories were told about Marlon having Russell as a pet. According to Belafonte, maybe movie stars don't have raccoons for pets but a lot of other people do. They make darn good pets. More than this, at one time Marlon was extremely interested in zoology and used to spend days at the Central Park and Bronx zoos. During this period, Marlon bought Russell and became very fond of him as a pet. However there was so much comment that Marlon finally gave him up.

Brando has always believed in doing things the way he wants to do them—the way he can believe in doing them. For instance, at one time he was very friendly with an artist whose works were being displayed in one of the New York galleries. Despite this sign of success the artist was flat broke, so Marlon's pals came to help out with a collection they were taking up for him. Brando was a success in "A Streetcar Named Desire," and his friends were shocked when he refused. No one could understand why. They argued that he liked the painter, that the artist would repay the loan as soon as he could. Brando wouldn't budge and his friends told him off in no uncertain terms.

One day soon after, the incident glossed over, Brando's usual gang was up at his apartment and there, on the walls of the apartment, were his artist friend's paintings—\$1000 worth.

Brando felt that the worst thing he could have done would have been to lend money to his friend, when what he really needed for a boost in his morale was a few sales.

"That's what kind of a guy he is," Belafonte says, "that's the way he thinks."

Both Marlon and Harry belong to the same "school" of artistic thought. Both believe in calling upon life itself for authenticity. Brando has learned much from living and he enjoys doing things he's always done—he won't let Hollywood or anything else keep him from continuing to enjoy these things—even at the risk of being considered "not with it."

There's an old saying, "If you want to know me, come live with me." Brando, signed for the role in "Viva Zapata," went to Mexico to live for a month. Signed for "On the Waterfront," he went to work with longshoremen. He wants to project the identity of the person he is portraying . . . hand his public a real slice of life. He forces his audiences to think and to listen . . . and to forget the big bag of popcorn.

THE END



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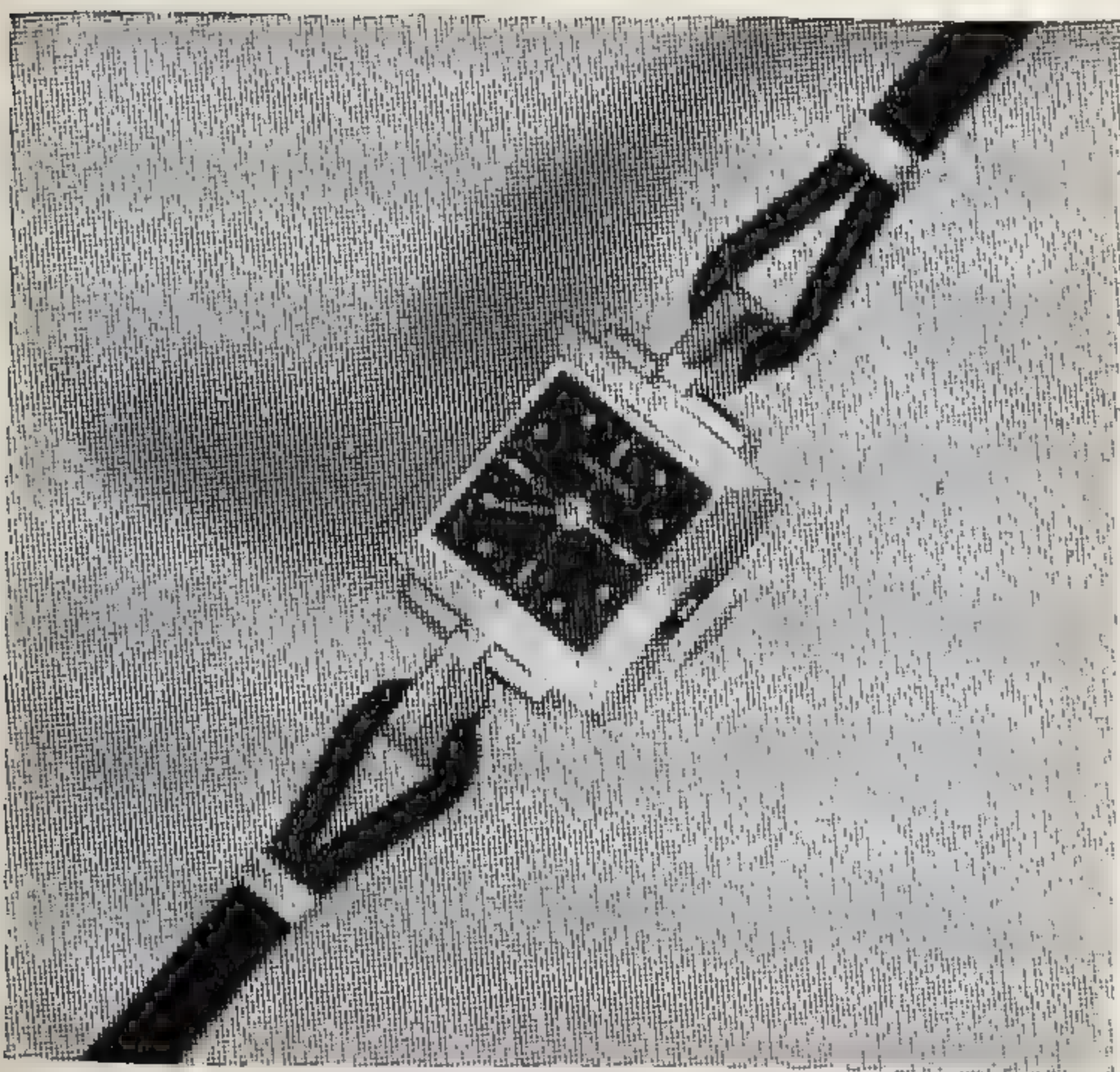
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(Continued from page 29)

we say—a solid bed of roses—not at all.”

“Did you ever dream then that you’d become a successful singer and then a famous movie star?” the hairdresser asked.

“Are you kidding? The only thing I dreamed about was *how* to cook a meal!

“Experiences such as this play a very important part in one’s life,” Doris added thoughtfully. “When I think of all I have today, my wonderful home and family, peace of mind and contentment, it makes me feel very humble and grateful. I hope I’ll remember to count my blessings, always.”

Like Doris there are many other stars who possess a capacity for gratitude and appreciation that knows no bounds. Rock Hudson, for example, is a rugged realist who counts his blessings for a very special reason.

“Occasionally I get upset and want to blow my top,” the big fellow confesses, “but when this happens a little safety valve reminds me that I’ve never had it so good. This began back when I served as an aviation machinist in Uncle Sam’s Navy.

“Heading for the Samoa Islands where I was land-based, I remember a hot, sticky evening, almost unbearable. All of us were going through a rough adjustment period. Some were homesick and each of us wondered what was waiting ahead. How I longed to be alone.

“It sounds incredible, but when I asked permission to anchor my hammock to the highest spot I could reach, it was granted! I promised myself, I’ll remember to be grateful for my freedom and never complain about anything again.”

Breezy, bosomy Terry Moore has been publicized as an uninhibited extrovert. But there’s another side to the little lady who makes headlines. This story would never make the front pages, but it is a story that touched Terry’s heart. Terry was in a Korean hospital last Christmas. Even though her mother was with her, Terry was still a long, long way from home, friends and the beloved festivities of the holiday season.

“I guess I was feeling a little sorry for myself,” Terry admits candidly. “Everyone was wonderful to me, but our schedule had been changed and something had happened to my mail. All those Christmas cards I looked forward to receiving from friends were somewhere en route. It just doesn’t seem like Christmas, I thought.”

That same day, Terry went through the wards greeting hospitalized vets. Finally she stopped at the bedside of a soldier who was lying there with a smile on his face. Empty eyes that would never see again stared straight ahead.

“You got here at the right time,” exclaimed the soldier optimistically. “I just received a whole bunch of Christmas cards from home. Will you please read them to me and describe how they look?”

A humble Terry read and described the typical Christmas card scenes—and was grateful.

A mother’s faith and determination to give her son a healthy body and the right to live a normal life gave a boy named Tab Hunter the chance to become a star!

“The story is familiar about my Mom’s struggle to support my brother Walter and me,” Tab says, “but very few people know I was so bowlegged when I was born, the doctors said it was likely that I would be deformed when I grew up. Poor Mom! As if it weren’t tough enough that she had to go out and work so hard, she had to face the fact that her son needed more than ordinary care. She had every reason to accept the doctor’s verdict, but that’s not her way. Mom would not!

“At the time, she was a physical therapist for the Matson Line and often was away for weeks. But no matter how tired she was, when she came home she devoted hours to massaging and manipulating my legs. All her faith seemed to pour out through her strong hands.

“As we grew up, Mom automatically thumped our backs when she’d pass near us. Mine, as a reminder to stand straight—Walter’s, just for good measure! At thirteen I stood six feet and a half-inch tall. When I tested for my first screen role opposite Linda Darnell in ‘Island of Desire,’ Steffini Nordli, who’d written the original story, said: ‘This is the boy I want. He stands so straight and tall he’s *right* for the part.’ Did Mom get hysterical when I broke the good news? ‘I could have told you it was going to work out this way,’ she calmly said. And somehow or another, like so many mothers, she was right.”

Brooklyn born and bred, Susan Hayward’s heritage was a stout heart and relentless pride. She grew up, understandably, exuding an air of independence that masked her innermost misgivings. But Susan is capable of deep concern and she was deeply concerned over one of many problems resulting from her recent divorce.

When Susan Hayward’s twin sons joined the Cub Scouts and she became a Den Mother, it was a very important time in Susan’s life. Her Friday nights were reserved for those parent-scout meetings at the Dixie Canyon schoolhouse in San Fernando Valley. She would let nothing interfere, but as meeting time approached each week, something happened in Susan’s heart which was reflected in her face. Her young sons detected it and bluntly asked

her to explain her sad expression.

“It’s this way, boys,” Susan said, trying to express her innermost thought. “Sometimes people think actresses are ‘different.’ They aren’t relaxed with us and they don’t treat us naturally. More than anything else I want to be like all the other mothers at your meetings. I am no different and I just wish there was some way I could let everyone know this is the way I feel.”

The Barker twins looked thoughtful and after a whispered conversation they confronted their mother.

“Why don’t you take a cake and a big pitcher of lemonade to the next meeting?” they suggested. “Then you’ll be like all the other mothers and you won’t have anything to worry about.”

Susan did. Susan is no longer worried!

Despite her obvious charms, Virginia Mayo felt lost and insecure when she arrived in Hollywood, and a big studio executive behind a highly polished desk pulverized her with fright. Hurdling this obstacle of fright, the successful beauty believes, is her number one blessing.

“I was under contract to Sam Goldwyn,” says Virginia, “and it was a crushing blow when he agreed to take up my option if I’d forfeit my raise. Somehow I had the courage to leave, but by the time I signed a contract at Warner Brothers, any studio executive looked like an ogre to me. I knew no one on the lot and lived in fear of being accused of some imaginary wrongdoing.

“Whenever I went to the studio, I ran into a pleasant-faced man who always smiled and spoke. It got so I considered him my one friend—a friend who probably held some small job, I thought.

“Then I received that fatal call to report to discuss my first assignment. I was sure I’d get brushed off. Isn’t it awful what negative thinking does to one’s morale? I think you know the rest of the story. Behind his highly polished desk sat my friend—the producer I was to see. All my feeling of inferiority slipped away and it’s never returned. I’ve never stopped being thankful.”

Loving life with warm enthusiasm, funerals fill Tony Curtis with sadness that clings indefinitely. Why then did he attend the funeral services of Universal studio’s Chief of Police Ernie Vache? Tony didn’t have to go. He wasn’t a close friend.

“I was there,” says Tony, “because I always try to count my blessings and Ernie certainly blessed me with kindness when I first arrived in Hollywood. Like all kids who played on the Bronx streets, I cringed at a cop’s uniform. When I checked in at U-I, a pass was supposed to be at the gate. It wasn’t there. Being such a greenhorn, my knees knocked when Ernie walked toward me. I expected to be arrested—expected everything a kid’s imagination could picture from a policeman. He listened to my story, believed it and let me come on the lot.

“From that day until he died, Ernie greeted me each morning with words of encouragement. When the studio kept me too late to catch the last bus, he unlocked some famous star’s dressing room and let me sleep in it all night. Ernie was a big man, an understanding man, with a wonderful smile that always set me up for the day. I went to his funeral because it was the last time I’d have the chance to express my gratitude to someone who was there when I needed him most.”

Count your blessings? Sure. Tony, Virginia, Tab, Terry are only a few persons who realize that the kindness of others makes a good today out of the struggles of yesterday.

THE END

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## A Wonderful Thing Happened Today

(Continued from page 27)

slow in getting started, for except for a letter from Eddie when he was in Korea, it took them three years to get together again—as Debbie explains, "He just didn't ask me."

When they met for the second time last spring while Eddie was touring the M-G-M studio with Joe Pasternak, it was obvious that they were "in key" this time and Eddie seriously impressed, for he asked her for her phone number. Debbie must have been equally impressed, for despite an already full little black book, she says, "I gave the telephone number to him." She didn't have to wait long for a call. Eddie telephoned her the next day and continued to call regularly. Long talks and gentle kidding on the phone, though, were all that happened between the two for some time. They didn't date, for as Debbie now incredulously admits, "I didn't know anything about him."

And then one evening in June, while Debbie was finishing dinner, she received a long-distance call from New York. It was Eddie. Could she save him an evening—the seventeenth of June? She could, she replied. And this is where their story begins.

For unknown at the time to the pixyish ball of fire, this was not only the opening night of Eddie's Coconut Grove show but she was his date. And this was also to be the opening night of their romance. "When I marked the date on my calendar, I hadn't realized what the seventeenth was. Then one morning I was reading in *Variety* all about Eddie Fisher's big opening at the Coconut Grove on June seventeenth. I nearly died. I said to Mother, 'I've nothing to wear. I've got to have a special gown.' On opening night, dressed in a lovely red formal that her mother had made, Debbie sat at Eddie's table along with her parents, his dad and his best friends. Who knows exactly when during that evening, as she sat listening to Eddie sing to the biggest opening-night audience the Grove has ever had, love stepped in?

Perhaps it was when Eddie sang his favorite song to his dad, "Oh! Mein Pa-Pa" and Debbie sensed the deep loyalty and sincerity Eddie has for those he loves.

Perhaps for Eddie it was when Debbie, starry-eyed and aglow, pushed forward to congratulate him, full of enthusiasm and pride, so willing and eager to make his night a complete success, to share with him the excitement of the evening. Whenever love entered, neither Debbie nor Eddie know. But they will admit that it sneaked in that evening. "We just kept grinning at each other like two idiots. And the first thing you know," says Debbie, "we were seeing a lot of each other. And you know how that is. You sort of get the habit of being together and then all of a sudden you know that you like the habit real well."

The "habit" included seeing Eddie every single day, forty-two times, for the entire six weeks he stayed in Hollywood. It included a chaperoned weekend at Las Vegas, luncheon at the Brown Derby, intimate little dinner parties and big parties like Debbie's "Susan Slept Here" preem. For Debbie it meant stopping at Eddie's Benedict Canyon house on the way home from work for a quick chat, dancing with Eddie singing "I Need You Now" softly into her ear, holding hands in the movies and sharing a Coke after his Hollywood Bowl concert. It meant exchanging presents. For his birthday, Debbie gave Eddie gold cuff links inscribed: "A wonderful thing happened today—You." It wasn't



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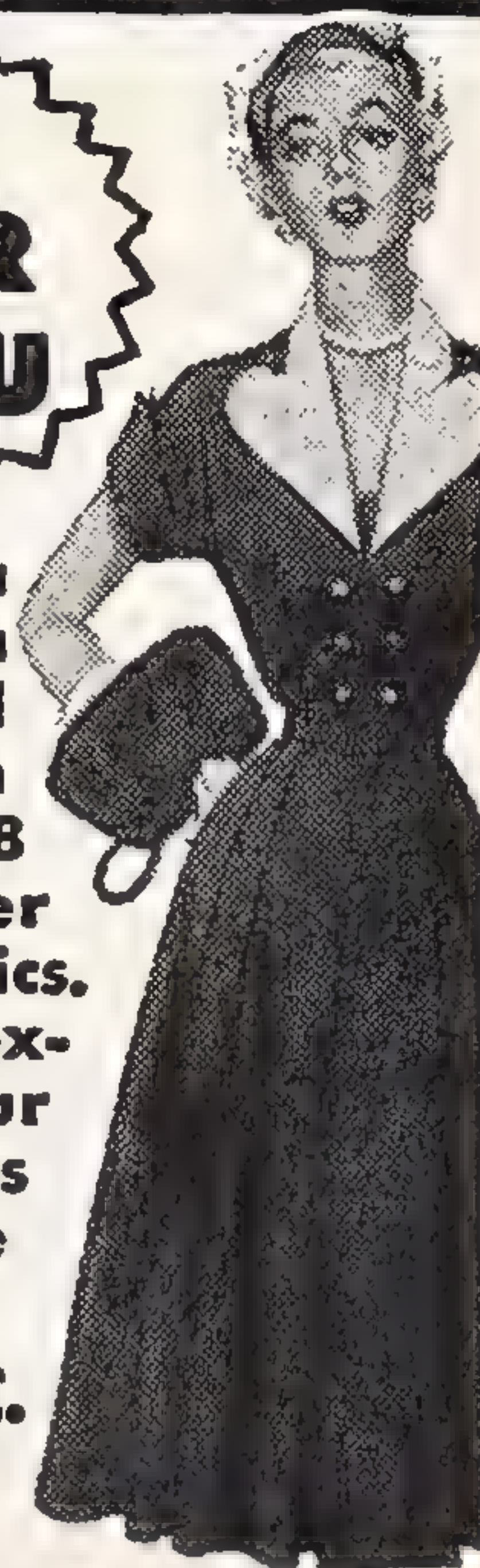
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Debbie's birthday, but Eddie sent her a Coke machine equipped with his favorite soft drink.

By the time Eddie left Hollywood for his European engagement, the little girl who didn't want to fall in love (she never tried catching the bride's bouquet because "I thought it might be bad luck") was already caught in love's clutches.

From shipboard, Eddie called every day; from Europe he called as often as he could get through to her, and back in Hollywood, Debbie's friends realized how serious it was when she discontinued her long date line and attended only necessary Hollywood functions with Eddie's friend Joey Forman.

It was during this trip, too, that Milton Blackstone, Eddie's manager and closest friend, said, "I think Eddie finally realized his feelings during this trip. He discovered in Rome that he missed Debbie very much and telephoned her as constantly as he could get a call through. Not that there seemed to be any doubt about his feeling before. I'm sure, it just crystalized when he realized how far away he was from someone he was so fond of."

By this time there wasn't a single Reynolds or Fisher fan who wasn't waiting with bated breath to hear what was going to happen next. An extension phone was installed in the Reynolds' Burbank home to handle columnists' demands for information, and Mrs. Reynolds had to lay down the law, "Mary Frances, there will be no telephone calls, made or answered, during dinner hour."

When Eddie returned home from his two-week engagement in London (with a quart of Arpege perfume and a "good conduct medal" for Debbie), he deftly evaded a direct answer to questions: "How serious is it? Are you engaged?" "I've only known Debbie for six weeks," he said. "And that's not long enough to talk about marriage—a sensible lasting marriage." But his enthusiasm couldn't be completely controlled and a wise world smiled knowingly as he blurted out. "Debbie has everything, and she hasn't changed. She's kept her two feet right on the ground. She has so much talent. She's so intelligent. She's honest. She's sincere. She's fun. She's just a wonderful—wonderful girl . . . As for marriage, I don't know if Debbie loves me that much. . . ."

Debbie, shy, merely said, "Yes, I am going 'steady' with Eddie, but there's no engagement."

Mrs. Reynolds would only add: "It may happen some time in the future—but it isn't true now."

Milton Blackstone was more direct: "I'm certain they have talked about marriage. The romance is very, very serious."

And a new romance was born and tickered across the nation.

Anybody who saw the radiant pictures of the five-foot-one-and-a-half-inch Texas bombshell when she stepped off the plane with her mother and greeted Eddie at Idlewild Airport knew that what these two youngsters felt for one another was important and serious.

And in every way, since they first began dating, Eddie and Debbie have handled their relationship with dignity and good taste—not an easy thing to do with millions of eyes eagerly watching them.

But to anyone who knows Debbie and Eddie this is no surprise. Behind those long-lashed saucer-blue eyes and perpetual bounce, there's a very mature Miss Reynolds, who's seriously concerned with her career and her future. Since she was found in a tattered old bathing suit behind the title of "Miss Burbank" seven years ago, Debbie has worked extremely hard at her career and at "being decent, honest and aboveboard." In Hollywood,

as in other communities, this isn't always easy. But at twenty-two, little Miss Reynolds finally has those dancing feet planted firmly on the ground. She knows where she is going and, what's more important, knows what she wants out of life. Part of those dreams include a marriage that's as solid as her mother's and dad's. Being wise, both Eddie and Debbie realize that such a love can only be built upon a firm foundation. They hope that they are building that foundation together now. This is the reason why Debbie was insistent that her mother come east with her to meet Mrs. Kate Fisher, Eddie's mother. She felt both families should like one another, too. And while the young ones saw the town together, Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Fisher got acquainted.

The results were great. Both mothers got along famously well. In fact, all four seemed so completely delighted with the situation that it's a tossup which family was prouder when Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds announced the engagement on October 19. This seems to be one storybook romance with no serious complications.

For one thing, both Eddie and Debbie come from the same background and share about the same interests. Born Mary Frances Reynolds (which is what Eddie calls her in private) on April Fool's Day, 1932, in Texas, Debbie moved to California at seven when her dad, a carpenter for the Southern Pacific Railroad, was transferred. It was during the depression and money was scarce. She never seriously thought of the movies then, except as a nice place to go to Saturday afternoon, until her imitation of Betty Hutton at the local movie house won her the title of "Miss Burbank of 1948" and caught the watchful eye of a Warners talent scout.

Without much warning, at 16 Debbie suddenly found herself in the movies. She admits now that she wasn't convinced she was meant for them, and it took her a few years in the "business" before she willingly traded her gym-teacher dreams for those of a movie beauty. In "Susan Slept Here," Debbie "clicked" and there should be no stopping her climb now. She has refreshing cuteness, spontaneity, a talent for singing, dancing and mimicry and has been called "a born comedienne." Debbie hasn't changed much, not even "gone Hollywood" a little. She continues to live with her family in the same modest house they bought when they first arrived from Texas. A large wardrobe ("Father had to enlarge the closet space in my room twice") and a swimming pool in the backyard are the only evidence of fame. Mrs. Reynolds still makes Debbie's clothes.

Eddie had to make his own way, too. He was born Edwin Jack Fisher (Debbie likes to call him Edwin Jack) in Philadelphia's south side on August 10, 1928, one of seven children of Kate and Joe Fisher. He can remember vividly how his dad struggled to keep them all fed and, out of desperation, got a horse and cart and huckstered vegetables and fish up and down the Philadelphia streets. Even when Eddie went along to help, the music inside him could not be silenced. And many Philadelphians can still remember today the thin, serious-faced lad with the beautiful voice who used to go up and down the streets singing out the daily vegetable specials. Since there was never much money in the family, Eddie is largely self-taught. He continued to plug away at his dream "to make music his life," and by the time he was 18, he was singing at the Grossinger Hotel. Two important days in his career are October 1, 1949 when he cut his first disk, "My Bolero," and the May evening in 1950 when Fran Warren had to cancel a date at Bill Miller's Riviera Club in New Jersey, and Eddie filled in.

The day after his Riviera appearance, the critics said a new star was born and, in the five years since he made his first record, he's chalked up 19 consecutive hit-selling more than 15 million records.

Every young romance has its problems and, being in the public eye, Debbie and Eddie have a few more than average. However, these are minor and Debbie and Eddie don't intend to let them wait to erupt later into a schism.

Number one is their separate careers. While a great deal of their understanding and interests stem from their similar careers, they must face the fact that these same careers are responsible for keeping them a nation apart.

While Debbie's seven-year contract with M-G-M will keep her in Hollywood, she hopes there may be opportunities in New York on the stage and tv when she isn't busy in a picture. "I would love to do a Broadway show, if anybody wants me to. I've loved working on a stage in front of live people. And the theatre would put me in New York." When asked about his Coke Time show being done from Hollywood, Eddie has said, "We're going to try to arrange it. At least some of them." If these don't work out, Debbie is ready to compromise. "If both careers go on a full schedule, it won't work. One of the two will have to give up a few things they've been doing in the past—and the one should be the girl. After all, love is a state of being together and sharing things as well as an emotional relationship."

Eddie admits once saying, "Love and show business are just like oil and water. They don't mix, but today he just smiles confidently and says, "She's the greatest. With that attitude, they'll find a way."

Rumor has it that Eddie's managers are worried that marriage might blitz the faithful fan following Eddie now has, and they frankly are not too pleased about the prospects of his marrying. Could be, but the reactions of both Debbie's and Eddie's fans have been just the opposite. They feel pretty much the way Eddie's mom did when he brought Debbie home to dinner. "They're right for each other."

Personally, they seem in tune. On children: they agree, "There must be many." About money: no problem. Eddie took home \$750,000 last year; Debbie's monthly pay check adds up to a nice four figures. About the wedding date: Debbie's been quoted as saying, "I've always wanted a June wedding."

In fact, about the only serious problem in their presently blissful lives is their lack of privacy. "Ever since Eddie and I fell in love I've had even less privacy than before," says Debbie. "So many people are cynical and don't believe in young love. They seem to think all this is a publicity stunt. I'm embarrassed and annoyed to see the avalanche of press at the airport or wherever we go. I feel that two young people in love need a little privacy. I don't know how these things get out, but every little thing we do or plan, people find out. I don't know how they do. I want so much not to make a cheap impression about the feelings we have for each other."

Well, Debbie, we want to reassure you. There's no cause for worry. You haven't. In fact, you and Eddie have done something wonderful for a lot of people. You've put that song in our heart and a lilt in our walk. And because of you a disillusioned and disheartened old world suddenly found that things are not so bad as they seem when there is room for love like yours. We hope your romance ends the way all young lovers wish—in a long, happy life together—and we want you to know that something wonderful happened that day to all of us, the day you fell in love.

THE END



## Rock Hudson

(Continued from page 41)

He was to tell reporters shortly after his arrival in New York. This had been his first real vacation after several years of almost uninterrupted work. He'd gone to Ireland to make "Captain Lightfoot," but had found time both before and after the filming for sightseeing and fun on the continent. No, he hadn't been homesick while he was away; he'd been too busy for that. Only now, as he was gliding toward his native soil, did he feel the pang of homecoming. He'd kissed the Blarney stone while he was in Ireland, and later he was to talk volubly about his trip to whoever was willing to listen, but at the moment he was too choked up to say much. Perhaps, as he was approaching New York, he was thinking of another fairyland city built on the water's edge—Venice. He'd loved Venice. Exploring her canals by gondola and motorboat, strolling through her streets, feeding the pigeons in St. Mark's Place, he'd loved her gaiety, and color and scenic beauty. He'd had fun at the Lido, Venice's famous beach and resort area, water skiing on the deep blue, mirror-smooth Adriatic. And he'd attended the film festival with Scott Brady, the only other Hollywood representative there. Venice was wonderful.

But Rock also remembered the blind, ragged beggar groping his way through one of the busy streets. He'd been in a gay, carefree mood and the sudden sight had jolted him out of it, he couldn't say why. There had been the painfully thin little flower girl, going from table to table selling her wares; and—in Rome—the bent old woman drawing a bucket of water from one of the fountains, right in back of Rome's most luxurious hotel. The sights had registered, but only now, as he was passing his Lady of Liberty, did he grasp their significance.

"We're taking too much for granted. We don't know how lucky we are in this country," he was quoted later. Rock, returning from abroad, realized it was fortunate indeed to be born an American.

Rock, too, had known hard times as a youngster. He'd worked in a grocery store after school, carrying packages out for the customers, and he'd had a paper route. The little he earned in these jobs wasn't spending money. He gave it to his mother to help

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Susan Hayward and Dick Egan aren't talking!

out with the skimpy family budget. Once, he and his mother lived for a whole week on nothing but bread and potatoes. His mother had too much pride to ask her family for help, but one day his uncle Jim stopped by and saw the situation. "Is this all you have to eat?" he asked, and without another word went out and brought back a big basket brimful with groceries, including some candy for Roy. And always his mother managed to scrape up a dime to send him to the movies on Fridays when all the other kids went. They were poor all right, but it wasn't the grinding poverty he'd seen abroad. Poverty without hope.

And there was another difference, one that meant even more. There was equality. To many people abroad equality has become a shopworn slogan, lacking real meaning, but for Rock it had once again all the brightness and luster the idea had had for our forefathers.

Rock was born Roy Fitzgerald in the ritzy town of Winnetka, Illinois, where his father had been a garageman before his parents were divorced. Being a poor kid in a rich town was no barrier for Roy, however. He was one of the crowd, going to the same school, being invited to the same parties, going to the same movies and having his cokes and hamburgers at Cooley's, the soda fountain where all the other kids used to hang out. And when his friends took dancing lessons, the mother of one of them paid for Roy's. The day he graduated from New Trier High School he could face the future on equal terms with all his school chums. Just because his folks didn't have much money didn't mean that Roy belonged to an inferior social class. Equality for Rock was more than a slogan.

Perhaps that helped him get on so well with Europeans. He didn't patronize them. "They're the friendliest people in the world if you try to meet them on their own ground, sort of make an effort to speak their own language," he said.

Rock did just that, and it was no effort for him. He enjoyed the sense of adventure and excitement he derived from being abroad, hearing foreign languages spoken around him, seeing foreign customs and foreign surroundings. Instead of comparing what he found abroad to what he'd left behind, he plunged into the foreign scene with the same zest with which he plunges into the sea when he's surfboard riding at Laguna Beach. Differences delighted him.

In Florence, he stayed at a small  *pensione*, a tourist boardinghouse, in a room with an old-fashioned brass bedstead, a washstand in a corner, and without a private bath. But he liked that room. The window overlooked the river Arno, right near the Ponte Vecchio, the famous old shop-lined bridge. Instead of complaining about the lack of modern comforts, he was thrilled to be in an atmosphere that was so different from home.

And he put his mind to learning a little of the language of each country he visited, picking up a little French and a little German, and more Italian. He has an ear for languages and an actor's facility for verbal mimicry. At the end of his stay in Italy he could rattle off Italian phrases like a native. "It's not so difficult learning something you like to do," he would comment on it to his amazed listeners.

Rock is an expert, of course, at learning what he really likes to do. In his first picture, "Fighter Squadron," he had only one line to speak. "You ought to get a bigger blackboard." He fluffed it thirty-eight times, saying, "You ought to get a bligger back board," before he got it right. However, in his most recent picture, "Magnificent Obsession," he was acclaimed a first-rate dramatic actor.

In planning his vacation, it would have

been easy for Rock to follow a Cook's tour of the famous places, staying at big luxury hotels only where he could have rubbed elbows with the international set. But Rock wanted more than that. He really was interested in the countries and the people he visited and wanted to see as much of them and get as close to them as possible. On his trips before and after the filming of "Lightfoot," Rock rented a car, traveling and staying wherever his own or his companions' whim told them to. Rock was with Betty Abbott and Barbara Rush and while they didn't avoid resorts like the Lido, the Riviera, or Capri, neither did they head for them straight. Mostly they stayed in small towns along the way, spending an average for the trip of only six dollars a day for room and board per person.

The "Queen" was in her berth, and Rock proceeded down the gangplank to the customs inspection. It felt good having American soil under his feet once again. And after crossing and recrossing some two dozen frontiers during the past four months, Rock had become an old hand at baggage inspection.

"Did you buy anything abroad?" the inspector asked him.

There was quite a raft of things—Faience and Wedgwood for his mother, a new 8-mm movie camera he'd bought in Germany, silk shirts from Florence, cuff links from Venice, other gifts for his friends.

"Any perfume?"

"No," he grinned. "No perfume." Betty, after all, had been in France, too.

He'd met the girls in Paris, flying back from Rome. He had intended spending a week there alone while waiting for Barbara and Betty to join him, but it had rained in Paris, and if there's one thing Rock doesn't like, it's rain. He'd walked around hunched up for a couple of days till he passed an Italian travel agency. Unable to resist the lure of the posters, he stepped inside. An hour later he was on the plane to Rome.

What a city that was, aside from the warmth and sunshine Rock loves so dearly. Rome was one place that got under his skin fast. Later he visited Naples and considered that the high spot of the entire trip, but Rome made a terrific impact on him. Walking amidst the ruins of edifices that had been there well before the birth of Christ gave Rock a sense of awe, an awareness of history he'd never been able to conjure up from his text books at New Trier High in Winnetka. He gasped at the sight of St. Peter's and found himself deeply impressed by the charm, beauty and grandeur he encountered each time he turned a corner in the Eternal City. He loved the fountains, the open-air flower markets, the little restaurants and sidewalk cafes. At his hotel he'd run into Ginger Rogers and her husband, Jacques Bergerac, and the three of them spent several days together. One night Ginger and Jacques took Rock to the Coliseum. Lit up by a full silvery moon, the sight was so beautiful he could hardly tear himself away. If Betty had been there—who knows?

Rock would have stayed on in Rome indefinitely, but he'd forgotten to wire the girls and had to fly back to Paris to meet them there. They rented a car and immediately headed south again.

"Those crazy drivers in Paris," Rock thought with a smile, as he was getting into a cab at the pier. The way they whizzed around in their little cars, making enough noise with their horns to drown out the trumpets at Armageddon. It was a good thing he'd once been a truck driver and knew how to take care of himself. He'd heard of people circling around the Arc de Triomphe for a couple of hours before they finally got back into the outside lane.

That was another thing, he thought, that



he hadn't fully appreciated before he'd been abroad. Where but in this country could a man be a truck driver without losing caste, without having it make any difference to his status or future career? People abroad were constantly amazed that such a thing could happen. And he made a point of mentioning his truck driving background frequently. He was proud of having once earned his living with his back and his hands. He'd wanted to go to college after he came out of the Navy, but, when he couldn't get in, driving a truck was the next best thing. It didn't stop him from continuing to dream of a movie career, a dream he'd been spinning since he was a boy of ten when he'd seen Jon Hall dive off a ship into a blue lagoon before the admiring eyes of Dorothy La-mour.

Nor did it stop him from doing something about it. With borrowed money he had some good photographs made of himself, screwed up his courage to present them at a studio, got a hearing and was hired. "In America," he often thought of telling his new friends in Europe, "anybody can be anything he wants to be and is equipped to be."

Once an Italian gentleman cornered Rock in a hotel lobby and gave him a long lecture on all the things that were wrong with America. While going on with this harangue, he kept ordering a waiter around, talking to him gruffly and altogether making the poor man jump. "How then," he wound up his catalogue of grievances, "how then can you call yourselves a democratic nation?"

Rock had sat patiently waiting for the gentleman to finish. "I'll tell you why we can," he now said gently. "It's, because if anybody in our country were to treat a servant the way you have pushed around this waiter, he'd get his coffee in his face instead of his cup." The gentleman, Rock reports, departed rather hurriedly.

As a star who is almost as well known in Europe as he is in this country, Rock had been told that he would be very much in the limelight as a representative of America and must, therefore, be on his best behavior. The admonition was hardly necessary, for Rock has a natural courtesy that wins him friends wherever he goes.

People may have their peculiarities—here as well as abroad—but Rock doesn't mind that. He got along with everybody—garage mechanics, chambermaids, customs inspectors, hotel clerks or elderly land-ladies. That smile of his will melt any female, of course, but he had just as little trouble with the men, language barrier or none. Many people in Europe, he found, spoke at least a little English, and everybody appreciated his own efforts to speak their language. Besides, he's a nice, unassuming guy. People like him.

"Did you find much hostility towards Americans? Did people try to take advantage of you?" These were questions he was asked time and again during the course of several radio, television and press interviews he gave directly after his arrival in New York. His answer always was an unqualified "No" to both questions. No one had shown him any ill will. No one he'd talked to, with the exception of the man quoted above, had been hostile to America. No one, without exception, had tried to take advantage of him.

Once in Paris their bill at a restaurant had seemed too high. Rock had been warned that would happen, so on principle he and the girls checked each item against the menu. After poring over it for some time they came to the shamefaced conclusion that there was indeed an error in the bill—an error in their favor.

"See, Father?" Betty had said. "It doesn't pay to be suspicious." Betty usually calls

Rock nicknames like "Father" or "Igor." Another question Rock was asked frequently was how he'd liked the foreign cuisine. Rock has long been famous for his appetite. He's a big man—an English girl once looked up at him and exclaimed, "Blimey, you're no Rock. You're a bloom-in' cliff"—and his hunger is proportionate to his size. Director Raoul Walsh, who has worked with him in several pictures and knows him well, has described him as capable of eating a ton of ice cream and twenty pies, and he's warned prospective hosts that he's liable to eat his dinner, theirs and a third. But Rock has always been a steak and potatoes man and he was a little leery at first of the fancier dishes served overseas. Being blessed with a cast-iron stomach and his genuine preference for food—any kind of food—he managed the switch easily though.

He's always loved spaghetti and has since added a string of other Italian specialties to his list of favorite dishes—*ravioli—lasagna—scallopini—minestrone—prosciutto—scampi*—he'll rattle them off without pause, getting a dreamy look.

This unusual event occurred at the famous old Elephant's Inn, just south of the Brenner Pass in Northern Italy, where Rock rashly ordered the specialty of the house, the *Elefanten Platte*.

It's a platter the size of a bridge table top, laden with steaks, chops, roasts and other assorted meats, garnished with potatoes and vegetables. Not within living memory have any three strong men been able to finish it in one sitting. Rock tried, but like all the others had to give up. The *Elefanten Platte* proved too much.

Within thirty-six hours after his arrival in New York, Rock was on a plane winging his way back to California. His vacation over, he was anxious to get home. He had to dub in the picture he'd made in Ireland and he had to find and move to a new home as his lease was up for his old house. Soon there would be another picture, and then another. It was work, but it was fun, more fun even than traveling. He looked forward to it.

In back of him the sun was rising into the sky, slowly, ever so slowly, with the plane speeding away from it. Below, the country was spread out like a checker-board. He couldn't take his eyes off it. Now they were crossing the Rockies. He was thinking of Switzerland. A man didn't have to travel six thousand miles just for scenic beauty, he thought. These, our own mountain ranges, were just as impressive.

But then, that wasn't the point of traveling. He'd gone abroad to see the world, learn how other people lived, gain a little more understanding. He hoped he had succeeded. He thought he had. Foreign tongues, foreign faces, foreign customs—he'd learned to respect things foreign, all the while learning to appreciate his own country more. For a country kid he hadn't done so badly. He felt he'd grown during those four months he'd been away.

Above San Bernardino now he could see a blue strip of the Pacific on the horizon. A few more minutes, and the plane would land. He'd be home again, back in the warmth and sunshine of California, back with his friends, his mother, his work. It was good to be home. And it was good to have been away.

A few more minutes to reminisce. Already it was more like a dream—Paris, the Alps, the Italian lakes, the Riviera, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples. Especially Naples. *Vedi Napoli e poi mori*, he murmured to himself. "See Naples and die." "Ciao," he smiled, saying goodbye to the receding memory of his trip.

The plane landed. Rock rushed down the runway. The traveler was home.

THE END



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(Continued from page 49)

Bankhead, it's fine. On Kim, today, it's called sexy. However, for a youngster, it was a heartache. "Once at a football game, I got excited and started to cheer, 'Yeh, team.' Everyone turned around and stared at me and started laughing. After that, I sat quietly at the games. I began to hate to have to speak at all."

Kim's unhappiness showed in her school work. She couldn't seem to concentrate on her lessons. She was among the last in her class and usually exiled to the back row. "I began to daydream a lot," says Kim. "I'd go home and dream that I was beautiful and that everyone liked me, that I was brilliant and was allowed to sit in the front row in the class. But then I'd have to go back to school and there I was—down to earth again. It always hurt twice as much. . . ."

It soon became much simpler to create a make-believe world and walk into it, assured of a welcome. There was a cherry tree in the Novaks' backyard, which Kim designated as her wishing tree. Whenever anything would go wrong she'd slip out to the tree and sit beside it. Talking things over out loud helped because it was difficult telling even her family her thoughts.

In the hope that she would meet new children her own age, Kim's parents sent her to camp one summer. But she couldn't lose her self-consciousness and when school came around, she dreaded it even more. She couldn't eat. She began to stammer, and every afternoon she'd come running home from school, crying. At parties, which she forced herself to attend, Kim stood against the nearest wall, hugging it. Once in a while she'd get up enough courage to ask a boy to dance, which was the custom, and to accept a dance when asked. But for the most part, Kim was miserable.

She shudders when she remembers her first date. A boy from church asked her to go to the movies with him. She wore a new dress and "a purple coat with a velvet collar. I almost decided there might be some hope for me after all."

But her complex got in the way again. "Isn't it a nice night?" inquired Kim's date after a ten-minute pause in the conversation.

"Oh, I don't think so," Kim blurted out. "I had meant to say something witty but the wrong words came out," she remembers now.

"These were about the only words spoken all evening until we said good-night."

During these horrible years, Kim never thought of being an actress. "Other girls did, but I didn't, although I liked to pretend. I loved to act things out. I was never afraid of being someone else, only when I had to be myself. Our class was required to read books and make oral reports on them. This was the only thing I ever enjoyed. But after the report, when I had to sit down and be me again, I'd climb back into my little shell."

One day, Kim made a report to the class and she acted it out. When she got down on her knees in tears, she could hear sobs from all over the room. When she got to the scary part, there were excited screams from her audience. The following day, Kim found herself in the principal's office. Her classmates had told their parents about her performance and they had complained.

"I'm afraid you'll have to write your book reports after this, Marilyn," the principal insisted. "I didn't appreciate the fact then, that I seemed to have a quality that could compel an audience to laugh or cry or be frightened," says Kim. "Instead, I was embarrassed. And so terribly

ashamed of what I'd unintentionally done. At that point, even my shell had shells."

Mrs. Novak turned to the "Fair Teen" Club, which, at that time, was called "Calling All Girls." She talked with the director about her daughter and they decided that membership in the organization might be good for Kim. "All of the kids gathered there," says Kim. "And there were a lot of activities, among them fashion shows."

"I was given a modeling course and began to take part in the shows. I believe that was when I first began to gain confidence in myself. Off-stage, I was still nervous among people. But on-stage, I was perfectly relaxed. Funny, it was the exact opposite with the rest of the girls."

"Then, in trying to explain to the others how to get over their cases of stage fright, I began to feel more at ease with them. It was an invaluable lesson for me, and I believe it would be for any girl who felt as I did. In helping others, you forget yourself. You have no time to be unhappy or frightened or to wonder what everyone's thinking about you. You also learn that no one's perfect, that others, too, have problems. Their problems may not be exactly like your own. They may affect others differently—people react in many different ways. But the important thing is that you're not alone. You have a world full of company, and it's good company to have while you're trying to slay your own dragon complex!"

"There's no fast cure for an inferiority complex. And even when you're on the right track, you run into obstacles. For instance, suddenly I became popular. Before I knew it, I seemed to have everyone for a friend. 'But they're not really my friends,' I cried to my mother in a moment of doubt. 'They don't really like me for me.' An outsider for so long, I'd become suspicious of my sudden acceptance. So, you see, there was still another dragon to slay. It's unfortunate, but true, so many times, only when you feel yourself acceptable to others do you become acceptable to yourself. And you don't want to fool anyone, you want them to know you and like you for what you really are."

"Individuality," says Kim, "is important, too. It may not seem so in earlier years because you want to be one of the crowd. But the first time I went out with a boy who sincerely said, 'You're not like the other girls. You're different. There's something special about you,' well, I was extremely flattered!"

"I've been told that an inferiority complex is due to a person's failure to make a successful emotional adjustment," says Kim today. "The results are varied. Some try to cover their real feelings with brashness. I went the other way, toward seclusiveness. I couldn't bear the thought of facing my problems—or taking on any new ones—facing anything or anyone for that matter. My family, of course, was wonderful. But other people can help only so much. I had to learn to help myself."

"Now I can understand what happened to me. But how could I, as a child, sit down and analyze my feelings? How could I confide them to someone else when I, myself, wasn't sure what they were all about? How can any girl? If she falls behind in school or playground competitions, she feels she's different. If she's sensitive and someone thoughtlessly teases or rebukes her, she wants to run away and hide."

"She feels she's incapable of coping with life and she doesn't know why she should be the one stuck with the feeling, unless it's because, for some reason, she deserves it. Yet, she is stuck with the

complex. In many cases, a girl grows up with it. And then what? Well, I'll tell you, from my own experience! You either keep running, or you stop and face it!"

"Just think of it as I've learned to do: Whatever you lack in one way, you can make up for in others. You'd like to be small and cute? But you happen to be tall and slender? Then stand up straight. Be proud. Let everyone know that you're glad you're tall. It's something special."

"You're not a raving beauty? So what? Every girl can be attractive, and she can do much more than that. She can be charming and sweet. She can be fun to be with. She can be kind and understanding."

"I'd been afraid to improve myself afraid that nothing would help, afraid of further rejection and disappointments. I fell into a very human trap: self-pity. If only I'd taken time to look into the mirror, to say, 'All right, my girl, now let's see what's right about you!'"

"Children, and so many adults, tend to concentrate on surpassing others, but they can overdo this. They should try to surpass themselves. One of my teachers once said, after giving me a low grade, 'I'm not comparing you to other students, Marilyn. I'm judging you by the work I know you can do and the work that you are actually doing. It's simply not your best.'"

"If only I'd listened!"

After her days in the "Calling All Girls" club, Kim went into professional modeling. Then she was sent on a tour with three other models. The tour ended in San Francisco and, chaperoned by the mother of one of the other girls, the group stopped in Los Angeles for several weeks.

One afternoon, Kim rented a bicycle and went riding in Beverly Hills. Agent Louis Shurr saw the long-stemmed beauty and asked if she'd ever been an actress. "I was rather curt, I'm afraid," grins Kim. "My mother had warned me about wolves and about talking to strangers in Hollywood."

Shurr gave her his card, however, and asked her to drop by his office. She did. Her timing couldn't have been better. Columbia Pictures' executive, Max Arnow, happened to stop in while she was there and Shurr introduced them.

Arnow offered Kim a screen test and, several days later, she signed a contract with Columbia. "It will be at least a year before you'll be ready even for small parts," Arnow warned her.

But three months later, Kim received a call from Arnow's office. He had the script of "Pushover." Would she read it and let him know what she thought of it?

"It's exciting," was Kim's verdict.

She tested for the role and was given the lead opposite Fred MacMurray. "And there I was," she says. "There were so many people on the set that I was afraid again. And for a while I was so scared I forgot all I learned. But everyone was so kind, people I hardly knew. And I remembered I was there to do my best, to justify the studio's faith in me. Our job was to make a good picture, and pretty soon I began to forget my fears."

Kim is doing all right for herself these days. She has, in Hollywood's book, "arrived." "Yet," says one of her co-workers, "there's still a wonderful quality of humility about her."

"Could be," smiled Kim when she heard this. "I know how it feels to be left out of things and I so do appreciate my good luck. And I plan to stay busy, terribly busy. People like me should keep active—not brooding—doing. Accomplishment is the best way to kill an inferiority complex."

THE END



(Continued from page 23)  
carried away to remember. Now comes the switch! When the Breen office saw the scene, they were so impressed and, knowing Bing was innocent of disrespect, the scene was okayed and allowed to remain in the picture.

**Assembly-Line Romance:** Don't say we told you, but certain local lovelies secretly wish Terry Moore had stayed out on that personal-appearance tour. Her first week back in town, the popular belle had dates with Richard Egan, James Dean and Jacques Sernas. Of course, this was after Señor Dean and Pier Angeli decided their romance wasn't so romantic. Egan is playing the field and Jacques (he's the French star of "Helen of Troy") not only dated Terry on his first night in Hollywood, he had Shelley Winters on his arm the second! Tennis anyone?

**Guys and Gags:** His studio pals threw a going-away party for Charlton Heston, who plays the bearded Moses in C. B. deMille's "Ten Commandments." Among Chuck's goodbye gifties was a box of—bobby pins! . . . And Rory Calhoun bribed a group of autograph hounds to approach a table where Guy Madison was dining with his new bride. "We're just mad about you, Scott Brady," they squealed. "Ple-ease sign our books!"

**Star Boarder:** Thoughtful Bob Hope gave a party for his "family" who played in "The Eddie Foy Story." The kids were invited to the Hope house on a Sunday afternoon and they had a ball. Early Monday morning Bob came down to breakfast. There sat Tommy Duran, age four, the youngest Foy in the picture. "Tommy, why are you still here?" gasped the comedian. Came the nonchalant reply: "Oh, Tony (Bob's son) invited me to spend a few days." Dashing out of his huge estate, Bob called back: "I'll be home at noon to check the other six bedrooms!"

**Secret Stuff:** Burt Lancaster always gets what he wants and he wants to make a musical. So he's batting his brains out taking tap and toe work. . . . Out-of-state realtors are trying to find a ranch for a lady named Edyth Marrener. Won't they get a super-charge when Susan Hayward moves in! . . . And the day isn't too far away when Audie Murphy will be living on an out-of-state ranch, too. His marriage is running smooth as silk again and one way to keep it that way, the nice guy believes, is to avoid the spotlight of Hollywood attention. He's got a point.

**The Truth Is:** Marlon Brando has a deep-rooted inferiority complex, a close friend insists. So those anti-social antics are merely to "cover up." . . . If the stork's listening in, John Ericson wants his nibs to know he'd like to get on that waiting list! . . . Ann Blyth's night-club act (minus sexy suggestiveness) reduced hard-boiled agents to tears, while Las Vegas "characters" rose to their feet and shouted themselves hoarse. . . . John Wayne doesn't want his sons to act for anyone but his director-friend John Ford. All other offers have been refused. . . . Doris Day and June Allyson finally met for the first time—at the vegetable counter of McDaniel's Market in Beverly Hills. . . . When Audrey Hepburn married Mel Ferrer in Switzerland, her mother attended both the religious and civil ceremonies, but the Baroness still wasn't reconciled to her daughter's new husband.

**Cal Wonders:** Who Montgomery Clift goes

to see when he makes those Sunday trips to—"somewhere in Connecticut." . . . Why a certain "exclusive" Hollywood set persists in saying Edmund Purdom is a flash in the pan and lacks the necessary requisites for stardom. . . . When Clark Gable and vivacious Kay Williams Spreckles will realize they belong together. During his recent physical checkup, gay Kay kept the "King" amused and happy with her daily hospital visits. . . . Where Barbara Stanwyck finds all that energy. Even when she's working, she calls friends after midnight and has nice friendly visits with them on the telephone!

**Unhappy Ending:** Cal hoped, too, that Barbara Rush and Jeff Hunter wouldn't separate. But the official announcement came from the lady, who repeatedly denied there was serious trouble. Result: Annoyed reporters placed most of the blame on her ambitious shoulders. It's true Jeff occupied the number-one spotlight when they married. Then Barbara zoomed to stardom while some of her husband's roles at 20th weren't worthy of his talent. In time, friends insist, however, constant separation by work and periodic personality clashes caused the breach. One thing's for sure: Two-year-old Christopher will always be a strong bond between them—even if they don't get back together.

**Things To Come:** The deal's all set but very hush-hush. Howard Hughes borrowed Marla English from Paramount for twenty weeks. She gets her big break at RKO in "Pilate's Wife." . . . And remember you read it here first. When director William Wellman brings his own fabulous life story to the screen, Tab Hunter is his number-one choice for the starring role. . . . And when, and if, June Haver returns to the screen, she'll co-star with Fred MacMurray, her real-life Romeo. They're so happy together, they don't want to be separated by work. . . . Fans of Grace Kelly and Bing Crosby are in for a surprise when they see "Country Girl." Both do a switch on their usual style for this one.

**Hollywood Highlights:** Debra Paget's dad, in a yachting cap, drives on the lot (he used to be a painter there) in her lavender Cadillac to pick up her pay check. And Debbie, now twenty-one, picked up \$16,500 worth of bonds impounded by a court order while she was a working minor. . . . But Jimmy Stewart can't even give away a Cadillac, to his wife, that is! She was delighted with her birthday present, but Gloria still persuaded Jimmy to exchange it for a smaller model.

**Cheesecake Blues:** When she posed for a national magazine cover, Audrey Hepburn thought the photographer was cutting from her waistline up. When she saw the full-length shot they used, Audrey was so dismayed she ordered all leg-art out from now on.

**Here, There, Everywhere:** When thrilled Judy Garland announced the stork was due again in April, Warners sent the expected baby a 16-millimeter print of "A Star Is Born." . . . And while we're in the nursery, just as Eve Arden predicted, "Our Miss Brooks" had a nine-pound son to please her three adopted children. . . . Jean Peters ended retirement rumors by returning to Hollywood for "A Man Called Peter." And did you know that a man called Stuart Cramer, the 3rd, has a Blue Book family background covering more pages than his wife's scrapbook!

THE END

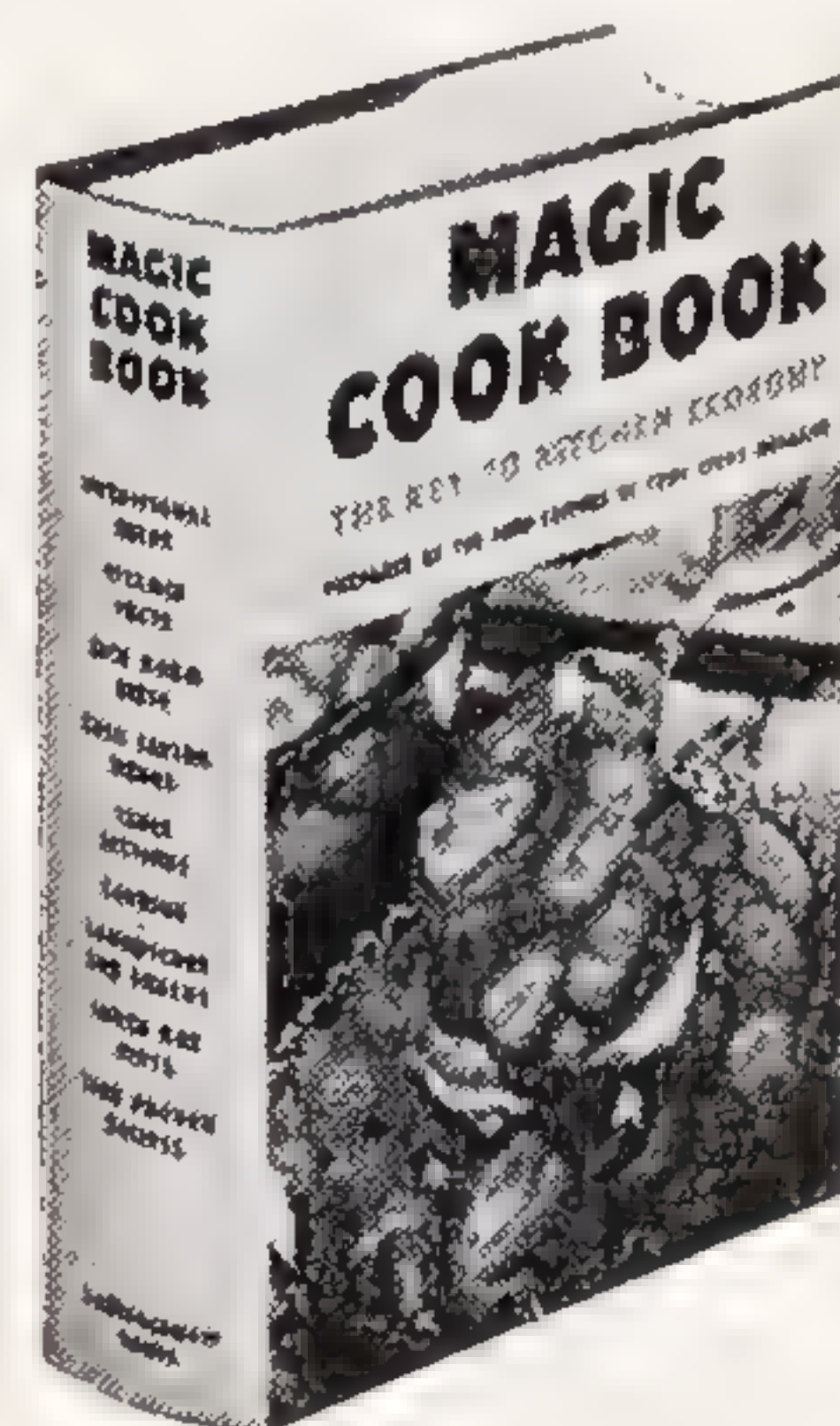
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## When the Roots Run Deep

(Continued from page 33)

togetherness in everything," Alan explained seriously. "We share all things. We work together, play together and plan together. Sue and I are a team. That's the way we like it. Maybe this sort of closeness wouldn't work for other couples, but it's the answer for us.

"With all our common interests, Sue and I are nevertheless completely different in make-up. She is impulsive and will gamble. I won't. With me it's pay cash or nothing. I am a worrier and Sue is an optimist. We both realize that my feelings of insecurity date from depression days. It was a rough, tough time for a lot of youngsters and I was no exception.

Alan Ladd today is a man who faces the inner struggle of accepting himself as he is. He believes in God, and knows that through prayer he may conquer problems. And this same faith is a strong part of the marriage of Sue and Alan. They have instilled faith in their children. Trying to give them a deeper sense of security than Alan himself has ever known, he still struggles to keep them in true balance.

"We want home to mean a spiritual, emotional and physical security to the kids," Alan said thoughtfully. "A nucleus for everything. We have large portraits of them over the mantel in the living room. When they grow up, we'd like to have them look back and remember that. We want home to be a place where they will want to bring their friends.

"When I was very young and very poor," Alan went on, "I knew a boy whose father was very wealthy. When we went to his house the icebox was always full of wonderful things to eat. We were welcome to anything there. I'd like to create that same feeling for the kids. Each of them is different, but we're trying to give them the same sense of values. Carol Lee, of course, has already charted her course. She is going to marry Dick Anderson, a fine young actor under contract at M-G-M Studios. Young Lonnie is shy and sensitive. She's at a stage where she loves to do everything the same way Carol Lee does. Laddie is quiet and athletic. David is the family comedian. But we love them all for their own wonderful ways.

"All of our children are pretty level-headed about the movie business, too," Alan added. "They've grown up hearing about movies from morning to night. So they accept the fact that movies and movie-making are a business. I have no objection to the children being photographed as some stars do. They behave beautifully. Sue and I have worked it out like a competition. Each child tries to be the most cooperative and obey the photographer's instructions fastest. The picture-taking routine is simply a part of Daddy's business. They have no illusions about it.

"When David and Lonnie went to Europe with us in 1953 their studies continued. David was six and Lonnie was ten. We took a fine tutor with us, and no matter where we were the kids studied until two o'clock. Quite often they worked away in the back of a car while we traveled. During those times they were not criticized for any bum penmanship," Alan grinned. "They learned so much with the individual instruction, they could have jumped two grades when we got back home. Sue and I felt that academically it might be fine, but socially it was a pretty fast jump. So they're still with their own age group."

Alan and Sue's love and concern for their children reaches into the future, too. Their new corporation—which will produce radio and television shows and motion pictures—has been carefully planned so that the children have shares in it.

These little stockholders may eventually run the corporation. This new venture in producing is again a joint effort for the Ladds—typical of their magnificent teamwork. They discussed, planned and dreamed until the project became real.

"Our whole life is an open book," Alan pointed out, "and when you live openly you live honestly. I can't stand dishonesty in any form. I don't see how a marriage could survive that. Sue and I are completely honest with one another . . . with one exception. She will hide a bad review from me if she sees it first. When I say honesty, I don't mean to the point of cruelty. Sue would never intentionally hurt me any more than I would hurt her. We have no secrets from each other—and no need for being alone.

"Dishonesty sometimes takes the form of not talking out things you disagree on. Sue and I don't do this. When we disagree we start talking. We work out our own differences. We don't take our troubles to anybody else. We know confiding in anyone else can be like asking for a judge and jury rolled into one."

In a marriage so companionable, Alan and Sue's faults and foibles long ago were relegated to their proper place. They have found that a sense of humor and the ability to laugh at or with each other is mighty important. They tease each other for faults and find praise for virtues.

"Sue has the amazing ability to keep seventeen thousand things on her mind at the same time," says Alan. "And what's more, she follows through. No detail is too small to be completed. Except at work, I'm likely to quit when it comes to details. The daily dozens of little things that have to be done, Sue manages effortlessly. They leave me exhausted. On the other hand," Alan grinned, "my super-human dynamo has turned me into a part-time retriever. I spend a lot of time chasing down her earrings. Sue has a maddening habit of taking off one earring while she's talking on the phone, then she goes blithely on her way forgetting where she left it. So I hunt.

"Her forgetfulness is trivial compared to my worst habit—changing my mind. As Sue manages everything from home to business, leaving me free to go to the studio, we make our decisions at night. Say we're discussing some project that involves someone else. Finally we'll decide and I'll say, 'You call him up in the morning and tell him it won't work.' The first thing in the morning, Sue will get on the phone and get rid of the unpleasant duty. When she comes in to tell me about it, I'm likely to look at her in amazement and say, 'What did you do that for?' It drives her nuts."

Sue is a warmhearted generous woman and loves to buy things for others. She spends months getting just the right gifts for everyone on their Christmas list—and it's a long one. One friend said in awe, "She gets the exact size and perfect fit for every shirt, sweater or pair of gloves. I don't know how she does it." Alan is delighted with Sue's generosity and feels that they have received so much that they have a double joy in giving.

"The trouble with Sue is, she'll buy for everyone but herself," Alan says. "And the only way I can buy anything for her and make her keep it is to have it monogrammed so she can't return it. I have a terrible time talking her into going into town to buy herself some dresses. And when she finally does go shopping, she's just as likely to end up spending five hours shopping for the youngsters and getting nothing for herself."

One secret to this happy marriage is the obvious selfless sharing that has become

almost automatic with them. They reach conclusions jointly, satisfied with the deep contentment they have in each other. As Alan puts it, "Who cares who wins? You're spending your whole life together."

Both the Ladds are tender and sentimental people. Happy themselves, they have engineered many happy marriages among friends, who had only one fault in the eyes of the Ladds . . . they were single. They yearn to see all their friends with the same deep sense of fulfillment they have.

This sense for marriage and home was, of course, the reason Alan so desired to build for Sue and the children the perfect home. And he did. It was the ranch, Alsulana Acres. The first piece of property Alan ever owned in his life. It was a turning point. Looking out on the rich acres of Hidden Valley and knowing they belonged to him, brought to Alan the confidence and belief in himself that he so much needed. The ranch, the stables, the rolling acres were the tangible proof of security. The ranch took eight years to build, but the dream became a reality.

"We wanted the house to flow," Alan says. "We wanted it to have a natural flow from room to room and right out doors. We wanted the sliding glass doors of the living room to give an unobstructed free sweep through the patio across the pool and right into nature's backyard. So we decided against a bathhouse and barbecue by the pool. That would have broken the line. Instead we put the playroom at the end of the house nearest the pool with the barbecue and dressing-room facilities inside. We kept tightening our plans so they would suit the needs of our family, and yet, in deference to my caution, the house was planned so it would be saleable on the market, in case.

"Sue used a lot of originality in the house. She's always had a wonderful gift for decorating. One very practical idea she used was to put fabric on the walls instead of wallpaper. I will admit, I sparked that idea by asking her how murals stayed so well preserved for centuries. She began to wonder why, too. And we ended up with fabric wallcoverings. They're very practical and effective.

"I decided to have built-in pictures, too. So we mapped out picture areas between the studdings which are about two feet apart. The carpenters left a square cut out about six inches deep where we marked the plans. Then we built in our pictures with a background painting and foreground figures, and ended up with a three-dimensional effect on the wall. We like it."

And to anyone who sees it, the Ladds' home embodies the very spirit of their marriage. It is a strong place, constructed with love and care, emanating charm and grace, built solidly on a rock of faith and happiness. Running through the graceful rooms is a feeling of peace and warmth.

And yet, the beautiful house is only a middle-mark in the career of Alan and Sue. Alan is in the prime of his success. He will unquestionably reach new summits, attain greater glories. And wisely, they have found a new enthusiasm to take the place of the interest they expended on the home now finished.

They expect to concentrate now and in future on their new project, the production company. It will be new to them. They look on it as a chance to learn new and exciting things. They hope through it to be able to help others, create new talents and dream new dreams together.

So we give you the Ladds—a happy couple—whose love story never ends.

THE END



(Continued from page 35)

I have my moods and I have a frightful temper. I'm quite a terror when I'm on the warpath."

Studio people at the table smiled indulgently at Miss S.'s assertion of fierceness, while her stand-in, a pretty girl, cringed in mock panic. "That's my trouble," the terrible-tempered Jean complained. "Nobody takes me seriously. I always get the giggles and start to laugh just as I get good and going. I suppose it kills the effect. Still, believe me, I do have quite a temper."

Despite Jean's denials, she always gives an impression of great tranquillity. She's lively and cute in her conversation, yet at the same time there is something very calm and unhurried about her in everything she does, whether it's the way she walks, talks, eats, smokes or sips her coffee. In a field where it usually takes tremendous drive to get to the top, Jean Simmons seems oddly content to be passive and let things come to her instead of going after them.

Was that really true? I asked her. Did she lack ambition?

"No," she said, after thinking it over. "It's not true. I am ambitious about my work. Acting means a great deal to me. I want to be as good as I possibly can be."

What about fame, fortune, public acclaim? Did that mean much to her?

"Certainly. It's very nice to be a star. I like it."

But did she have real drive and push? The urge to outstrip her competitors?

"No, I'm afraid not," she admitted. "I feel a little guilty at times when I hear of other young actors and actresses struggling and starving for years before they get their first break. I was very lucky—I never had to go through any of that. Everything always seemed to sort of fall into my lap. Otherwise I'd probably be a dancing teacher somewhere in London today. That's what I really started out to be."

Jean and her sister Edna had both enrolled in Miss Aida Foster's School of Dancing in London towards the end of the war, dreaming of getting their teacher's licenses and opening up a studio themselves. Jean was only fourteen at the time but seemed to know what she wanted. She'd been at the school only two weeks, though, when she was noticed by a movie talent scout, asked to audition for producer Val Guest and picked from over two hundred candidates for a juvenile role with Margaret Lockwood.

"I was delighted, of course," Jean says, recalling this early triumph. "I'd never dreamed of getting into the movies. I had a granddad, you know, who'd been a music-hall performer, but he nixed that for his own family. He didn't want any of his kids to be on the stage. My folks were very understanding, though. And frankly, we could use the money. There wasn't too much of it around in those days."

Looking at Jean it seems obvious that she must have had a wonderfully happy childhood even without money. Born Jean Merrilyn Simmons, the youngest of four children, she grew up in Golders Green, a not-so-fashionable London suburb, where her father—a former swimming champion—was a school teacher. "We had a very warm and affectionate family life," she relates. "To this day we're all very fond of each other. I don't remember ever hearing an unkind word in our home. Being the baby, I probably was dreadfully spoiled; anyway, I certainly got my share of love and affection. I simply adored my daddy. It's my one great sorrow that he didn't live to see me become a success. He would have been so proud."

During the war Jean was separated from her family, though, when she was evacu-

ated to the country along with other London children and spent a couple of years in Somerset. She won her first movie part shortly after her return to London, tagged along for a while in a succession of minor roles—actually earning her dancing teacher's license in-between movie work—and didn't get a major break till she reached the advanced age of sixteen when she was selected for the role of the young *Estella* in "Great Expectations." Her portrayal of the capricious, charming child brought her international critical praise and started her securely on the road to fame. The memorable performance she gave as *Ophelia* in Laurence Olivier's production of "Hamlet" cemented her reputation, winning her four international film awards. It established Jean as a star of the first magnitude and made her England's most beloved young actress.

"It took me a while to acquire a taste for Shakespeare," Jean concedes. "I might never have except for people like Gabriel Pascal and Larry Olivier going to a good deal of trouble trying to make me see the light. It takes a little effort, but I now find Shakespeare fascinating once I grasp the full meaning of his words. I'd like to do *Juliet* someday. And perhaps *Rosalind*, in "As You Like It."

She finds herself a little bemused, though, with her friends the Oliviers' new project for the London stage, Shakespeare's "Titus Adronicus." "Spence—Spencer Tracy—gave us a graphic run-down of the play the other night. It has the most gruesome, gory plot..." She shuddered a little, imagining the mutilations around which the story revolves. "I suppose if Larry and Vivien are going to do it, the play must have its merits," she then added philosophically.

After "Hamlet," it was inevitable that Jean would eventually go on to stardom in Hollywood. Her beauty was obvious, her talent confirmed by a series of successes. But before she transferred her activities to this side of the ocean, there were several more years of film making and fun in London. Still in her teens, an established star adored by the British public, Jean had herself one whale of a time. "There was always so much to do, so much excitement," she recalls a little nostalgically. "I never had a chance to get bored. I love California—I wouldn't live anywhere else in the world—but I do get homesick for London."

During her "British" period, Jean also made one picture, "The Blue Lagoon," in the Fiji Islands. This gave her a chance for a trip around the world and her first acquaintance with the United States. However, Hollywood had its first glimpse of Jean when, on her return trip, she served as proxy for several British artists at the motion picture Academy Award presentations. Not knowing what was in store for her fellow Britishers, she'd prepared one short speech of acceptance. She had to ad lib when she was called back six times instead of once. Her charm and poise were so great on that occasion that she scored a personal success with her impromptu performances.

Nineteen-fifty—the year she turned twenty-one—was a momentous one for Jean Simmons. She married Stewart Granger, with whom she'd been in love since she was a child (even before she ever met him in person). And in that same year, Jean found herself committed to RKO in Hollywood when Howard Hughes bought up her contract with J. Arthur Rank. Her subsequent feud has been widely publicized.

Stewart Granger—"Jimmy" to his wife and his friends—had been Jean's movie idol long before she dreamed of meeting

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him in person. When she did—on the set of "Mr. Emmanuel" where he visited Elspeth March, to whom he was then married and whose daughter the fifteen-year-old Jean was playing—she fell head over heels in love with him. It wasn't until several years later, though, after he was separated from his wife and Jean and Jimmy co-starred in a film "Adam and Evalyn," that he in turn paid any attention to her. They were married in Tucson, Arizona, a couple of years later.

There have been rumors at times that all wasn't well between the Grangers. It's been said that Granger is pushing Jean into the background, that he's domineering, over-critical and belittling. On account of professional commitments they've had long periods of separation, a hazard to which the average marriage isn't exposed, and one liable to blight the happiness of the most congenial couple. Much has also been made of the fact that Granger is quite a bit older than his wife.

Jean, on the other hand, is known to enjoy flirting a little. She's been seen out with male friends when her husband was away, but that has always been entirely in the open and with Granger's knowledge and consent.

Jean doesn't look like the kind of girl whose ego takes a constant beating at home; she also struck me as sufficiently mature to be attracted to a man somewhat older than herself. Jean certainly doesn't appear to be torn by marital or any other kind of conflict. Jean frequently mentions her husband affectionately and she doesn't exactly seem to be looking forward to their frequent separations. "Maybe I'll be able to go to India while Jimmy works in 'Bhowani Junction,'" she says wistfully. She's been asked to play on Broadway, but she says she couldn't see it. "Jimmy and I couldn't do one together under the terms of his contract, and I wouldn't want to commit myself alone for any length of time."

Jean thinks a good deal of her husband's artistic judgment. She refers to him and quotes him frequently in conversation and gives him enormous credit for coaching and helping her with her own parts. Further, she cheerfully admits his taste prevails in furnishing their home and that he is in complete charge of the kitchen. "He won't even let me come near it," she said. "You stick to your acting," he tells me."

Falling under the spell of Miss Simmons is easily done and men and women have been known to resent and avenge the least slight, but who can help feeling that Jean's husband is perhaps right in maintaining acting—not food—is her forte. For lunch she's likely to order something that might better be referred to on the menu as the "Truckdrivers' Special," a corned beef hash with browned potatoes kind of affair that looks at its best like army chow at its worst. She seems to enjoy it thoroughly and is willing to try even the most teasing food suggestions of her friends—like pouring syrup over her hash.

Perhaps it's that kind of suggestibility that makes her appear cowed and docile in the presence of her husband. However, if she's actually sat upon, she has at least preserved her sense of humor. One marital dispute of long standing has been about the choice of television programs. Granger likes prize fights, Jean doesn't. Spencer Tracy, who is one of their close friends, once advised her to assert herself. "You pick your program for a change, Jean," he told her. "No reason in the world why Jimmy and I should always have our way."

"At that my husband pipes up and says something about a fight being on between some Kid Cocoa and a Hurricane Jackson, or some such names," she relates. "Like I said," Spence continued. "You pick your

program for a change—tomorrow night."

"We eventually settled the argument by getting a second television set. Now Jimmy looks at one and Rushton, our butler, at the other."

There is a decidedly mischievous streak in the gentle Jean, but her wit or her pranks are never unkind. When she made "She Couldn't Say No" with Robert Mitchum back in '51, one of the scenes called for her to stand in fishing boots in a rushing stream and to be picked up and carried away by Mitchum. Rugged Bob nearly broke his back trying to lift her up and sling her over his shoulder. Jean had gained unsuspected poundage when she filled her boots with lead.

Another time she quietly watched the director instruct an electrician by the name of Pettibone how to adjust the lighting for a shot. Pettibone was of particularly short stature.

"Higher," the director shouted.

Pettibone dutifully lifted the light higher.

"Higher still," requested the director.

Pettibone complied.

That continued several times until Jean burst out: "If we aren't careful we'll run out of Pettibone."

And once, when Sherman Billingsley of the New York Stork Club inadvertently introduced her to the audience as "Miss Sigh-mons," she turned to him smiling radiantly. "Thank you very much, Mr. Billingsgate," she said.

The people who work with her every day are full of praise for Jean's simplicity and lack of star-consciousness. There is a feeling of complete equality between Jean and her stand-in with whom she frequently lunches. Vivian, her hairdresser, is a long-time friend; and back in London she used to share a flat with the girl who took care of her wardrobe. She's known to treat studio grips with the same courtesy as she will the head of the studio, the director or a fellow star. She's extremely affectionate and has none of the traditional British reserve about showing it. Once her husband's stand-in ambled over to the set of "The Egyptian." She'd always liked him, hadn't seen him for some time and gave him a big hello, kissing him on the cheek.

"I wish you'd do that for me," one of her co-stars said.

"I will," Jean replied. "When I know you as well as I know Bob."

She's invariably kind, generous and ready to help those who need it. She does those things quietly, though, and won't talk about them as she doesn't want to embarrass anybody. From others, however, I've heard of doctors' bills that were paid and of children who were sent to camp.

Their home, incidentally, has rarely been photographed. With so much of their private lives exposed to the glare of publicity, this is one part they try to guard jealously. They don't go in much for nightclubbing or other fancy amusements, but spend most of their leisure hours at home or at friends'. The Wildings, Mike and Liz, are their most intimate friends, and the two couples spend much time alone with each other, but on Sundays Jean and Jimmy usually entertain a fair-sized crowd of friends.

By her own admission, Jean is lazy when she's not working on a picture. Dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, she loafs around the house reading and listening to music. She loves to sleep. When I asked her what she was going to do when she finished her picture, she put the palms of her hands together, leaned her cheek against them and blissfully closed her eyes. "Sleep," she said. "Sometimes I go to bed at nine and sleep through till ten the next day." She also swims, plays tennis and is wild about dancing. Experts claim she could have become a prima ballerina if she hadn't been

side-tracked into the movies. Her ballet training shows itself in the way she moves and walks. Her stance, posture and gracefulness are a not inconsiderable part of her charm.

Jean has a sexy figure and looks stunning in evening clothes, but her alleged indifference to clothes appears to be genuine. Last spring she received a frantic call from a certain dress shop. It was the afternoon before the PHOTOPLAY Awards ceremony, and the store had just discovered that the identical dress as the one Jean had ordered for the occasion had been sold to Lana Turner as well. Instead of getting excited, Jean merely told the store to pick out another dress and send it up. Later everybody commented on her exquisite taste and how beautiful she'd looked in that particular dress.

Gossip has it that after four years in the United States Jean has become sufficiently Americanized to be a baseball fan. She seems to enjoy it all right, but there's evidence that she has yet to grasp some of the game's finer points. Once she attended a ball game with her husband and became wildly excited cheering on the Boston Bobby-soxers.

Told that the team was called the "Red Sox," she became quite flustered. "Oh dear," she said. "It's a good thing nobody heard me. They would have thrown me out right on my pretty, little—ear."

Jean blushed a little, admitting that she used words occasionally that might not be entirely acceptable at St. James's Court. "I suppose I shouldn't," she says. "I don't like it in other women. I must have caught the habit from Jimmy. He's real bad."

There is a school-girlish quality about Jean at times that is particularly endearing considering she's been a star since her teens. After years of success and acclaim she still doesn't take her position for granted. When someone pointed out Lillian Gish coming into the commissary, Jean craned her neck trying to get a glimpse of her. She'd never met her and was excited seeing her in person for the first time. Her reaction then lent credence to a story that has been told around Hollywood for years.

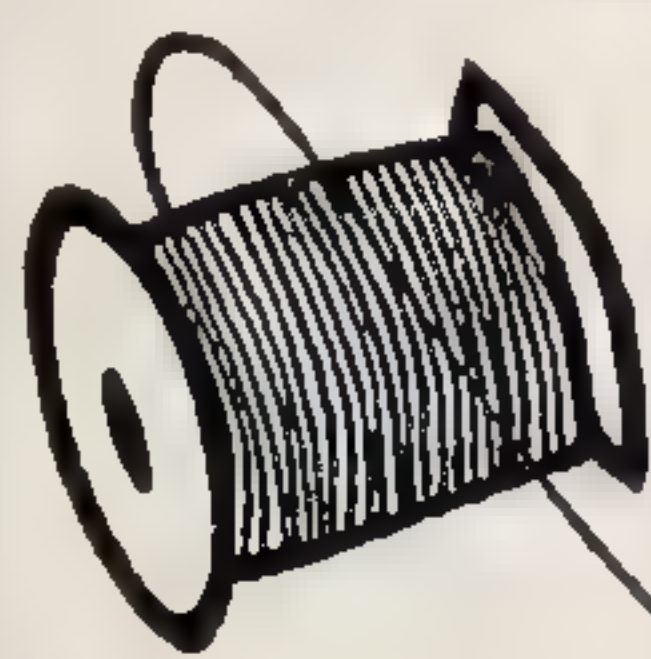
Jean was already an established star on her second visit to Hollywood when producer Hal Wallis gave a large party in her honor. Jean showed up with an autograph book, thrilled over the opportunity to add to her collection. "Sure, it's true," she says emphatically. "Just imagine what a thrill it was for me to meet all those famous people. I'd heard about and admired for so long."

There is, however, nothing girlish or naive about Jean Simmons when she's talking about her art. She's exceedingly well informed about every phase of motion-picture making and will talk with authority about any angle one may wish to approach—photography, direction, scripts or acting. She responds with intense interest to whatever is said, whether the talk is about the great French director Duvivier, Marlon Brando or something as specialized as camera technique. For Jean Simmons—lest one forget it over the charm of her personality—is a professional first and last, an artist to her fingertips.

There is an old wheezer in show business that hunger—being good for the soul—is part of the making of a good actor or actress. Jean Simmons, a great actress, is proof that this isn't necessarily true. She's been fortune's darling—blessed with luck, beauty, talent and charm. Unwarped by driving ambition or struggles, she's been able to preserve the one quality which in addition to all others makes her unique—genuine kindness. The beet growers, it would seem, weren't wide of the mark: she's the sweetest.

THE END





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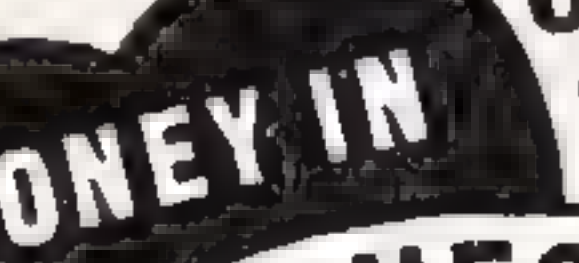
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(Continued from page 54)

and yours is a smile that will melt the flintiest heart. Your father gets a job with the Grover Grider Electric Company in Stockton, and on the strength of the promised position—and your charm—you move into an apartment without paying anything down on the rent. According to your father, you're the family's best security. . . .

"We didn't have a dime to pay down on the rent or for food or to turn the lights and gas on. And I was too proud to ask the boss for an advance. The landlady's name was Mrs. Schnake, and I put our problem to her very frankly—and she was frankly hesitant. "I've just been beaten out of two weeks' rent," she said. Then she looked at Jeanette again. "But you have this baby—I think I'll trust you." Then we went to the corner grocery and gave him the story and asked if we could charge a few things. He looked at the baby—and we went away with groceries, a can of canned heat to cook with and candles for light."

Yes, money is scarce during your early years, but yours is a family rich in love and laughter and understanding. You grow up with a sense of values that won't desert you in the glamorous years ahead. Tough times only strengthen your family ties.

On Halloween, 1931, you make your first appearance in costume, and you are a "howling" success—according to your Mom:

"We had a little party for Jeanette at home—just the three of us. She had a mask on and a white sheet draped around her, and she had one of those serpentine things you blow on which delighted her no end. Our apartment was on the street, and we had all the lights out but a candle in a pumpkin. Jeanette would blow this thing out the window at everybody passing along the sidewalk. She had an hilarious time."

In 1933 you enter Weber Grammar School in Stockton. Your father's still working at the electric company, your mother's working at Wright's Coffee Shop to help out with family finances, and your Aunt Pearl, eight years your senior, lives with you and "baby-sits" while your parents work. Your "Auntie Popo" has a few of her own vivid memories of you:

"I used to love to dress Jeanette up and take her places, and she was like a little sister—always tagging after me. We'd go to school together, eat lunch together, and on Saturdays we would go to the movies

all day long. We'd go to the Mickey Mouse movie in the morning, stay for the matinee, and if we could talk Fred and Helen into it we'd go back for another show that night.

"I married when I was sixteen. We lived in Oakland, and Jeanette would come visit us. My husband and I were just kids, too, but Jeanette would call us 'Mommy' and 'Daddy' just for fun. She was eight years old and almost as big as I was. She'd skate down the hill by the house yelling, 'Mommy—catch me!' People going by would give us the funniest look. The neighbors thought I was a real child-bride. We were the shock of the town!"

In 1935, too, you twirl a baton as majorette of the Scouts and you win a silver cup engraved "First Prize Mascot" for Pyramid No. Five. Your band, in fact, wins a prize three years in a row among competitive cities and Pyramids. One of your public, your Pop, gives a firsthand report:

"Our daughter was so proud of that drum-majorette outfit. It was white, trimmed with gold braid, and she wore white Russian 'dress-up' boots with it. Her tall majorette hat was made of tin foil—and she really loved that. 'It shines just like diamonds in the sun,' she said. Once she marched for miles—all through the park and the downtown section—twirling that baton with an open blister on her hand. For a prize one year they told her she could pick out whatever she 'really wanted' in the local jewelry store. Jeanette said she really wanted a 'red plaid raincoat and a hat to match.' Her mother couldn't stand it—our daughter being turned loose in a jewelry store where she could pick out a watch or bracelet and coming up with something like that. 'Jeanette you *must* want something here,' she said. The girl wouldn't budge, though—and a plaid raincoat she got!"

But the real adventure you look forward to so eagerly in childhood, Jeanette, is the two-weeks vacation you spend every summer at your beloved grandmother's in Merced. You pack and repack your little suitcase for weeks ahead of time. Your grandmother, blinded for years, has never seen you. She strokes your golden-brown hair, she feels the snub nose and contours of your face—and others give her every detail about you. As for you, you are her eyes when you are with her. You read to her. You go to movies together, and you describe all the stars to her. . . .

When you are ten years old, tragedy comes very close to you, and you are almost blinded, too. You're playing "cops

and robbers" with a little playmate in the park, using wooden guns with taut rubber bands on the end of them for "ammunition." "Janie, look," he says. You turn to look at him, and he lets loose with a rubber band, accidentally striking you in the eye. Your mother rushes you to the doctor. You wear a black patch over it, then dark glasses for weeks. The rubber band missed the pupil by a whisper, or you would have been blind for life. It would seem Fate already is your very good friend.

During the Christmas vacation in 1939 you make your first "professional" appearance. Are you scared, Jeanette?

"Scared? I was petrified. Absolutely turned to stone. We were doing a little skit built around 'Faith, Hope and Charity—the greatest of these is Love.' I sang the 'Wishing Well Song'—'I'm wishing for the one I love to find me some day . . . I'm hoping—la da da de da . . . I was Love, and I wore a devastating cheesecloth thing—an eighth-grader's Christian Dior. . . ."

This is the year, too, you're voted "Prettiest Eyes" in Weber Grammar School and graduate mid-term from the eighth grade. The schools are crowded in Stockton and your I.Q. is so high that the teachers keep having you skip grades. And this, "Little Miss Love," is an important day in more ways than one. For the first time your Mother allows you to wear rouge and a little lipstick, thereby saving your pride with the other girl grads who are much older than you. . . .

You're in high school now, and this is your life. . . . You make the Honor Society three years in a row. You sing in the Presbyterian choir and with Frank Thornton ("Teach") Smith's high school "Troubadours." The "Bob-Inn" is the "sharp" place to go for hamburgers and chocolate malts. As soon as you're allowed to ride with a boy in a car, the big adventure is to drive out to the edge of town to "Stan's Drive-In." As for your first date . . . remember that, Jeanette?

"That I couldn't forget. My first *real* date was with Dick Doane. We went to a football game at Lodi and my parents drove us. This was, of course, after a courtship of many months, attending Christian Endeavor together. But our real big evening was a Christmas dance. I had a new \$12.95 aqua-colored formal that was a vision. It just kind of floated along. I had my hair done up. Dick sent me a white orchid, my first. For Christmas Mother and Daddy gave me a little short white rabbit fur jacket. My first fur coat! They let me open my present in advance, so I could wear it to the dance. When I opened the door that night for Dick, he sort of gasped 'Oohhh.' I've never enjoyed an evening more. I was really living that night."

You're doubly proud of that white rabbit fur jacket, Jeanette. For you know your parents will probably be paying for it all the following year. Unwrapping it, you look quickly at your mother's hand—to see if her watch and engagement ring—with its two small sapphires and wink of a diamond—are still there. The family jewels move in and out of the local pawn shop regularly during these earlier years.

For you 1940 is in many ways a very grim year. And one better to forget. You move to Merced for that year. Your beloved grandfather is incurably ill, and your blind grandmother needs help and reassurance. Your dad is working as an automobile salesman, but there's a national emergency and there are no new cars to sell. You love going to school in Merced, you make many friends, and when your father plans to go back to Stockton and take a job, you don't want to move back

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there. On an impulse you elope to Reno with a young school friend. And for that today your parents take full responsibility.

"We had been so preoccupied with many other problems that year that we hadn't given Jeanette the proper attention. She was surrounded at home by illness and a depressing atmosphere. On the way back from Reno, she realized what she had done. She came straight to us, and it was all over very quickly. We went over to the boy's parents' home together, and we had the marriage immediately annulled."

These are wartime years. "The Hut-Sut Song" is sweeping the country, and some of your father's best automobile customers, the cadets stationed nearby, are constantly banging it on your family piano at home. You're the little sister to them. They nickname you "Double Bubble," and they saturate you with your favorite bubble gum. Some of these boys go in with General Doolittle on that first raid over Tokyo, and won't be coming home. . . .

Your dad takes a job as chief outfitter for a shipyard. Your mother works there as journeyman electrician. And you are working at Bravo & McKeegan's men's clothing store in Stockton for fifty cents an hour, remember?

"I loved working in the men's clothing store. We had the biggest Army stock in town, and the V-cadets really used to flock in there. When the regular cashier went on vacation, I got to work with the business end of it, and then I had a ball I loved working with figures. There was one bad evening, however, which I'll never forget. The cash register was ten dollars short, and we stayed there until late at night trying to find the mistake. It turned out that it just hadn't been rung up properly, but I was sick. . . ."

In 1943 you're sixteen years old, and a popular co-ed at the College of the Pacific in your home town. And these are golden days to be always remembered. Football games. The annual Mardi Gras. Pledging Alpha Theta Tau sorority. You sing with the A Capella Choir, and your clear voice floats with the others out the open windows and across the campus to the strains of "Come to the Fair" and the school song, "Pacific, Hail." You get the second lead in "The Pirates of Penzance," your one stage experience. Music you love, but you hate speech class. Ironically enough, in speech class you feel self-conscious and inadequate.

You've given up your high-school dream of being an algebra teacher by now, and you're undecided about your major until the choir sings at the state insane asylum. You're profoundly affected by the whole world of the living dead. But you notice, when the choir sings, that music seems to be a happy medicine for the inmates. Some of them seem more cheerful and relaxed. And you decide to major in musical therapy.

You cannot know now, Jeanette Morrison, that Fate is already readying a far larger audience for you. Your star will twinkle high in the Hollywood Heavens and you will touch the lives of millions with another form of "happy music" you make. . . .

In 1944 you form college friendships that will last through the years. Two of the sorority sisters who stand joined with you in a circle in the candlelight at meetings are your lifetime Stockton friends, Marie and Helen Arbios. Marie, today Mrs. Frank Boyle, wife of the coach of Stockton College, recalls a few college capers you two shared:

"Quite a few, as I remember. Jeanette was very popular in school, as sweet as she was pretty, and never conscious of her good looks at all. The kids all loved her. We used to double-date a lot. Ball games, school dances, and affairs like the

annual college Mardi Gras. Sometimes we would go dinner-dancing at the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco or to the Claremont in Berkeley when our team played Cal's. After one game we all had dates with some Merchant Marine officers and we went out on the town. Jeanette had a new hat with a veil studded with rhinestones. We all thought it was so dreamy. Today she screams whenever she sees a picture that was taken that night."

In 1944, too, first love blooms for you. You meet Stan Reames, who's in school studying under the Navy's V-12 program, and yours is a typical college romance. On October 6, 1945, you're married in the campus chapel, with Marie and Helen Arbios, Margaret Shepherd as bridesmaids. Your parents leave Stockton to work at a swank winter resort and give you the use of their duplex and all the new furniture for a wedding gift. You eke out a serviceman's allotment by keeping two students who room and board with you. Stan Reames has the big dream of someday going to Hollywood and starting his own sixteen-piece band. . . .

But Fate is already moving in with her own idea of a future for you—

For Christmas 1945 your parents gift you with a holiday vacation at the Sugar Bowl Ski Lodge, near Soda Springs, California, where your father is employed as assistant manager and your mother as receptionist.

Vacationing at the Lodge, too, is George Dondero, San Francisco businessman and amateur photographer. He shoots various winter scenes around the Sugar Bowl, and of the guests skiing there. Your parents mount the photogs in an album in the lobby. And you, too, Jeanette Morrison, pose for a ski shot for him.

You've returned to college when Norma Shearer and her husband, Marty Arrouge, arrive at the resort. Turning the pages of the album in the lobby one fateful day, she's stopped by two pictures of a fresh-faced co-ed and her vivid radiance. That night your parents place a long-distance phone call, but only you know just how excited and startled you are:

"Startled! I remember saying, 'Oh, no—Not me! How could I? I've never even acted. Oh, no—not me. . . .' I was so afraid Miss Shearer might think I was an actress—and I wasn't. 'Are you sure she knows I've never done anything?' I kept saying. I wanted to make sure it was very clear I knew from nothing about nothing. . . ."

Your parents arrange for you to come back to the Lodge, but on Saturday before you arrive Norma Shearer receives a message saying her son is ill, and she's flying to Los Angeles even as you are bus-bound for the Sugar Bowl. When weeks follow, and you hear nothing further, you're not surprised. What would *you* have to offer to the movies?

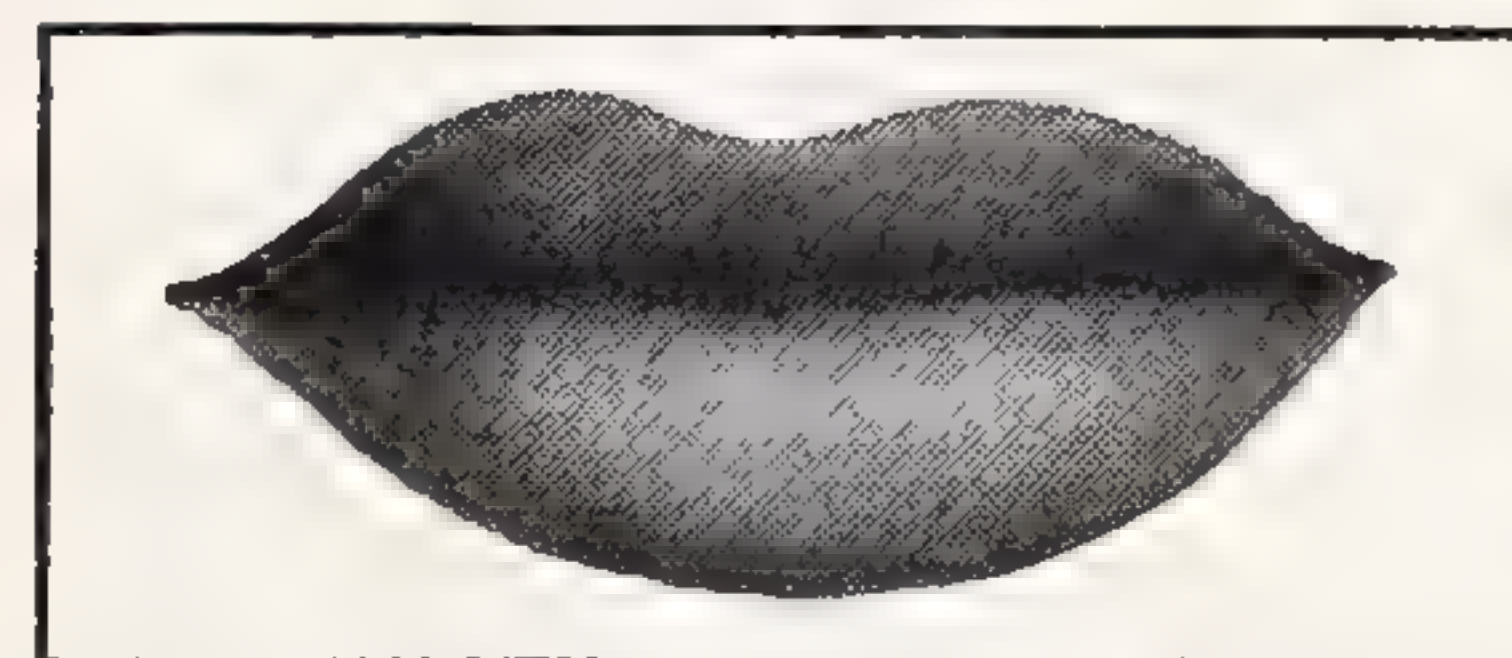
In the spring—1946—you accompany your husband and sixteen musicians to Hollywood to help Stan realize his dream of building a fabulous band. You've borrowed money. You've sold your car and anything else that's salable to get the stake that will start the new band to fame. All of you move into cheap quarters at the Harvey Hotel on Santa Monica Boulevard. But fifty dollars weekly for each musician, recordings, rentals for rehearsal studios soon eat up your stake. There are no bookings. You're broke, disillusioned and wondering what the next move can be, when Fate in the form of a forwarded letter finally catches up with you. . . .

And here, for the first time, the star who discovered you and who's responsible for that letter, Norma Shearer, tells the whole story behind two photographs—and what she saw in those photographs that is to change Jeanette Morrison into a Cinderella star the whole world will soon know

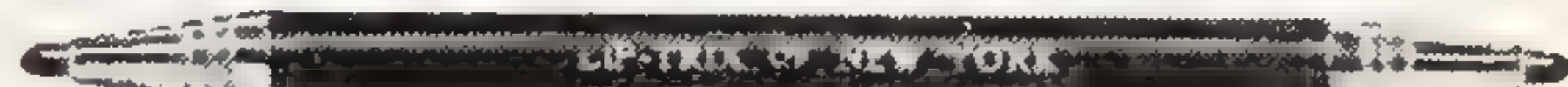


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as the screen actress Janet Leigh:

"Marty and I were at the Sugar Bowl, skiing, and one day I was looking through the album in the lobby at pictures of various people at the resort. Among them were two lovely photographs of a girl I didn't know. She wore no make-up. She had long naturally brown hair, wonderful feathery eyebrows, and there was a soft warm breeze in her face. 'Who is this lovely girl?' I asked. 'That's my daughter,' the receptionist said. I asked if I might have a copy of the picture. 'You may have these,' she said, and took them out of the album for me.

"I saw in her face an ethereal quality, an elusive aesthetic quality, an emotional quality which I thought was actress material. It seemed to me everybody they were putting in pictures then was trying to be sexy and cute. I thought there was a place on the screen for a face with a quality like this.

"I took the pictures with me when I left the Lodge. If ever the right opportunity presented itself, I knew I'd like to do something about Jeanette Morrison. Not to help Jeanette Morrison, but to help my studio, Metro. However, in the process of getting settled again when we got back to town I was busy, and nothing happened for some time.

"Then David Lewis was going to produce 'Arch of Triumph,' and he was looking for someone to play the part of the girl. In the book she was a fragile young girl who dies of cancer. He was trying to talk me into playing the part. 'Oh, no, I wouldn't be right for it,' I said. 'But there is a girl—a new girl—who would be great in this.' We agreed to meet, and I would bring the photographs.

"Marty and I met David at Romanoff's late one afternoon and we talked. But when he rushed off to a preview later on, he left the pictures behind. We were meeting Benny Thau and Eddie Mannix from Metro, and Lew Wasserman, of MCA, there for dinner, and when they came in, I asked, 'Anybody want to see a lovely face?' I passed the pictures around the table. My friends from Metro thought she was a lovely girl—and that was sort of that. But Mr. Wasserman was the smart one. 'May I have these?' he asked. 'Certainly,' I said. 'Her name is on the back. I'm not sure where you will find her, but her parents are at the Sugar Bowl Lodge.'

He said, 'Don't worry. I'll find her,' and took the photographs. A week later he called me. 'I've got your girl placed,' he said. 'Where?' I asked. And he said, 'At Metro.' Which I thought was ironic, remembering how Mr. Lewis had gone off and left her pictures lying there.

"Not too long after this someone from the M-G-M publicity department called me. 'Your girl has the lead with Van Johnson in "The Romance of Rosy Ridge,"' he said. 'Will you come out and have your picture taken with her and with Van?' I told him I'd love to come meet her. 'Meet her! I thought she was your protegee,' he said. I'm sure he thought she was a distant relative—a cousin or something.

"I met her and we had a picture taken. Gone were the feathery eyebrows, and her wavy hair was trained to do what it was born to do. But more than that, there was an expression of gratitude on her face, I shall never forget."

Nice words, these. But in June 1946—broke and discouraged and wondering how to meet the next week's rent in a Hollywood hotel—you're surprised to find anybody thinks you're capable of a career or any kind. With excited widening eyes, you read the letter that's been forwarded to you. And by the way, what does the letter say?

"It was from MCA. They wanted to know whether I was 'planning to be in the vicinity of Hollywood or Los Angeles in the near future.' And if not, would I 'consider making a special trip down' that summer? I called them immediately and told them I was already in their vicinity. I was so excited. For my interview at the agency the next day, I put on my best Stockton dress—a rose wrap-around crepe—which was pretty bad. I wore lush purple flowers in my hair and purple gloves. And that isn't all. Can you take more? When I went through the lobby of the hotel, all the boys in the band chorused, 'You look so beautiful!' But when I got out to MCA I wish you could have heard Levis Greene trying to tell me tactfully to please somehow look like I did in the pictures when we went out to M-G-M.

"My mother sent me a birthday check and I bought a perfectly plain pink cotton dress trimmed with black rick-rack braid and I wore that. At the studio, Lucille Ryman, head of the talent department, said, 'Stand up,' and I stood up. She asked

me if I'd had any experience acting and I said I had not. I wasn't in there five minutes, and they signed me to a seven-year-contract! Then Lillian Burns, the studio drama coach, gave me a scene. 'Work on it,' she said. I didn't know what to do with it, so I just memorized it. This woman—Lillian Burns—was like my Guardian Angel from the first time I read for her."

And with reason. Take Lillian Burns' word for it:

"She came in with that magnificent long hair of hers, with stars in her eyes and with that same enthusiasm she has today. I've never met anyone who had real stars in her eyes like this girl had. It was such a refreshing thing, just to look at her. She had such warmth and excitement about her and that feeling of being so alive and enjoying everything. I gave her a scene from 'Random Harvest,' a very difficult scene. And I was amazed at her reading. She had natural talent. She had no conception of the acting craft—but she had a wonderful instinctive quality we don't find too often in people who've never acted before. I was terribly excited about her, but I wanted to be certain her first reading wasn't a fluke. By the third day I was convinced the quality was really there, that she had a real basic instinct for acting, as well as the ability to listen, to respond and to project. All this and that wonderful face. I recommended the studio not wait three months until they made the test—but to take up Jeanette Morrison's option immediately and get to work with her under her regular contract."

So, Cinderella, your foot is inside the magic kingdom. You've signed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for \$50 a week. True, the fifty dollars doesn't stretch too far. You and Stan take a little room in the backyard of your uncle's house in Glendale, and you ride the bus from Glendale to Culver City—two hours—every day. But the stars are even bigger in your eyes. And within those magic walls for you it's Christmas every day.

What you don't know, Janet Leigh, is but for Fate—you could have been finished before you even started. A wave of retrenchment has started at the studio. Many young players who are not working before the cameras are let go. But your Fate—whether in the form of a "lucky" pink cotton dress or a snapshot in borrowed ski pants—knows no obstacles. And Destiny doesn't desert you now. . . .

Going into production is "The Romance of Rosy Ridge," starring Van Johnson, the rave of the bobby-soxers now. The girl, a name actress, has already been cast and her wardrobe already fitted. But director Roy Rowland and producer Jack Cummings are not satisfied. She doesn't have the special quality needed for this girl.

One Saturday, Stockton's favorite daughter is at the studio plugging eagerly away. Strangely enough, both the director and the producer, who seldom come in on Saturday, are also there today. The three of you meet . . . and a new star is born. According to director Roy Rowland:

"Lucille Ryman called me and said she wanted me to meet somebody. 'This girl has never done a part before. But she's been signed by the studio and I want to know what you think of her,' she said. What I thought was that Jeanette Morrison was the girl I must have for 'The Romance of Rosy Ridge.' She had an exquisite sensitive face, the dewy unsophisticated quality we needed for this girl. I took her to Jack Cummings, and he enthusiastically agreed. 'I want to make a test of this girl,' I said. To Jeanette Morrison I said, 'I want you to do everything I tell you to do,' and she did. And more. She responded as though she knew, too, just how much this test meant to me. I stayed late at the studio cutting the test

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) MEYER DWORKIN, Secretary-Treasurer

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1954.

(SEAL)

TULLIO MUCELLI

Notary Public, State of New York.  
No. 03-8045500. Qualified in Bronx County.  
(Commission expires March 30, 1956)



—and I was sure she was our girl. There was still one more thing. I didn't know how Van Johnson would feel about an unknown girl playing opposite him. Van was our big boxoffice star, but he was still fairly new, too. The girl's part was just about as important as his, and he might insist on a name star. I told him I'd like him to see a test a girl named Jeanette Morrison had made. "She's never done anything, but I want you to see her," I said. And Van, well Van thought she was great. He said—and I'll never forget this—"Somebody had to give me a break, and I'm glad to be able to pass it on."

Through all of this you are walking on wings. You cannot know all the action going on behind the scene that's deciding your destiny, can you, Janet Leigh?

"I didn't know anything about anything. I didn't know what to do when I got before the camera. All I knew was that I loved the feeling of being someone else. And for some strange reason I wasn't too scared. It was all a lot of fun and a wonderfully exciting experience. One week after the picture started I knew this was what I wanted. Suddenly I knew I loved this world. I couldn't understand why I'd never wanted to be in it before. It was something lying there dormant—somebody opened Pandora's Box and there it was. I was nervous in the love scenes with Van. But Van was so wonderful to me. From the first day he was always there."

"I'll never forget my first premiere. We got there just after Van arrived. I had on a beautiful dress I'd borrowed from the studio. Nobody knew me from beans and I was just thrilled being there. All the photographers were crowded around Van. Suddenly he came over to me and kissed me, and they started popping away. I knew he did it just to get attention for me, which was pretty wonderful!"

At the preview of "The Romance of Rosy Ridge" they think you're pretty wonderful, too. Your name is on all lips, and all eyes are centered on your excited face. All there know—with your first picture—a new and exciting star has been born. If there's any doubt about it, your second, "If Winter Comes," with Walter Pidgeon and Deborah Kerr, cinches it.

All Hollywood acclaims you affectionately their own Cinderella Girl—and your own grateful star twinkles brighter every year. . . .

In 1948 you are marching triumphantly across the screen, carrying your scepter high. You portray Mrs. Richard Rodgers in "Words and Music." You play your first dramatic role in "Act of Violence," with Van Heflin. You're Meg in "Little Women."

This is the year, too, your college marriage dissolves, and amicably.

In 1950 you return to Stockton, California—a star. Your heart is full when your home town honors you with a "Janet Leigh Day," and your throat is as full as it used to be in speech class when you could find nothing to say.

One fateful evening in 1950, like any deserving "Cinderella" you meet your prince. At a party in Lucey's Restaurant in Hollywood you meet Universal-International's Anthony Curtis, who's stolen the hearts of girls across the nation with his first starrer, "The Prince Who Was a Thief." You were to be no exception. And he falls for you, too, with his whole uninhibited heart. In Tony's words:

"Janie was the movie star, the girl next door, the girl I loved, and the girl I wanted to spend my life with. She was the whole and entire cast. When we were separated a little while—when she went to Pittsburgh and I was on tour in Chicago—I really realized how much I missed her. How much a part of my life she had al-

ready become. I shopped for her ring in Chicago, and fortunately I had my measuring stick along, having carried it in my wallet for quite some time. Once, in Hollywood, I'd broken a match and tried it around her finger, and I'd marked where it fit on mine. The jeweler thought I was a little crazy. 'What's the ring size?' he said. 'Second wrinkle past my knuckle,' I said. We kept measuring the match stick around. He thought it was a wrinkle less, but I was right—and the ring fit Janet's finger perfectly."

Yes, the ring fits. . . .

On June 4, 1951—in the face of all the depressing prophets who warned both of you that marriage can destroy your careers and dethrone you with your legion of teen-aged subjects—you are married in the Pickwick Arms Hotel, Greenwich, Connecticut, and Jerry and Patti Lewis are standing by.

Together, you and Tony proved the prophets are wrong, and you're double stars zoom.

In 1953, Janet Leigh, your happiness is brimming over. You walk out of the office of your long-time physician, Dr. Sarah Pearl, with shining eyes and wings on your heels, your final wish is fulfilled. . . .

But on July 9, 1953, tragedy strikes, and this happy fulfillment is postponed. Dr. Sarah Pearl is in St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, a patient there, when the phone rings beside her bed.

"I'd been in the hospital for a month, but I kept in daily touch with Janet. I was in traction for a spinal disc with twenty pounds tying me up, when Janet called this time. She was a sick girl. I knew I couldn't be any help to Janet in traction. I opened my braces and got out of bed. When I started getting into my white trousers for surgery, the nurses really thought I was out of my mind, but I'd been looking after Janet when she was first signed by M-G-M and nothing would stop me from helping her when she needed me. When Janet came out of surgery she said, 'Doc—does this mean? . . . ' And I told her, 'You can't have this baby, but you can have another baby.' She was very brave—she took it right on the chin."

Life has schooled you for this, too, Janet Leigh. Taking it on the chin. But in 1954 this is your life. . . .

Your star is twinkling brighter than ever in the Hollywood heavens. You starred in twenty-eight pictures, in the eight years since you and your "lucky" pink dress went through those magic gates of M-G-M. Today you have a fabulous new contract, shared by Columbia and Universal-International, and you're presently starring in Columbia's sparkling musical, "My Sister Eileen."

You're happily married to the public's own prince of hearts—and you share him with a few millions of them. Yours, too, is a vast kingdom of loyal subjects throughout the land. Your love story has captured the hearts of fans everywhere. And although Hell's Kitchen is a long way from California, Tony Curtis is convinced if Hollywood hadn't arranged it, fate would have led him to you.

"I would have found some reason to go to Stockton, California—even if to sell neckties. I would have found her somewhere—some way—some day."

But fate willed you to shine in the sun, Jeanette Morrison, and today you're the shining inspiration for every small-town girl who hopes, and prays, life's big parade, with all its romance and adventure, won't pass her by.

And you, Janet, will play an even greater part in the adventure ahead. For you are destiny's daughter—and you're in devoted hands.

THE END

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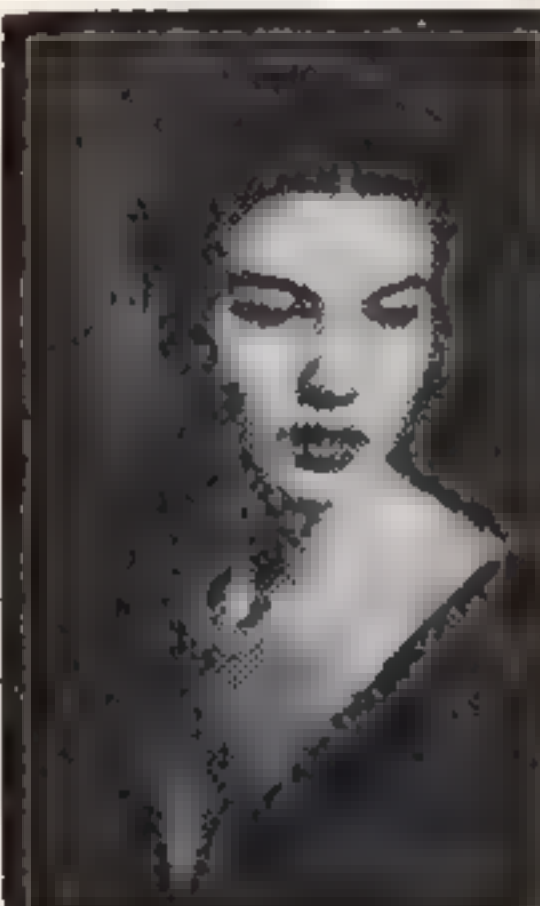
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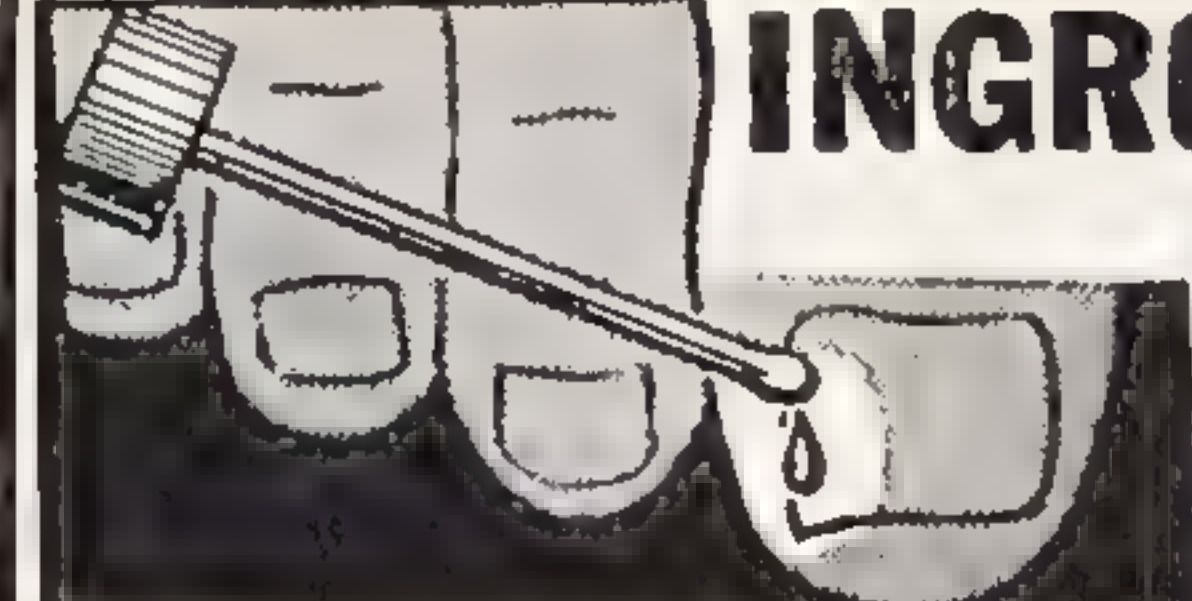


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(Continued from page 50)

human race, but he's no slouch when it comes to facing up to them. Although it's been said that he's hard to know, there's a whole league who know him well and disagree. One thing is certain. There is no happy medium of opinion on Victor Mature. Just as there is no happy medium when it comes to loving him and being loved by him. "It's a little frightening and exciting all at once to find yourself in love with a man like Victor," said Dorothy Stanford just after their marriage. "It's a little like having a benign whirlwind hit you and settle down to stay. He isn't just the kind of person you can meet—say on a vacation—have a summer romance with, and put out of your mind and life when summer's over. Once you love someone like Vic, he fills up your whole world—your thoughts, your heart, your life."

It's true. With Victor, it's all or nothing at all. And he's had both. There just is no middle ground. As long as he's alive, he's going to get the most out of living. The mediocrity, for which some settle, is not enough.

In friendship, he expects and receives unswerving loyalty. He also gives it, twice over. If a friend needs a shoulder to lean on, Victor arrives with two broad ones. If a friend needs a dollar, Victor is there with a checkbook. If he needs a home, Victor's door is always open.

Once, during a housing shortage, he converted his garage into an apartment for an ex-Coast Guard buddy and his wife. Los Angeles housing authorities ruled that, because of zoning laws, this was illegal. The matter was settled, but not before Victor had threatened to call out the American Legion and march on City Hall. And the veteran and his wife stayed on in the apartment until they found other living quarters. "He's done things for people that few know about," says one friend. "He's helped a lot of folks financially and has never given a thought to repayment. For years, he's been sending children to summer camp with Mike, his son . . . kids that might not be able to go otherwise. Reward? All he has to do is look at those happy faces. And they light up whenever you mention Vic's name!"

He's been called dour, sour, glum, and his moody features lend credence to the rumor. True, he has been known to keep a straight face. For instance, there was the time he applied for membership in an exclusive Los Angeles country club. "We're terribly sorry," the manager told him. "But we don't permit actors to become members."

"Look," said Mature, "I can show you my last twenty pictures and prove I'm no actor."

Today, he is an actor. The critics attest to the fact and the fans agree. And, according to the Hollywood boxoffice theory, there are no other categories left in this world. Seemingly Mature is casual about the movie business. He'll look over a script to get the gist of it. He'll take it along with him to the nearest golf course, hand it to a friend and ask, "Read it to me, will you?" Then he tucks the script away in his golf bag and trots out to break 80.

Yet, on a set, he gives his role concentration and respect. When he was shooting "The Robe," the day arrived for the crucifixion scene. One member of the company began making with unnecessary jokes before the filming began. Victor stopped him in no uncertain terms.

If you saw that scene, it's likely that you've never forgotten, or ever will, Victor's expression as he watched, and his final gesture of letting his head drop to

his chest. You knew what it meant to Demetrius and to all of the others. You were there. "How did you do it?" someone asked him later. "What were you thinking about? Your eyes told the story so well, how?"

"I tried to make the Sign of the Cross with my eyes," Victor explained quietly. It was his own idea and decision.

Upon occasions, he has gone into pictures that he knew would make the critics shudder. Each picture has made money. Each role has added to the credit side of his experience ledger. Despite his star status, he isn't above taking a third lead. "I don't care, if I think the role is a good one," he says. "It's the part that counts."

Those who work with him at MCA, his agency, find him most agreeable when it comes to cooperation—and sometimes difficult when it comes to being located. The MCA office never sees him. He calls in to report his whereabouts. "Is this the office of George Chasen, the greatest agent in the world, who's with the greatest agency in the world, and who has the greatest secretary in the world?" he'll ask by way of greeting.

Needless to say, the agent, the agency, the secretary believe that Mature can do no wrong. He is, in their estimation, the greatest. Even when, every-so-often, they have to manage to locate him by guesswork. Recently, via phone, he was asked the address of his newly acquired home. "Honey," said Mature, "I don't know the house number, but the place overlooks the ninth hole of the golf course down here—if that's any help!"

He hates to be alone. He loves people and loves nothing better than to be surrounded by his friends. With a new house at his disposal, Vic packed up and walked out—moving in for a time with Mr. and Mrs. Barger who live nearby in Rancho Santa Fé. After that, he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Beldon Ratleman at El Rancho Vegas.

"You have to work to make friends," says Victor. And he does. And greater mutual loyalty cannot be found anywhere. If a friend of his friend happens to make a belittling remark behind their buddy's back, Victor speaks up. "Tell you what let's do," he'll suggest politely. "Let's go over and see him together and you can say that again, to his face."

He makes a great point of studying people. He can spot a phony soon after

he meets one. He's rarely rude. Once he met two phonies. He and a friend sat and talked with them for a time. After a while, Victor suggested that they leave. "Let's go down to La Jolla for a while," he said.

The friend agreed. The rest of the party thought it would be a fine idea and invited themselves along. "We'll meet you there," offered Victor.

They climbed into separate cars and drove away. When they reached the crossroads, Victor stopped. "Which way is La Jolla?" he asked.

"South," said his friend.

"We'll go north," said Victor.

He also attempts to avoid rules which he knows are phony. He'll abide by them if he thinks they're reasonable, or if someone asks him to in the right way. If not, he'll find a way to break them—perhaps only a fraction, but enough for a good laugh. At one of his clubs there is a rule which states that all golfers are required to wear a shirt while playing, even when the temperature reaches the hundreds. One warm day Victor removed his shirt. The golf pro asked that he put it back on. "Sure," said Victor.

After complying with the request, he took out his pocketknife and cut the legs out of his slacks. "I've got my shirt on. Okay?" asked Victor.

"Okay," grinned the pro.

Most of his life, he's made his own rules, within reason. And life has never been dull, for Victor Mature or for those around him. For instance, at the age of four, he decided to take up smoking, reached for his father's pipe and proceeded to light it. The flame was a mighty one and the tobacco caught fire. However, for a while, no one seemed to notice the threat to his growth, tobacco-wise. The curtains were also burning.

He was a high-spirited boy. By the time he was fifteen, he'd been thrown out of a number of schools that weren't up to coping with him. At one school, his mother was called in so many times, other students began to believe that she was working there.

He's still an extrovert. But there are those who say that he's an extremely sensitive one. He's also a businessman, and a shrewd one. This, too, dates back to his childhood. At the age of nine, he was selling magazines. Later, he went into the candy business, his job being to persuade the stores to sell the sweets. "Just let me leave them with you," he'd say persuasively. "If you can't sell them, I'll take them back." They always managed to sell the supply.

He set up candy counters in the fraternity houses at the University of Kentucky and in the sorority houses at the University of Louisville. Beside the candy, he placed a box. Payment was on the honor system.

For a time, he ran a hotel elevator. However, he was asked to leave one day when he hustled the manager out of the contraption and slammed the door behind him. His co-workers at the hotel in those days are still his friends, and he sees them whenever he goes home to Louisville.

After completing school, he took over a restaurant in his home town. He'd worked for his father in the cutlery business and had saved enough for a down payment. He lost money the first month, knowing little about the new venture. However, he knew enough to hire an expert to run it for him after his initial failure. When Victor sold the restaurant, he came out of the deal with more than a reasonable profit.

Many have tried to explain the Mature



Color portraits of Elizabeth Taylor by Apger; Linda Christian by Carpenter-Apger; Piper Laurie by Stern; Elaine Stewart by Carpenter; Ava Gardner by United Artists; Marlon Brando by Cronenweth; Doris Day by Stern; Tab Hunter and Terry Moore by Smith; Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea by Fink; Susan Hayward by Cowles Syndicate; Edmund Purdom by Carpenter; Jean Simmons by Bachrach; Mitzi Gaynor, Pier Angeli, Barbara Darrow, Cyd Charisse and Diana Lynn by Stern; Rosemary Clooney by Fraker; Shelley Winters by Tolmie; Rock Hudson by Jones; Marilyn Monroe, color, black and white by Ehrenberg.



of today. What gives a man such drive? What makes him go up the ladder of success with an unequalled sense of urgency? What goads him on? Perhaps, in Victor's case, it was an inheritance from his parents.

His father was Austrian-Italian. His mother, French-Greek-German-Swiss. They came to America from Innsbruck, Austria, and eventually settled in Louisville, Kentucky. They loved their new country and they wanted to grow with it. Victor's father began his life in America as a knife sharpener. He was an astute man with great foresight and warmth. Victor's father built up a prosperous cutlery and refrigeration business. He was a self-made man. He wanted the same for his son. His son wanted it, too.

Victor vowed that someday he would be Somebody, a down-to-earth somebody. And he made good his word. Almost invariably stars change with their success. It's part of the routine, one that Mature has never followed.

But how could he best achieve the success he sought? There was Hollywood, well-advertised as the land of opportunity. With forty-one dollars in his pocket and a supply of canned goods in his car, Victor departed for California. When he arrived he wired his father, "ARRIVED IN CALIFORNIA WITH ELEVEN CENTS IN MY POCKET. LOVE AND KISSES, VICTOR."

There was, he figured, a faint chance for a money order to come his way. Instead, he received a wire. "I ARRIVED IN NEW YORK WITH FIVE CENTS AND COULD NOT SPEAK A WORD OF ENGLISH. YOU CAN SPEAK ENGLISH AND HAVE SIX CENTS MORE THAN I HAD. LOVE AND KISSES, DAD."

"I didn't know exactly what to do when I got here," remembers Victor. "But I began to think that my most promising future would be as an actor."

He went straight to Pasadena to attend tryouts at the Pasadena Playhouse. There, he read for the Playhouse executives and an audience full of other aspiring young actors and actresses. Later, Gilmore Brown, head of the Playhouse, summoned Victor to his office. He'd liked the young man's reading. Was he aware of the fact that members of the Playhouse group worked without salary?

He wasn't. "I'll see what I can find for you," Brown told him.

A few days later, the theatre man called, and Victor returned to his office. There were odd jobs to be done: answering the phone, cutting the grass, running errands. The pay was fifty cents a day.

"If you're on a budget like that one, there's nothing like living in a tent," says Victor today. And he did. For three years, he studied at the Playhouse. His home was a tent. Later, the magazines made sort of a joke of it. But it wasn't a joke at the time.

In 1938, he married Frances Evans. She was an actress at the Playhouse. Frances wanted a career. Victor wanted a career. Somewhere along the line, love got lost. They were divorced in 1939.

During the yearly six-weeks vacation allowed by the Playhouse, Victor worked for extra cash. He washed dishes, cleaned wallpaper, Simonized cars. When the theatre sessions began again, he went back to his other chores. In all, he appeared in well over sixty plays at the Pasadena Playhouse.

Then, Hal Roach began his search for a cave man for "One Million B. C." He saw Victor's picture on a folder.

A few days later, Roach himself sent for Victor. He met the charming girl who worked as a casting director. "He wore a pair of slacks and a sweat shirt. They were about all he had," she remembered years later. "He'd come in and just grin. He had

a certain way with him. A definite appeal that left you with a very positive impression of his personality, a quality that a screen personality must possess."

Victor was tested and given a role in "The Housekeeper's Daughter." However, he remained in his tent. "I couldn't afford an apartment," he says now. "Well, perhaps I could have, but I'd have had to sign a year's lease and I wasn't sure what was going to happen."

He did move his tent into a Hollywood backyard in order to be nearer the studio. And he made improvements. The tent acquired a floor and a stove. It also had books and pictures and several pieces of furniture. "It seemed strange to have money in my pockets," says Victor. "I'd been without it for such a long time. And I swore I'd save it, so I'd never be without it again."

After "The Housekeeper's Daughter" came "One Million B.C." and a few others. And with the series of parts came more income and a more carefree life.

Victor liked being seen with small blonds. A waiter at one club vowed that in three months he had seen Victor on the dance floor eighty times. And had counted eighty small blonds. And, of course, a photographer or four were always close at hand.

There was Betty Grable. He flew to New York to be nearby while she was appearing in "Dubarry Was a Lady." While he was there, Moss Hart offered him a role in "Lady in the Dark." Mature accepted and became one of the more successful rages of Broadway.

And he fell in love. The girl was Martha Kemp, widow of the bandleader Hal Kemp. After a hectic courtship, they scheduled the wedding.

The marriage didn't last. It's said that Martha didn't like Hollywood, that she was indifferent to the industry which was Victor's life.

When World War II began, Victor enlisted.

Like millions of other servicemen, Victor left a girl at home, Rita Hayworth. They'd met while working together in "My Gal Sal." At the time she was divorcing Ed Judson, and she was a very unhappy girl. At first, with Victor, it was a matter of cheering up his co-star. He'd play jokes, keep her laughing. She needed laughter in those days. And from the laughter came love.

Then he went away to war. He spent three years in the North Atlantic and the South Pacific as Bo's'n's Mate. The "gorgeous hunk of man" was affectionately dubbed "hunk of junk," and he liked it that way. "And do you know what he did?" asked one of his Coast Guard buddies. "He turned down two chances to wear gold braid. Said he didn't want a commission, that he's allergic to being called Mister!"

Once, on leave, he visited Hollywood. A premiere was being held across the street from his hotel. Victor refused to attend. "I'll watch from here," he said, declining the invitation. "They're taking pictures over there, and by the time they reach the magazines, I'll be back at sea. Then what? People will look at the pictures and think that that lousy Mature is having himself a great old time in Hollywood while everyone else is out fighting a war."

The war changed Victor Mature. He returned to Hollywood with a new set of values. Publicity had been necessary to call his name to the attention of the public. But a man should be accepted for his ability. He had to stand on that ability.

The broken romance with Rita had also sobered him. While he was away, she had met Orson Welles. They'd done a magic act together for benefits. Orson was the magician, Rita the girl he sawed in half.

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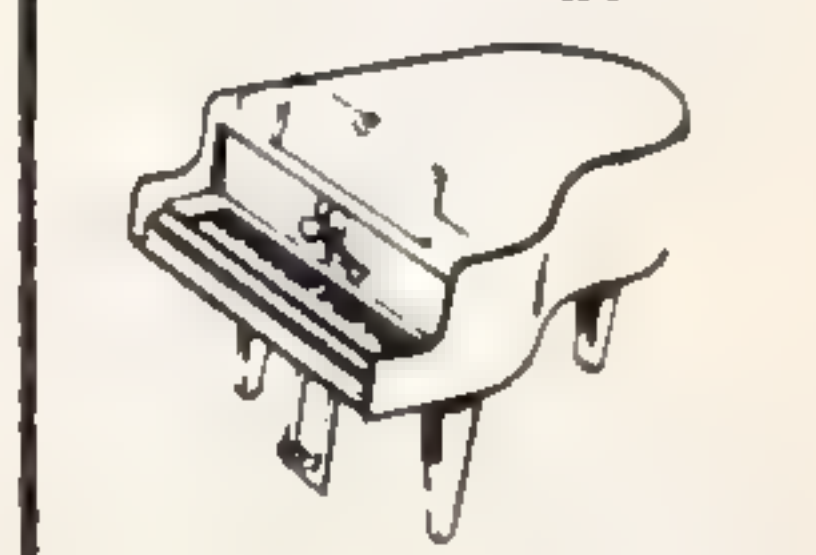
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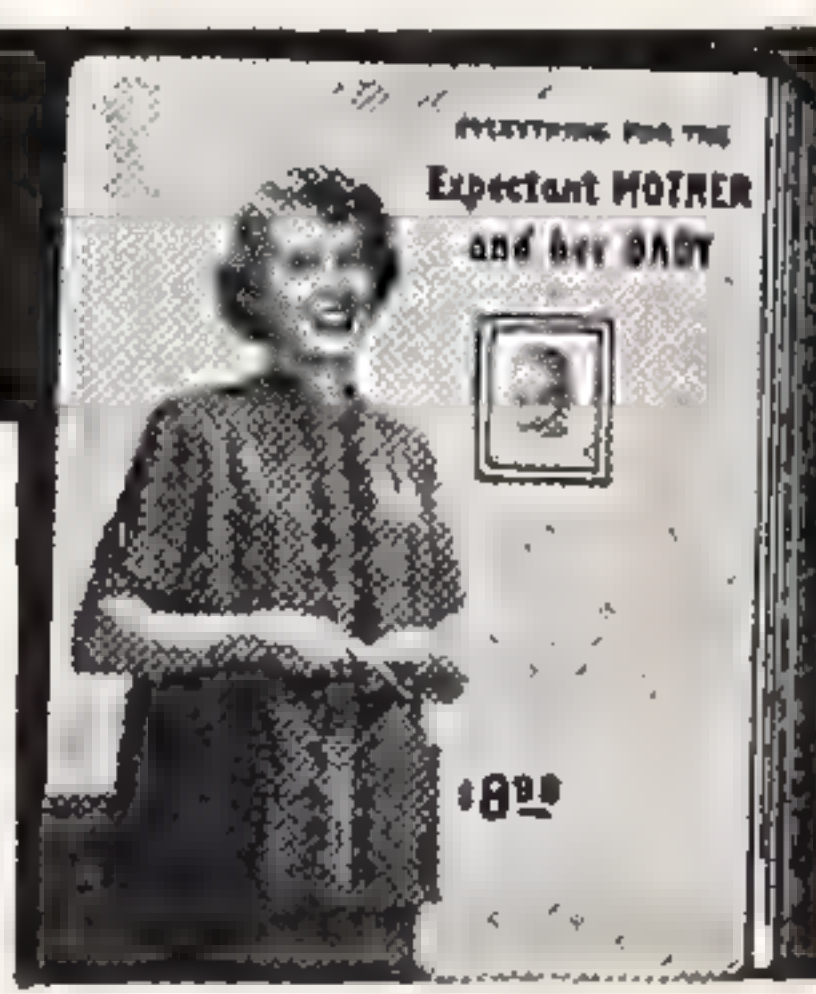
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Victor first heard of their marriage when his ship docked in Boston. The news was shouted to him as he came down the gangplank. He stopped for a moment. Then he grinned a wry grin. "Well," he said. "I guess the way to a woman's heart is to saw her in half."

Victor first met Dorothy Stanford one day at Laguna. Dorothy and Mike, her young son by another marriage. Mike and Vic became buddies immediately. And the mutual friend who had introduced the trio sat around beaming. All three continued to become fast friends.

A little over a year later, Dorothy and Victor were married in Yuma, Arizona. Yet it was a case of opposites attracting. They liked different types of people, different kinds of amusements. In the end, it became a case of incompatibility that couldn't be worked out. But not because they didn't try.

They settled down for a while in Victor's pre-war bungalow. He was proud of the small house. It was the first piece of property he'd ever owned and to him it represented a milestone in his life. When the city proposed building a freeway through his living room, he threatened to take the case to the Supreme Court if necessary. Fortunately it wasn't necessary. The city changed its mind. He still owns the house, and his pride in it is as great as it ever was.

When the Matures found they needed more space, they moved into a home in Mandeville Canyon. When he bought the house, a writer friend kidded him about it. "You're the last person in the world I thought would ever go Hollywood," she teased. "I hear you have a swimming pool, too!"

An embarrassed Victor rose to his defense. "We have to have more room," he explained. "Besides, it's just a house. It's not so elaborate. And as for the swimming pool, well, Mike needs a place for him and his friends to swim."

Victor thinks the world of Mike and the feeling is mutual. When he was making "Samson and Delilah," Mike spread the word around the neighborhood about how Vic was going to tear down a temple with his bare hands. The other boys thought it rather a tall story. One evening Mike greeted Victor with a small request. He wanted a neighborhood demonstration. He figured if Victor would push the garage down it would do the trick. No one could fail to be convinced then what a great guy he was.

"Vic has more respect and feeling for home life than anyone in the business," says one of his friends. "There's nothing he likes better than coming home, bar-

becuing a meal and sitting around watching television."

He's rarely seen at a nightclub or premiere. Outside of pictures, he has other interests. For one, a tv appliance store. And he works at it. At one point, the salesmen were claiming that he was selling more television sets than his sales force. "He comes in quite a bit to keep an eye on things," says Bob Graham, Vic's store manager and an ex-Commander in the Navy. "And he's made a lot of practical suggestions which have helped business and the running of the store." In short, Bo's'n's Mate Mature's ship is in ship-shape.

He keeps several tv sets in his studio dressing room so that whether he's around or not, they will be available to everyone, come World Series or football time. He's installed sets in the barber shops at RKO and 20th Century-Fox. He figures that the customers will enjoy them, and when they're ready to buy their own, they'll think of Mature.

He has other investments. "He's a lucky man," says one friend. "Everything he touches seems to turn out right." When he invested in an oil well the well promptly gushed up some oil. It's still gushing and shows no signs of stopping.

For relaxation, Victor plays golf. A friend from Texas took him out to a golf course one day and made him try the game. Victor's been going back ever since. "He shoots in the low 80s," says MacGregor Hunter, one of his golf pro friends. "Sometimes in the 70s. He plays with anyone who happens to be standing around with a club. And the man has stamina. He plays 36 holes a day easily, while everyone else feels like dropping dead."

"He starts early," says Hank Barger of Rancho Santa Fé. "The caddies bring him taccos and enchiladas for breakfast between shots."

He likes to win. Once he had a bet on the outcome of a game. However, after the first six holes, the sun began to go down. Vic promptly hired a truck to keep its lights on the ball, so that the group could finish the game. Vic and his partner won it. "He doesn't always win," says Barger. "But he's in there pitching anyway—always trying his best."

Victor explains it with his usual humor. "I hit the ball three hundred yards," he'll tell you. Then he'll add, "A hundred and fifty yards out and a hundred and fifty yards to the right, out of bounds."

His absence from headlines has perhaps increased the verbal remarks on his closeness with a dollar. Occasionally, he'll help them along. For one thing, he doesn't see

much sense in the purchase of an expensive wardrobe. He's no clothes hound. Often the studio wardrobe department will supply him with wearing apparel. One Victor was sitting with some friends on the patio of the Del Mar Hotel. He excused himself for a moment and left the table. A young girl, sitting nearby, came over. "Isn't that Robert Mitchum?" she asked proudly.

Vic's friends grinned and mumbled an answer that amounted to neither yes or no. When Victor returned, one of his buddies greeted him loudly, "Hi, Bob, glad to see you back."

Then he explained away Victor's look of puzzlement. Victor grinned. "She was just kidding," he said. "She must have recognized the coat, from Mitchum's last picture at 20th."

He reached inside the coat pocket and pulled out a tag. "Robert Mitchum," it read.

The matter of money is no joke with Mature. He's seen too many stars throw around money and then, when their day of stardom are over, wonder what happened to it. "He respects money as an average American respects money," says one of his friends. "And he's careful with it."

Yet he can spend it lavishly, if the cause is a good one. There's the story of the time he started for Palm Springs with a thousand dollars. On the way he picked up some hitchhiking servicemen. Most of them were broke, so he remedied the situation. By the time he got to Palm Springs he had to borrow some money from a friend for dinner.

He's refused to squander his income since his first days of success, however. He bought annuities. "People like to talk about my financial affairs," he's said. "But I don't care. I can't help it. I can stand a little public interest. I was seven years in penniless obscurity."

He's grateful for his success, financial and otherwise. One Thanksgiving Day, he called his agent at home. "George," he began. "I just wanted to call and tell you that I've been thinking about what I have to be thankful for. I have you to thank for being my agent and helping me in the picture business. I have my business manager, Robert Graham, to thank, too. You've both helped provide for my financial security. That's given me peace of mind. And I'm very sincerely grateful to you both."

Peace of mind—and yet no peace of heart. The divorce is in progress. Neither Dorothy nor Victor are happy about it. And there was even more unhappiness when the breakup came. Victor's mother became ill and he flew to Kentucky to be with her. Then Dorothy's father died and Victor caught the next plane back to Pasadena to help Dorothy and her mother through their difficult time. Two days later his aunt, who had been living with his mother, died of cancer and again Vic was called upon for help.

With the marriage over, Victor is alone again. Perhaps he'll go on being alone. Or perhaps it's as a surprised Rita Hayworth said during their courtship days: "Why, Vic, you're the loneliest man in the world. You pretend to be gay. You run away from serious things and love. But you can't go on doing it forever. Because until you find a real and lasting thing you'll have no happiness."

He'd thought he'd finally found it. But he's lost it again. And what comes next? Hollywood remembers another story. Once the time he played Samson. In the picture, he licked the entire Philistine army with the jawbone of an ass. "After that," he grinned, "I should be able to lick any problem."

Maybe he wasn't kidding.

THE END

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(1) \_\_\_\_\_

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(2) \_\_\_\_\_

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Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.



# Mother's Little Dividend

(Continued from page 39)

ape-records her children's Christmas prayers! And though our marriage ceremony was simple and unostentatious, when it came to the children's christenings, you'd have thought I had delusions of grandeur.

Not long ago a woman who expected her first child within four months complained, "I'm bored with this whole project by now. I'll be glad to get it over." And I felt myself stiffen with momentary anger.

As for myself, I wanted a child with all my heart—and for years. When my doctor told me that I probably couldn't have a baby, I was so full of tears you could have flooded a battleship with them.

Try as I would, I couldn't set my thinking right about this bitter personal disappointment. I've had disappointments before—plenty of them—including a long hospital siege with a broken back, but I found myself thinking over and over—Why am I denied a child?

Finally, I asked Richard how he felt about adopting a baby. "I've just got to have a baby," I said. "I can't wait." At first he demurred a little, saying I was so young and had so many career problems ahead. Then, a little later, he agreed. And our name went on the waiting list. Immediately, I was a changed person. I could study the wonderful family pictures in the magazines, attend baby showers and be contented. For I, too, was going to have a baby!

And when little Pamela cooed in my arms, it was love at first sight. I couldn't even wait until she was a year old, so I gave her a six-months' birthday party. And when she said "Ma-ma" and "Da-da" at only ten months and walked a month later, I considered her a genius and became very tiresome with our friends. In fact, with both children, I've had to restrain myself from saying to Richard, "Call Hedda Hopper, quick" at each new manifestation of their remarkable skills.

I wanted to start very early to familiarize Pammy with the word adopted long before she could understand its meaning. Love is the greatest bond between parent and child. And the adopted baby fills an emotional vacuum and thus is the recipient of much pent-up affection. Knowing that she was confident of our love, I explained to her, from time to time, that God had meant her for us and we had brought her home and adopted her. I pointed out that we had wanted a baby girl just like her for a long time and that we were so happy to have her.

And then, five years after our marriage, I knew I was to have a baby. And I realized again that "All things work together for good, to them that love God." The miracle filled us with joy.

But there was one tiny misgiving. How would I explain to Pammy so that no question of rivalry between the children would arise? As it turned out, I had no cause for worry. I explained to her that I was carrying the baby because I didn't want to leave her to go find a baby brother or sister for her. She was deeply content. As it happened, Ricky was an incubator baby and I left the hospital a week before he was ready to come home.

So Richard and Pam went to the hospital to bring him home. "See, Mommy," explained Pam, "we had to go to get our baby, just as you had to go get me. Now he's adoptated just like me." And when Ricky is older I'll explain to them both that although they grew nine months in different mothers, they were born the same way and now have the same mother and father who love them alike as members of one family.

After Ricky joined the family, Richard

and I decided that when friends came to see the new baby we'd first visit with Pam and then ask her if she wouldn't like to show her little brother. The first time Pam proudly led the way to the nursery. But the second visitor hardly entered before Pam was asking if she wouldn't like to see the baby. A little foresight took care of any evidences of jealousy.

Always I've had to work things out concerning the children in my own way. Some mothers find their solutions in child psychology books. As for me, I know that deep down within my heart I'll find the answers. If I followed a book it would only mean doing things by rote, not by my instincts. I think we can find truth just in ordinary living. And that's why thoughtful mothers have hunches: "It seems to me that Johnny does better when..." or "One thing I've noticed about Mary when she's with strange children..." And we don't need child study to live by such rules as "Love thy neighbor as thyself" or to discover that "You can catch more flies with honey than with vinegar." Such rules were made long before the books.

Not long ago, Pam, a determined little miss, was deliberately naughty while a friend was over. I said to her: "Mommy loves you, Pammy, no matter what you do. But she doesn't think your actions are very lovable at this moment." And I explained why those actions were harmful in their effect. I knew I had to stop her but my main concern was with making up after the incident was over. Later, my friend, who had studied psychology, explained, out of Pam's hearing. "You handled that very well, June. You made Pam see that it was *what* she did and not she herself that you didn't approve of."

"But that seems the only natural way to me."

"Some mothers would say, 'You were a bad little girl and Mother doesn't love you. Mother couldn't love such a mean, nasty child. If you do it again, I'll give you away!'"

Of course, there must be discipline and punishments. Though I'm deeply sentimental about children and would spare them any pain, I feel instinctively that we must draw the line when we sense that children want us to. I know that Pam and Ricky want limits. They're struggling to take on the ways our world considers right. And I want to bolster their efforts with warnings of what conduct is off limits.

I believe Pam and Ricky understand that discipline is a sign that we care. Youngsters have to feel that from us, or they have no reason for wanting to be good. Take away love and you take away the surest guarantee that a child will attempt to work through his problems, whatever they may be.

As far as I'm concerned children can be children. If that means noise, occasional freshness or giggling or shouting or bouncing, that is all right with me. But I draw the line always and without hesitation when Pammy or Ricky endanger themselves, if they should mistreat playmates or animals, when they are unnecessarily destroying property. And sometimes when I simply cannot stand what they are doing! I try not to be capricious, approving something today and getting all upset about it tomorrow. But I'm not ashamed of being human. After all, children have to live with humans.

And I believe that punishment should be effective. When I told Ricky to sit in a chair as punishment, I saw that he was having a good time, rocking back and forth and not in the least realizing why he was there. If I sent Pam to her room, she

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began to color in her painting books, to sing to herself, to have a fine time. So I just reversed the discipline—Ricky was sent to his room, Pam told to sit on a chair. And they understood then that certain actions bring certain effects.

Sometimes it happens that our children become teachers—and we learn from them. Pammy is attending a Catholic girls' school, Marymount (And need I explain to any mother that filling out a school application for her brought tears to my eyes at how fast time was flying?). For years she'd been saying her prayers as I had been taught to say them. So one night shortly after she started school when I was hearing her prayers, she completed the Lord's Prayer with "And lead us not into temptation: but deliver us from evil. Amen." And then stopped. "Go on, dear," I said, "you haven't finished." And I began to prompt her: "For thine is the kingdom and—"

"I've finished," said Pam. "That's the way we say it in school." I had a slight sense of shock. After all, I thought, does one tamper with the hallowed form of a prayer? But I considered and told her, "All right, darling," and then listened to the string of "God blesses" which Pam—and Ricky, too, tack on so that it will keep them up longer and require my continued presence. ". . . and God bless the trees and the tractor and my skates and my bicycle and the well and the new pump and Daddy's new tools in the workshop . . ."

The next night Pam asked me to say the prayer. I did, using her school form. "Go on, Mommy," she said. "Say the ending like you always do. I'll say it my way and you say it your way."

A fine lesson in tolerance. Like all parents, I've wondered how best to introduce my children to God. How much do they understand when I attempted to answer their questions? Will it help them if I explain those times in my own life when hope and love and faith convinced me that He was near? Not long ago Ricky asked, "Who makes puppies?" and I answered, "God." "Yes," he said. "Just like Daddy makes things in his workshop." So I know that the children will make their own interpretations of what they see and hear, interpretations that make sense in their little worlds.

Although Pam is attending a Catholic school, she will soon start Sunday school at an Episcopalian church. My friends feel this might confuse her; I feel that it is immaterial where she learns to "Lift up thine eyes to the hills from whence cometh all strength."

Pam loves to play records and to listen to songs on the radio. One night, she said, "Oh, Mommy, I heard the most wonderful song and I'd love to have the record."

"Fine, dear, what's the name of it?"

"The name? I don't know."

"Well," I asked, "who sang it?"

"It's somebody you know, but I can't remember his name."

"But what was the song about?"

"It's—it's something like a prayer."

Armed with this confusing information I relayed it to the clerk at a record shop. And with no more ado, she brought out Frankie Laine's "I Believe."

"Oh, no," I told her, "it can't be that. It must be a child's song. She's only five."

But anyway, I took it home and it was the song. And the line Pammy particularly loved was "Every time I hear a newborn baby cry" because it reminded her of Ricky when he was a baby!

The ways of children are indeed inscrutable. They may say, as Pammy does, "simple city" in her prayers instead of simplicity or, as one child I heard of who named his Teddy bear "Gladly." "That's a funny name," commented his mother. "Oh, no," said the tot, "all bears must be

named Gladly. In Sunday school we si "Gladly my cross-eyed bear!" As you guessed, this is "Gladly, my cross bear."

It brings a lump to your throat to thi how much there is for children to lea They are new to this world; we are t senior citizens. Actually, we are th world. Can you blame me then if, when r contract at M-G-M expired, I serious considered giving up my work and stayi home with my children? Everyone w aghast at the idea. It's true that I w extremely career-minded, filled to the bri with biting ambition when I started pictures. If a part I wanted desperate was given to another, I was sunk in t depths for weeks, thinking there was not ing left for me any more.

But the years passed and my sense values changed. Today, no career pro lem can effect me so deeply. Today, on my husband and my children are th source of my real happiness. And, aft considering the number of actress-mothe who are doing a fine job at home and tl studio too, I decided to continue makin pictures. Now and then, something hap pens at home which shows me that childre don't need as much guidance as we su pose.

For instance, Ricky is a ball of fire, a ways on the go, bubbling over and in clined to show off while Pammy is quiet taking everything in on the sideline. When guests come, Ricky goes right in his act, monopolizing the conversatio showing his tricks. Pam sits by, quiet watching. And in about ten minutes sh usually decides that her brother has ha the stage long enough and she goes ove to the guest, sits down and begins to tal in a most interesting way of her schoo her playmates, her activities and soon th guest's attention is diverted from Rick and Pammy gets in her innings. Sh could vie with him in a continuous bi for attention—but that bright little mi knows a better way (You will bear wit me while I boast just a little—won't you?)

It seems to me that many working moth ers worry themselves needlessly about th time they're apart from their children. A for me, I believe that an hour spe teaching Pam to square dance or skat daily story-telling or watching Ricky buil something; a Sunday-afternoon ride wit Pammy and me on bicycles and Rick proudly wheeling his birthday gift tractor; a long hike to see our chickens, with fre quent stops to observe the wonders of na ture, such as an intricately woven spider web or a shiny darting lizard—these ar enough to keep our youngsters secure i the knowledge that they are loved. Ther has always been a nurse, but the childre knew from the first that, although sh might care for their physical needs, it their parents to whom they turn. We shov them we're with them every step of th way. We enjoy them—relax and have goo times together.

Maybe I feel so strongly about this nee for a secure childhood because my fathe and mother separated when I was si months old. My father took my brother and I lived alternately with my grand parents and with my mother when sh could afford a place of our own. Late she remarried and I had a stepbrother. And at fifteen I began to earn my living. Might all this make me desire to coddle th children? I hope not.

Most parents are annoyed at the earl rising of their youngsters, but Richard an I love it because we have to get up earl when we're working. So we all breakfas together at 6:30. It's a long day until w return at 7 or so for a brief playtime befor we tuck them in for the night. Ever though Van Johnson once described m froggy voice as "your million-dollar cold



...n afraid it leaves something to be de-  
...red for lullaby singing purposes. Though  
...ve earned my living singing and danc-  
...g, the first time I started singing a  
...llaby to Pammy she looked up at me  
...izzically and said, "Oh, Mommy, a lady  
...ith the pur-ti-est voice, real soft like,  
...the radio. Peggy Lee, she was. It makes  
...y face feel all softlike, just like when  
...addy sings to me."

So, even if I don't measure up in that  
...partment, I try with Richard's help,  
...keep the children from distorted values  
...because their parents are in the spotlight.  
...Not long ago, the nuns at Pam's school  
...ked me if I'd model at a fashion show.  
...accepted gladly. A little classmate of  
...ammy's came rushing up to me. "Aren't  
...ou June Allyson—the fam-u-us movie  
...ar?" she asked, wide-eyed. Before I  
...ould answer Pam spoke up sharply. "She  
...n't, either—she's my Mommy!" And  
...even forgot to correct her English.

Because mine was a poverty-stricken  
...hildhood in the shadows of the rumbling  
...bird Avenue El in New York, I confess  
...at I wanted to give the children twelve  
...everything. One Christmas Eve, for  
...stance, filled to overflowing with warmth  
...and happiness and the Godlike glow of  
...hat heavenly day, I piled the space under  
...he lighted tree with a fantastic array of  
...eautifully packaged gifts for the children  
...ours and those sent by our many dear  
...riends. A sort of hush over my heart,  
...stood looking at the fairyland scene as  
...arkness was falling. Richard came in  
...nd I expected him to be as thrilled as I.  
...Sweetheart," he said, "this is all wrong.  
...o children should have all these presents.  
...et's leave a few; put some away for  
...pecial occasions during the year and send  
...ll the others to children's hospitals, or-  
...hanages and adoption societies where  
...ere may be no gifts at all!" As usual,  
...Richard was right, and that's been the  
...attern for Christmas ever since.

Once I stood by Ricky's crib, watching  
...him, relaxed and at peace, trying to  
...tretch his toes and stuff them into his  
...mouth and I thought, "Look, he has a  
...uilt-in toy. He needs so little to keep him  
...mused." And on his first birthday party  
...he crinkly cellophane and the colored  
...ribbons from his gifts were much more  
...vondrous than the toys. As I watch  
...Rickey and Pammy at play—cutting out  
...paper animals, building fabulous contrap-  
...tions, painstakingly coloring with crayons,  
...marvel at their tremendous intentness  
...and concentration. No wonder, I say to  
...yself, they rebel so when lunchtime or  
...naptime rolls around. I, too, have this  
...hildlike concentration. You can always

tell what picture I'm in by watching me.  
If it's a comedy I go around making what  
I fondly hope are gags; if a musical I'll  
dance instead of walk; if I'm portraying a  
doctor I'm a crisp Dr. Allyson, day and  
night.

And that reminds me how worried I  
used to be about my health—hypochon-  
driac June, they called me. My medicine  
chest was a forest of bottles and pills. I'd  
rush to the doctor with every little ail-  
ment and imagined symptom. But my  
children helped me overcome such anxiety.  
Because children rely on you so completely  
and because you're so busy taking care of  
them and a household, you simply haven't  
time to be concerned about yourself. That's  
the best remedy for too much self-concern  
—motherhood. Of course, everyone knows  
that getting interested in someone—or  
something—is the best remedy for grief,  
for shyness and loneliness.

But when I suddenly needed to get rid  
of my appendix, I had to go to the hospital.  
It didn't frighten the children because  
Richard was with them. And when he  
became so dreadfully ill (our darkest  
hour), I was with them. I found the  
strength through prayer to bear up during  
those nightmare days when his life hung  
in the balance; when he underwent two  
emergency operations and even when he  
felt he wouldn't make it. I just had to bear  
up—for the children's sake. It was difficult  
but I kept my fear from showing. And I  
think I succeeded because, when Richard  
was brought home, pale and weak, Pammy  
stood by his bed, took his hand in hers and  
said softly, "You been sick, Daddy?" Rich-  
ard grinned. "I know you wouldn't want  
to stay in that old hospital because it's  
much better here at home. This is the  
best place in the whole world."

So—is it any wonder that I can't keep  
the glow out of my face when I see our  
children—or any children? I'm consumed  
with excitement and curiosity as I ob-  
serve each new step in their growth. Right  
now Pam is listening to news commentators  
and asking intelligent questions. A year  
ago Ricky spoke only two words, "India"  
and "Balboa." Where he got them I never  
knew. Today he goes on like a magpie. I  
know they are eager to do more, anxious to  
be big, excited to find out, thrilled when  
they've mastered right or left or stopping  
short on a tricycle. And I hope I'll never  
lose my interest and eagerness to help  
them grow along the way. Even when,  
some decades later, suitably attired in a  
matron's chiffon dress and fluffy hat, I'll  
happily attend two lovely June garden  
weddings!

THE END

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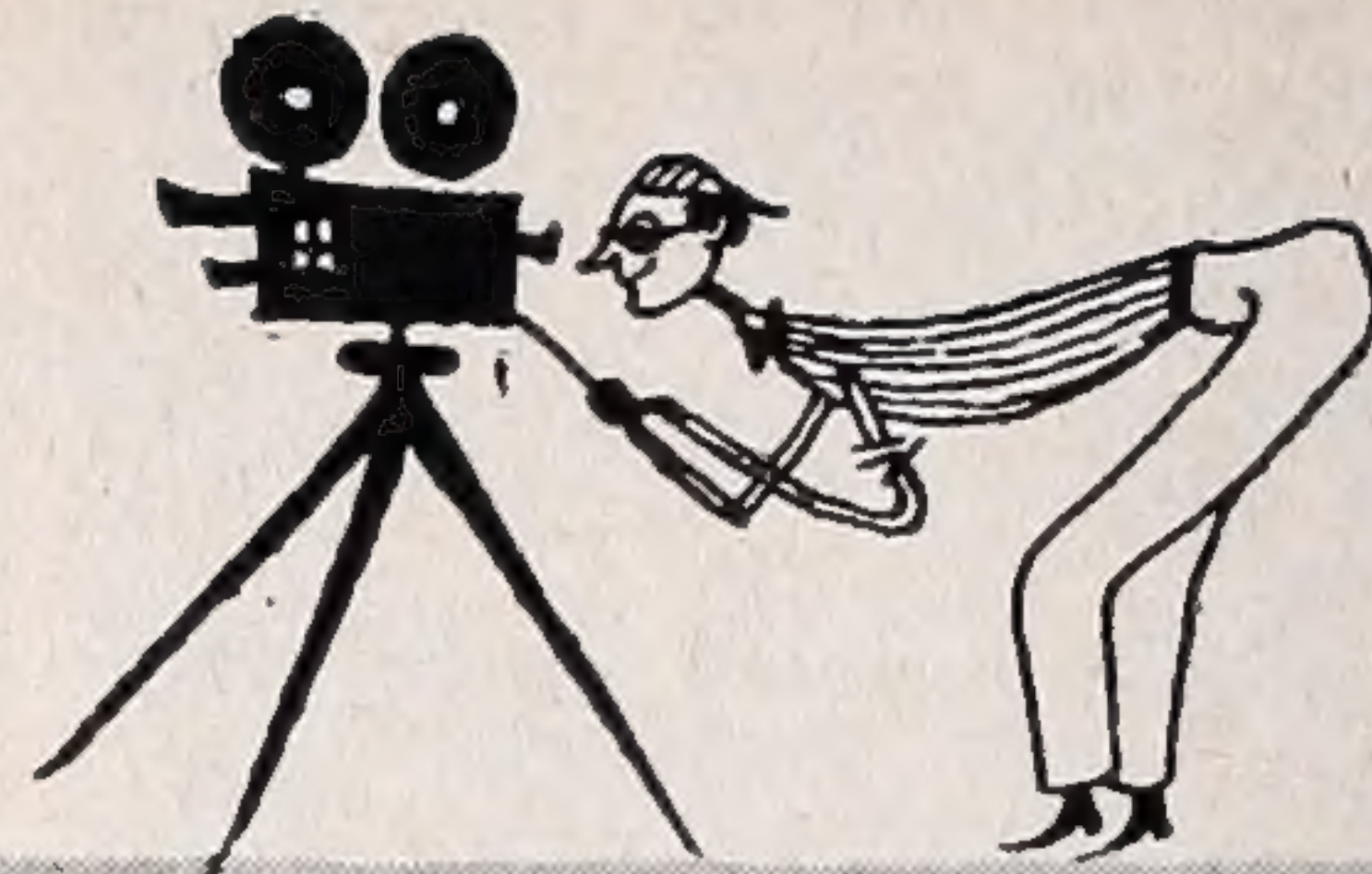
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F—FAMILY

✓✓ AFRICA ADVENTURE—RKO, Pathecolor: Amiable, rambling record of a safari made by columnist Robert C. Ruark. (F) November

✓✓✓✓ AIDA—I.F.E., Ferraniacolor: Satisfying version of Verdi's opera about the love of a captive Ethiopian princess and an Egyptian general. Handsome players do the acting; voices of opera stars are neatly dubbed in. (F) November

✓✓✓ BAREFOOT CONTESSA, THE—U.A., Technicolor: Strange, absorbing, frequently witty story of a Spanish dancer who becomes a Hollywood star. Ava Gardner is the girl, hopelessly seeking the right man; Humphrey Bogart is her loyal friend, a director. (A) December

✓✓ BENGAL BRIGADE—U-I, Technicolor: As a dashing British officer, Rock Hudson opposes a rebellion in India of the last century, is loved by aristocrat Arlene Dahl and by a native (Ursula Thiess). Oriental-style Western. (F) December

✓✓✓ BETRAYED—M-G-M, Eastman Color: Exciting if not too convincing thriller of World War II. Lana Turner, Clark Gable, Vic Mature are Dutch underground agents. (F) October

✓✓ BLACK DAKOTAS, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: The Civil War goes west in a lively horse opera. Confederate spy Gary Merrill tries to put the Sioux on the warpath. Southerner Wanda Hendrix loves a Union man. (F) December

✓✓✓ BLACK SHIELD OF FALWORTH, THE—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Tony Curtis attains knighthood to avenge his family, save England, win Janet Leigh. (F) October

✓✓✓ BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS—Titanus: Leisurely, charming Italian film about village romances (titles in English). Luscious, hoydenish Gina Lollobrigida attracts lonely Vittorio De Sica, a police marshal. (A) December

✓✓✓ BRIGADOON—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Ansco Color: Near-copy of the Broadway hit, a musical fantasy. Americans Gene Kelly and Van Johnson find a mysterious Scottish village where Cyd Charisse and others guard a secret. (F) November

✓✓ BULLET IS WAITING, A—Columbia, Technicolor: Too-talky suspense film. Rory Calhoun, alleged killer, and sheriff Steve McNally invade Jean Simmons' isolated ranch. (F) October

✓✓ DAWN AT SOCORRO—U-I, Technicolor: Slightly pretentious Western. Rory Calhoun tries to retire from gunfighting and rescue Piper Laurie from a life of sin. (F) October

✓✓ DETECTIVE, THE—Columbia: As a priest turned sleuth, Alec Guinness trails thief Peter Finch in a quaint English movie. (F) November

✓✓✓ DRAGNET—Warners, WarnerColor: Jack Webb and Ben Alexander solve a gangland killing in their dogged, tv-famed style. Skilled acting throughout; realistic details. (F) November

✓✓✓✓ EGYPTIAN, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Plenty of spectacle; lots of plot. Edmund Purdom is the Pharaoh's physician; Jean Simmons, his humble sweetheart; Victor Mature, an ambitious military man. (F) November

✓✓ FIRE OVER AFRICA—Columbia, Technicolor: Colorful backgrounds, filmed on location, highlight a wildly melodramatic yarn of smugglers in North Africa. Agent Maureen O'Hara tangles with a shady American adventurer (Macdonald Carey). (F) December

✓✓✓ FOUR GUNS TO THE BORDER—U-I, Technicolor: Rory Calhoun plots a bank robbery, woos Colleen Miller and fights Indians in a vigorous Western. With George Nader. (F) December

✓✓ HANSEL AND GRETEL—RKO, Technicolor: Puppets of a new and captivating design act out the opera about two children lost in a forest, menaced by a fearsome witch. Very young movie fans should be spellbound. (F) December

✓✓✓ HIGH AND DRY—Rank, U-I: Pleasing British whimsy. As a high-pressure American tycoon, Paul Douglas gets the worst of a business deal with a pixie Scottish skipper. (F) November

✓✓ HUMAN DESIRE—Columbia: Mournful tale of passion and murder. Glenn Ford's ensnared by Gloria Grahame, a married woman. (A) November

✓✓ HUMAN JUNGLE, THE—Allied Artists: Plenty of cops-and-robbers excitement. Gary Merrill cleans up the toughest precinct in town, opposed chiefly by hoodlum Chuck Connors and B-girl Jan Sterling. (F) December

✓✓✓✓ LITTLE KIDNAPPERS, THE—Rank, U.A.: Delightful story of Nova Scotian settlers. Two orphan boys are adopted by their stern grandpa. Adrienne Corri's a wistful heroine, in a forbidden romance. (F) October

✓✓ LITTLEST OUTLAW, THE—Disney, Technicolor: Pleasant child-and-animal yarn, filmed in Mexico. Young Andres Velasquez steals a beloved horse that's been mistreated. (F) October

✓✓ NAKED ALIBI—U-I: Modest action film. Aided by Gloria Grahame, ex-cop Sterling Hayden seeks the crook who got him fired. (F) November

✓✓✓ OPERATION MANHUNT—U.A.: Unusual suspense movie. Igor Gouzenko (Harry Townes), one-time Soviet Embassy clerk now living incognito in Canada, is approached by another Russian, who pretends a yearning for freedom. It's a Red plot against Gouzenko's life. (F) December

✓✓✓ REAR WINDOW—Paramount, Technicolor: Ingenious thriller. Wheelchair-bound, James Stewart spies on city neighbors, suspects one of murder. Grace Kelly's his sweetheart; Wendell Corey, a detective. (F) October

✓✓✓ ROGUE COP—M-G-M: Detective Bob Taylor regrets his sell-out to the rackets when the life of kid brother Steve Forrest is threatened. Janet Leigh's a night-club singer romanced by both brothers. Fast-paced, slick. (F) November

✓✓✓ SABRINA—Paramount: Audrey Hepburn's a charmer as a chauffeur's daughter in a slender comedy-romance. Bill Holden's a playboy; Bogart, a stuffy Wall Streeter. (F) October

✓✓ SHIELD FOR MURDER—U.A.: As a ruthless police detective, Edmond O'Brien tries to get away with robbery and murder, deceiving fiancée Marla English and pal John Agar. (F) November

✓✓ STEEL CAGE, THE—U.A.: Off-beat prison picture. As Warden Duffy of San Quentin, Paul Kelly presents three stories about convicts—comedy, suspense and then irony. (F) November

✓✓ SUDDENLY—U.A.: Frank Sinatra's a psychopathic gunman hired to kill the President of the U. S.; Sterling Hayden, a doughty local cop. Moderate degree of tension. (F) October

✓✓✓ THREE HOURS TO KILL—Columbia, Technicolor. Taut, straightforward Western with unexpected angles. Bent on vengeance, Dana Andrews returns to the town where he was nearly lynched. Donna Reed's his ex-sweetheart; Dianne Foster, a breezy friend. (A) December

✓✓✓ WHITE CHRISTMAS—Paramount; Vista Vision, Technicolor: Likable tune-film with a dazzling star quartet. Ex-GI's Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye use their show-business success to aid their former general. Rosemary Clooney and Vera-Ellen provide romance. (F) December

✓✓✓ WOMAN'S WORLD—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Romantic comedy about big business. Considering Cornel Wilde, Fred MacMurray and Van Heflin for a top job, Clifton Webb bases his choice on the behavior of their wives: June Allyson, Lauren Bacall, and Arlene Dahl. Laughs and lush New York settings. (F) December



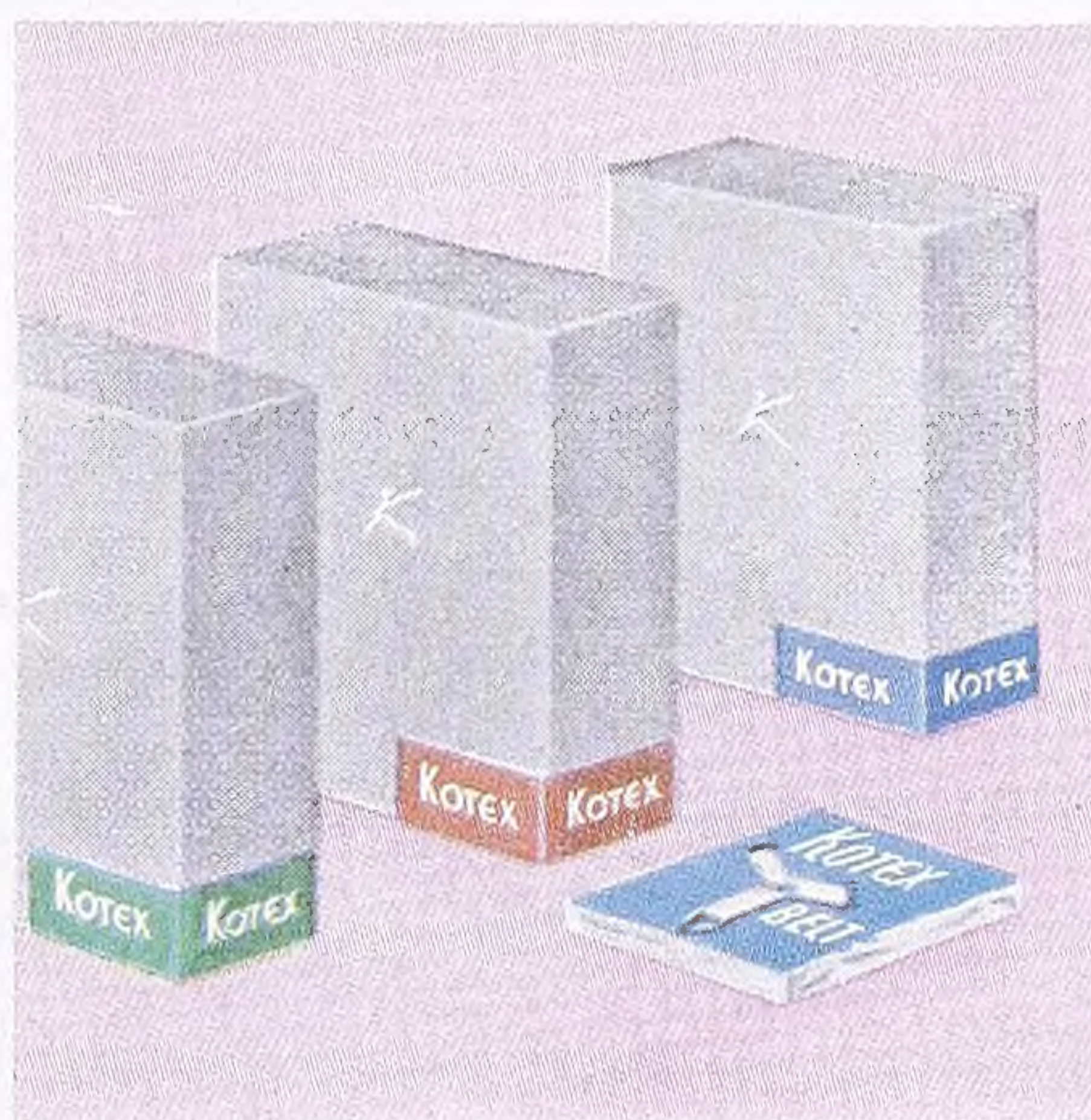
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